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RIVERSIDE
ART SERIES

Reynolds

BY ESTELLE M. HURLL

*A Collection of
Pictures
With Introduction and
Interpretation*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The Riverside Art Series

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

**A COLLECTION OF FIFTEEN PICTURES
AND A PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER
WITH INTRODUCTION AND
INTERPRETATION**

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL



**BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1900**

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PREFACE

THIS selection of pictures from Reynolds's works is intended to show him at his best in the various classes of subjects which he painted. Johnson and Lord Heathfield are among his finest male portraits, Miss Bowles and Master Bunbury are unsurpassed among his pictures of children, and the Strawberry Girl was the painter's own favorite fancy picture. Penelope Boothby and Angels' Heads are popular favorites which could not be omitted from any collection. In Lady Cockburn and Her Children, The Duchess of Devonshire and Her Child, and Pickaback we have typical groups of mothers and children. Mrs. Siddons stands apart as one of his most unique and remarkable productions. The other pictures add as much as possible to the variety of the collection, and show something of the range of Reynolds's art.

ESTELLE M. HURLL.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

September, 1900.

CONTENTS AND LIST OF PICTURES

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF REYNOLDS. Painted by himself. (<i>Frontispiece</i>) From a Carbon Print by Braun, Clement & Co.	
INTRODUCTION	
I. ON THE ART OF REYNOLDS	vii
II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE	x
III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION	xi
IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN REYNOLDS'S LIFE	xiii
V. CONTEMPORARIES	xviii
I. PENELOPE BOOTHBY Picture from a Photograph by Mansell	1
II. MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII. Picture from an Engraving by S. W. Reynolds	7
III. LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN Picture from a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl	13
IV. MISS BOWLES Picture from a Photograph by Mansell	19
V. MASTER BUNBURY Picture from an Engraving by S. W. Reynolds	25
VI. MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE Picture from a Photograph by the London Auto- type Co.	31
VII. ANGELS' HEADS Picture from a Carbon Print by Braun, Clement & Co.	37
VIII. THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD Picture from a Carbon Print by Braun, Clement & Co.	43
IX. HOPE Picture from a Photograph by the London Auto- type Co.	49
X. LORD HEATHFIELD Picture from a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl	55
XI. MRS. PAYNE-GALLWEY AND HER CHILD—"PICKABACK" Picture from a Photograph by the London Auto- type Co.	61

CONTENTS

XII. CUPID AS LINK BOY	67
Picture from an Engraving by S. W. Reynolds	
XIII. LAVINIA, LADY SPENCER	73
Picture from an Engraving by Bartolozzi	
XIV. THE STRAWBERRY GIRL	79
Picture from a Photograph by Mansell	
XV. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON	85
Picture from a Carbon Print by Braun, Clement & Co.	
XVI. THE PORTRAIT OF REYNOLDS	91

INTRODUCTION

I. ON THE ART OF REYNOLDS

THE name of Sir Joshua Reynolds holds a place of honor among the world's great portrait painters. To appreciate fully his originative power one must understand the disadvantages under which he worked. His technical training was of the meagrest kind, and all his life he was hampered by ignorance of anatomy. But on the other hand he combined all those peculiar qualities of the artist without which no amount of technical skill can produce great portrait work.

He had, in the first place, that indefinable quality of taste, which means so much in portraiture. His was an unerring instinct for poise, drapery, color, and composition. Each of his figures seems to assume naturally an attitude of perfect grace; the draperies fall of their own accord in beautiful lines.

Reynolds knew, too, the secret of imparting an air of distinction to his sitters. The meanest subject was elevated by his art to a position of dignity. His magic touch made every child charming, every woman graceful, and every man dignified.

Finally, he possessed in no small degree, though curiously enough entirely disclaiming the quality, the gift of presenting the essential personality of the sitter, that which a critic has called the power of "realizing an individuality." This is seen most clearly in his portraits of men, and naturally in the portraits of the men he knew best, as Johnson.

It is a matter of constant amazement in studying the works of Reynolds to observe his "inexhaustible inventiveness in pose and attitude." For each new picture he seemed always to have ready some new compositional motive. Claude Phillips goes so far as to say that in the whole range of art Rembrandt alone is his equal in this respect. This versatility was due in a measure to his story-telling instinct. His imagination seemed to weave some story about each sitter which the picture was intended, as it were, to illustrate. From Lord Heathfield, refusing to yield the keys of Gibraltar, to little Miss Bowles, dropping on the ground in the midst of her romp, through the long range of mothers playing with their children, there seems no end to the variety of lively incident which he could invent.

The pose of the sitter suggests some dramatic moment in the imaginary episode. Often the attitude is full of action, as in the Miss Bowles, and at times there is a striking impression of motion, as in Pickaback. So strong is the dramatic effect conveyed by these pictures that the figures seem actually taken unaware in the very act of performance, as by a snapshot in modern photography. This quality of "momentariness," as Phillips calls it, so dangerous in the hands of a commonplace painter, lends a peculiar fascination to many of Reynolds's pictures. That he also appreciated the beauty of repose we see in such portraits as Penelope Boothby and Lady Spencer.

Reynolds's inventiveness was so overtaxed by his enormous number of sitters that it is scarcely to be wondered at that it sometimes failed him. Occasionally he resorted to such artificial devices as were common among his contemporaries. Such fresh inspirations as the Strawberry Girl and Master Bunbury could come but rarely in a lifetime. The spontaneity of Miss Bowles is perhaps unexcelled in all his works.

Reynolds's compositional schemes are of an academic elegance reminiscent of Raphael. He knew well how to accomplish the flow of line, the balance of masses, the symmetry of outline, which produce a harmonious effect. A variety of designs were at his command, from the well-worn but always effective pyramidal form illustrated in many single figures, to those more novel forms he invented for groups such as Lady Cockburn and the Duchess of Devonshire.

Reynolds was frankly a borrower from many sources. In the Roman, the Bolognese, the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, he found something to appropriate and make his own. From Rembrandt he took suggestions of lighting, and such sombre color harmonies as are seen in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Something of bloom and splendor he caught from the florid Rubens; something of the decorative effectiveness of such pictures as Lady Cockburn may be traced to the influence of Titian and the Venetians. Yet to all that he borrowed, Reynolds added his own individual touch. As a critic has said, he was always Reynolds from first to last.

Much has been written of the evanescence of Reynolds's colors. His passion for color experiments amounted to a mania, and cost the world many beautiful pictures. Precisely what was the nature of these experiments, and what combination of pigments ruined his pictures, is of interest only to the expert. Fortunately, enough pictures escaped to show us the original glory of those which have faded. Among the best preserved canvases, "those in which his power and brilliancy appear least impaired, those in which the typical Sir Joshua still most unmistakably shines forth," are Lady Cockburn and her Children, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Siddons, and Angels' Heads.

The range of Reynolds's art is much wider than is commonly supposed. A very imperfect appreciation of his

gifts is gained by those who know only his portraits of women and children. These indeed show a peculiar insight into childhood, and a rare delicacy in the interpretation of womanhood. But Reynolds is at his strongest in the portrayal of men. It is by such portraits as the Johnson and Heathfield that he is worthy a place among the immortals.

II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE

THE original biographical material on the subject of Reynolds was supplied by his own contemporaries. His friend Malone wrote a valuable Memoir (1804), and his pupil Northcote furnished the first biography of the painter, the *Life of Reynolds* in two volumes published in 1813. A half century later (1865) was published the most comprehensive work on Reynolds in two large volumes by R. C. Leslie and T. Taylor. At about the same time (1866) appeared a book covering a much more limited field of Reynolds's study, but treating the chosen subject very suggestively: "*English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds*," by F. G. Stephens.

All these books have now been so long out of print that they can be consulted only by those who have access to large libraries. There is really but one generally available book of reference: "*Sir Joshua Reynolds*," by Claude Phillips (1894). This, though not a large volume, is a fairly complete summary of the master's works, with valuable critical comments spoken by one of authority.

There is an immense bibliography of memoirs of the period of George III., and such books throw an interesting light upon the lives of many of Reynolds's sitters. Some of the most valuable are Horace Walpole's "*Letters*," Fanny Burney's "*Diary*," Mrs. Piozzi's "*Memoirs*," and Wraxall's "*Memoirs*."

In addition to these, Boswell's incomparable "Life of Johnson" presents a series of vivid pictures of the life of the period, and contains many anecdotes of the friendship between Reynolds and the great lexicographer.

Reynolds's lectures and writings fill two volumes of the Bohn Library. Of these the twelve discourses delivered before the Royal Academy are the most valuable, and have been reprinted in various editions. The most recent is that of 1891, with notes and a biographical introduction by E. G. Johnson. Intended as means of instruction to beginners in painting, these lectures deal with general principles rather than with practical technique, and are not to be taken as expository in any measure of Reynolds's own art.

III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION

Portrait frontispiece. Painted in 1776 for the Imperial Academy in Florence, and now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

1. *Penelope Boothby.* Painted in July, 1788. In the time of Leslie and Taylor it was in the collection of Lord Ward.

2. *Master Crewe as Henry VIII.* Painted in 1775 for John Crewe, Esq., and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1776. Size: 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 9 in.

3. *Lady Cockburn and her Children.* Reynolds began the picture in 1773 and upon its completion in 1774 received £183 15s. in payment. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1774, after which it was dated 1775. Passed into the possession of Lady Hamilton, daughter of Sir James Cockburn (7th baronet), and by her bequeathed to the English National Gallery, where it hung, 1892-1900, when it was learned that Lady Hamilton had no power to

dispose of the picture. It was then sold at auction to Mr. Beit, Park Lane, London. Size : 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 7½ in.

4. *Miss Bowles*. Painted in 1775. Now in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, London. Size : 2 ft. 11½ in. by 2 ft. 3¼ in.

5. *Master Bunbury*. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1781; bequeathed by Reynolds to Mrs. Bunbury. In the time of Leslie and Taylor it was at Barton, the Bunbury residence. Size : 2 ft. 5 in. by 2 ft.

6. *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*. Painted in 1783 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1784. The original work was bought by M. de Calonne for 800 guineas, and finally came into the possession of the Marquis of Westminster, in whose family it has since remained. It is in the gallery of Grosvenor House, London.

7. *Angels' Heads*. Painted for Lord William Gordon (100 guineas) and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1787. Presented by Lady Gordon to the National Gallery, London, 1841. Size : 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in.

8. *The Duchess of Devonshire and her Child*. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786. The original is at Chatsworth House, and there is a copy at Windsor Castle, from which our reproduction is made.

9. *Hope*. One of the figures of the window design, New College Chapel, Oxford. The original design was painted in oil in 1778, and was purchased by the Earl of Normanton.

10. *Lord Heathfield*. Begun August 27, 1787, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1788. Originally painted for Alderman Boydell, and purchased by Parliament in 1824. Now in the National Gallery, London. Size : 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.

11. *Mrs. Payne-Gallwey and Child* (Pickaback). Painted 1779. As late as 1886 it was in the possession

of Lord Monson, who lent it to the Old Masters Exhibition (Burlington House) of that year.

12. *Cupid as Link Boy*. The date is not certainly fixed, but it is known that Reynolds was at work in the spring of 1771 upon some subjects of this class, several of which were engraved in the period 1771-1777. In the time of Leslie and Taylor the picture was at Knole.

13. *Lavinia, Lady Spencer*. Painted in 1786. In the possession of the Earl of Spencer.

14. *The Strawberry Girl*. Painted for the Earl of Carysfort (50 guineas) and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1773. As Reynolds repeated the subject it is difficult to trace the history of the original picture. The painting now in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, came from the Samuel Rogers Collection. Size: 2 ft. 5½ in. by 2 ft. ¾ in.

15. *Samuel Johnson*. Painted for Mr. Thrale for the Streatham Gallery, 1772. Now in the National Gallery, London. Size: 2 ft. 5½ in. by 2 ft. 1 in.

IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN REYNOLDS'S LIFE

1723. Reynolds born at Plympton, Devonshire, England, July 16.

1741-1743. Apprenticeship with the painter Thomas Hudson, London.

1743-1746. Residence in Devonshire.

1746. Portrait of Captain Hamilton first to attract attention.

Death of Reynolds's father.

1746-1749. Residence in Plymouth Docks.

1749-1752. Voyage in Centurion with Commodore Keppel; studies in Italy; and return, via Paris, to London.

1752. Establishment of Reynolds in London as a portrait painter, with apartments in St. Martin's Lane, Leicester Fields.
1753. Removal to Great Newport St.
Whole length portrait of Commodore Keppel by the Seashore, an epoch-making picture in Reynolds's career.
- 1754-1760. Rapid advance of Reynolds to the foremost place as portrait painter.
1756. Portrait of Horace Walpole; portrait of Samuel Johnson.
1758. Pocket Book gives list of 150 sitters.
1759. Two papers contributed to the Idler.
Pocket Book gives 140 sitters.
1760. Removal to handsome house, 47 Leicester Fields.
First exhibition of pictures by living artists, in room of Society for Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Reynolds's contributions, Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and two male portraits. Names of 120 sitters recorded in Reynolds's Pocket Book.
1761. Exhibition of pictures at Society of Artists' rooms in Spring Gardens. Some of Reynolds's contributions: Captain Orme leaning on his Horse, Portrait of Laurence Sterne, and Countess Waldegrave.
1762. Visit to Devonshire with Dr. Samuel Johnson.
Exhibition in Spring Gardens. Some of Reynolds's contributions: Lady Elizabeth Keppel as Bridesmaid, Countess Waldegrave and Child, and Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.
1763. Four portraits sent to Spring Gardens Exhibition, including "Nelly O'Brien."
1764. Two portraits sent to Spring Gardens Exhibition.
Severe illness.

1764. Founding of Literary Club.
1765. Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces, sent to Spring Gardens Exhibition.
1766. Four pictures contributed to the Spring Gardens Exhibition.
Election to membership in the Dilettanti Society.
1768. Foundation of the Royal Academy with Reynolds as president, and honor of knighthood conferred. Four pictures contributed to Spring Gardens Exhibition, September.
Trip to Paris, September–October.
1769. First Discourse as President delivered before the Academy, January.
First Academy Exhibition opened in Pall Mall, April 26, with several contributions from Reynolds.
Second Discourse delivered before the Academy, December 11.
1770. Royal Academy Exhibition in April, with several contributions from Reynolds, including the Children in the Wood.
Visit in Devonshire, September–October.
Third Discourse delivered, December 14.
1771. Several pictures contributed to Academy Exhibition.
Northcote apprenticed to Reynolds.
Visit to Paris, August–September.
Fourth Discourse delivered, December 10.
1772. Several pictures contributed to the Academy Exhibition, including Mrs. Crewe as St. Genevieve.
Election of Reynolds as Alderman of Plympton, September.
Fifth Discourse delivered, December 10.
1773. Twelve pictures contributed to Royal Academy

- Exhibition, including the Strawberry Girl, the portrait of Joseph Banks, and Ugolino.
1773. Honorary degree of D. C. L. conferred by Oxford, July.
1774. Thirteen pictures contributed to Royal Academy Exhibition, including Lady Cockburn and her Children, Three Ladies adorning a Term of Hymen, and the Baby Princess Sophia, Duchess of Gloucester.
- Sixth Discourse delivered, December 10.
1775. William Doughty received as pupil into Reynolds's home.
- Twelve pictures contributed to the Royal Academy Exhibition, including Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia and a half-length portrait of Dr. Robinson, primate of Ireland.
1776. Twelve pictures contributed to Royal Academy Exhibition, including Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Master Crewe as Henry VIII. Termination of Northcote's services.
- Election to membership in Florentine Academy, and portrait painted for the Uffizi Gallery.
- Seventh Discourse delivered, December 10.
1777. Thirteen pictures contributed to Royal Academy Exhibition, including Lady Caroline Montagu (Winter).
- 1777-1779. Two portrait groups for Dilettanti Society.
1778. Marlborough Family portrait exhibited at Royal Academy.
- Eighth Discourse, December 10.
1779. Designs for windows of New College Chapel, Oxford, executed and exhibited at Royal Academy; also portraits of Lady Louisa Manners and Viscountess Crosbie.
1780. Removal of Royal Academy to Somerset House and exhibition of Reynolds's portrait of Gibbon.

1780. Ninth Discourse delivered, October 16.
Tenth Discourse delivered, December 11.
1781. Fourteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy,
including Master Bunbury, the Duchess of Rut-
land, and the design of Temperance for Oxford
window.
Journey to Holland and Flanders, July.
1782. Fifteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy.
Second paralytic attack, and visit to Bath.
Eleventh Discourse delivered, December 10.
1783. Ten pictures exhibited at Royal Academy.
Visit to Antwerp and Brussels.
1783. Sixteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy, in-
cluding portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Tragic Muse,
Prince of Wales with Horse, Charles James Fox.
Appointment as Court Painter.
Twelfth Discourse delivered, December 10.
1785. Sixteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy.
Visit to Flanders to purchase pictures.
Commission from Empress Catherine of Russia
for historical picture.
1786. Thirteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy, in-
cluding the Duke of Orleans, John Hunter, the
Duchess of Devonshire and Child.
Thirteenth Discourse delivered, December 10.
1787. Three illustrations contributed to Boydell's Shakes-
peare Gallery.
Thirteen pictures exhibited at Royal Academy,
including Angel Heads and Master Philip York.
1788. Eighteen pictures sent to Royal Academy Exhi-
bition, including Lord Heathfield and the In-
fant Hercules.
Fourteenth Discourse, with Eulogy on Gaines-
borough.
1789. Portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and
"Simplicity."

1789. Loss of sight in left eye (*gutta serena*) and abandonment of painting.
1790. Resignation from presidency of Royal Academy and from seat as Academician.
 "Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia" sent with other pictures to Academy Exhibition.
 Fifteenth and Farewell Discourse delivered December 10.
1792. Death of Reynolds, February 23.

V. CONTEMPORARIES

NOTED PAINTERS :

Thomas Hudson (1701-1779).
 Richard Wilson (1714-1782).
 John Opie (1761-1807).
 George Romney (1734-1802).
 Allan Ramsay (1713-1784).
 Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788).
 Sir William Beechey (1753-1839).
 James Barry (1741-1806).
 Francis Cotes (1725-1770).

Pupils and Assistants :

Peter Toms.
 Giuseppe Marchi.
 Thomas Beach or Beech.
 Hugh Barron.
 Berridge.
 Parry.
 James Northcote.
 Score.

LIST OF ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF ROYAL ACADEMY : *

William Chambers.
 George Michael Moser.

* The names starred were the artists who formed the first staff of visiting critics.

Francis Milner Newton.
Edward Penny.
Thomas Sandby.
Samuel Wade.
William Hunter.
*Francis Hayman.
George Barrett.
Francesco Bartolozzi.
Edward Burch.
*Agostino Carlini.
*Charles Catton.
Mason Chamberlin.
*J. Baptist Cipriani.
Richard Cosway.
John Gwynn.
William Hoare.
Nathaniel Hone.
Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann.
Jeremiah Meyer.
Mrs. Mary Moser.
Joseph Nollekens.
John Richards.
Paul Sandby.
Domenick Serres.
*Peter Toms.
William Tyler.
*Benjamin West.
*Richard Wilson.
Joseph Wilton.
Richard Yeo.
John Zoffanii.
*Francesco Zuccarelli.

**FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES AT THE DILETTANTI
SOCIETY :**

Earl of Holderness.
Lord Gowran.
Sir Everard Fawkener.
The Marquis of Granby.
Lord Eglinton.
Lord Anson.
Stuart, the painter.
Sir Charles Bunbury.
Lord Euston.
The Marquis of Hartington.
Dick Edgumbe.
Captain George Edgumbe.

LITERARY CLUB : FIRST TWELVE MEMBERS :¹

Reynolds.
Johnson.
Goldsmith.
Dr. Nugent.
Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore.
Sir Robert Chambers.
Sir John Hawkins.
Burke.
Bennet Langton.
Chamier.
Dyer.
Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

¹ The membership was afterwards successively increased to thirty-five and forty.

I

PENELOPE BOOTHBY

SOMEWHAT over a century ago, at the time when our American colonies were struggling for liberty, lived the great English portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. In those days photography had not been invented, and portrait painting was a profession patronized by all classes of people. There were many portrait studios in London, but none were so fashionable as that of Reynolds.

It is said that in his long life he painted as many as three thousand portraits. There was scarcely a distinguished man or beautiful woman in the kingdom who did not sit to him, and many were the children whose portraits he painted. If all his works could be brought together they would form a complete historical gallery of the reign of George III. Here we should see princes, statesmen, and warriors, actors and poets, court beauties and "blue stockings," the petted children of the rich, and the picturesque waifs of the London streets. Among the faces we should find those, like Fox and Burke, whose lives were intimately connected with the destinies of our own nation, and those, like Goldsmith and Johnson, whose names are familiar in our schools and homes. There is something about these

portraits which makes them seem alive, something too which gives to the plainest person a certain dignity and interest.

With all the variety of subjects which Reynolds treated he was never happier than when painting children. He loved them dearly, delighted to play with them, and seemed to understand them as few grown people do. In his great octagonal painting room were many things to amuse his little friends, and a portrait sitting there usually meant a frolic.

Penelope Boothby is the name of the little girl in our illustration, and the old-fashioned name is precisely suited to the quaint figure in cap and mitts. We are reminded of that Penelope of the old Greek poem, the *Odyssey*, who waited so faithfully through the years for the return of her husband Odysseus from the Trojan war. The story runs that, believing Odysseus to be dead, many suitors begged her hand, but she always replied that before marrying she must first complete the shroud she was making for her aged father-in-law. Every day she busied herself with the task, but when night came she secretly undid all that she had wrought through the day, so that it might never reach completion. Thus she prolonged the time of waiting until at last Odysseus returned to claim his wife.

Whether or not the little Penelope of our picture knew this story we cannot say, but it was the fashion of the times to revive the names and legends of mythology, and Penelope was a name which had come to stand for all the domestic virtues.



Manzoni, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, So.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY

As we look at the picture for the first time the quaint costume of the little girl suggests the idea that she is dressed for a tableau. Children the world over love to don the clothes of a past generation and play at men and women. Miss Penelope, we fancy, has been ransacking some old chest of faded finery, and has arrayed herself in the character of "Martha Washington," as painted by Gilbert Stuart. The showy kerchief folded across her bosom and the big mob cap on her head are precisely like those in the portraits of the colonial lady. The child purses her lips together primly and folds her hands in a demure attitude in her lap, as if to play her part well, but she is far too shy to look us directly in the face, and glances aside with downcast eyes.

All this illusion is dispelled when we come to study the customs of the period. It appears that children then, both in England and America, dressed precisely like their elders, and Penelope's costume here is doubtless such as she wore every day. A little Boston girl, Anna Green Winslow, wrote in her diary in 1771 of wearing a cap and black mitts which we fancy were not unlike these. There are portraits, too, of other little girls of the time, wearing the same huge headdress, as we may see in the family group of the Copleys in the Boston Art Museum.

History has not handed down to us any information about Penelope Boothby, except what we may gather from this picture. We know nothing of her after life, and must content ourselves with believing

that the happiest persons, like the happiest nations, have no history. She seems to be a quiet child who would love a corner with her dolls or her book much better than a boisterous romp — but for all that she likes a bit of fun. With such winning ways she would surely be the household pet.

Like other English girls of her social position in the eighteenth century Miss Penelope would soon begin to be trained in the few accomplishments then considered necessary to her sex. She would learn to knit, to dance, to courtesy, and to carve. A little French and music might be added, but any serious study would be avoided as likely to make her too strong-minded. The great object of her education would be to fit her for domestic duties. This is apparently precisely the sphere in life she would best adorn, for she is plainly of a home-loving nature. It is easy to fancy her sitting all day at her sewing, like the Greek housewife whose name she bears.

One can well imagine how a shy little creature like this would shrink from meeting strangers, and how surprised and scandalized she would be to learn that a century later her face would be familiar to the children of a far-away land.

II

MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII

THERE was once on the throne of England a king named Henry VIII. He was a man of extraordinary character, with qualities both good and bad. His conduct was sometimes unscrupulous and tyrannical, and he let nothing interfere with his own pleasure. Nevertheless his reign brought many benefits to England, and his memory is respected by English people.

In his early manhood, Henry was accounted the handsomest prince of his time, but allowance must be made for the flattery of his subjects. He was a big, rather coarse-looking man, with small eyes, and a large face and double chin. For his noisy ways and rough manners he has been familiarly called "Bluff King Hal" and "Burly King Harry." He was fond of the hunt and the tournament and all kinds of manly exercise. He was also much given to show and display, and loved rich dresses.

He employed as his court painter the celebrated Dutch artist Holbein, who made various portraits of the members of the royal family. There was one particularly fine group which was unfortunately destroyed by fire, but as a copy had previously been made we still know what the picture was like.

Henry VIII. had been dead some two hundred years before the Master Crewe of our picture was born, but English kings are not allowed to be forgotten. Successive generations of children were shown Holbein's portraits of the bluff old ruler, and were taught something about his reign.

It happened one time that the children of Master Crewe's acquaintance had a fancy dress party. The Crewes were people of fashion who entered constantly into social affairs. Naturally there was much discussion over their son's part and costume. It was a happy thought which fixed upon the character of Henry VIII., for the boy's round face, square shoulders, and sturdy frame were well fitted for the rôle.

Evidently no pains were spared to make the costume historically correct. Holbein's portrait was the costumer's model, and every detail was faithfully followed. The boy is dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century in "doublet and hose." This consists first of a richly embroidered waistcoat, the most effective part of the dress. The sleeves are made of the same material and are gathered at the wrists in a ruffle. The lower part of the doublet is a skirt falling just above the knees.

Over all is flung a handsome mantle; but this is drawn apart in front to display the smart waistcoat to full advantage. A broad-brimmed hat set jauntily on one side, and trimmed with a long feather, completes the costume. By way of ornament is worn a big jewelled collar and a long chain with locket. A



From an engraving by S. W. Reynolds.

John Andrew & Son, Bos.

MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII.

short sword swings from the girdle, and on the left leg is the garter, which is the badge of membership in the ancient Order of the Garter, of which Henry VIII. was the tenth sovereign member. This is of dark blue ribbon edged with gold, and bearing in gold letters the motto "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"¹

It is one thing to have a perfect costume, and another to understand the rôle. Master Crewe not only looks his part, but he acts it as well. He has not failed to take in all the points of the portrait, and imitates the pompous attitude to perfection. He stands with feet wide apart, grasping his gloves in the right hand and supporting the other on the sash.

He is a bright boy, who enters into the spirit of the game, and it tickles him hugely to play the part of a despot. But while he is Henry VIII. in miniature, he is Henry VIII. without the king's coarseness, and in the place is a child's innocent pleasure. It was no wonder that his parents, delighted with the success of the costume, wished to have a portrait made.

The boy is painted as he appeared when posing for his admiring friends. In his effort to assume a lordly air his boyish glee gets the better of him, and he belies the character by a broad grin. Perhaps he has caught the twinkle in his father's eye, or his mother's suppressed smile, and he can keep serious no longer. "*Bravo!*" cries the audience, and he smiles in innocent delight at his success.

¹ Evil to him who evil thinks.

His pet dogs are in the room, and one of them is rather suspicious of this strange young prince. He sniffs cautiously at his legs, for though his eyes deceive him, his sense of smell cannot be mistaken.

Through a window in the rear we get a glimpse of the park beyond, which adds much to the beauty of the picture. As we shall see in other pictures of this collection ¹ an interior gives a sense of imprisonment unless it contains some opening. The mass of bright color which the landscape makes in the upper right corner is balanced in the lower left corner by a cloak thrown over a chair.

Reynolds painted so many fine portraits of boys that it is hard to say that this or that one is best, though some have preferred Master Crewe to all others.² We shall see by-and-by in Master Bunbury, and the Cupid, that the painter understood boy nature pretty thoroughly. This rollicking Master Crewe is not so serious as Master Bunbury, nor so sly as the Cupid boy; he is in fact a typical English lad, sturdy, masterful, frank, and good-natured.

¹ See Lady Cockburn and her Children, and the Duchess of Devonshire and her Child.

² Leslie and Taylor say that "none of his many admirable boy pictures is so consummate."

III

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

A PRETTY story is told of a Roman matron named Cornelia, who was one day entertaining a visitor, when the conversation led to the subject of jewels. "These are my jewels," said the hostess, and turned to show the stranger her beautiful children. The story comes readily to mind as one looks at this portrait of Lady Cockburn and her Children. Indeed, the picture was once engraved¹ under the fanciful title of "Cornelia and her Children." Like the Roman matron of old, the English mother gathers her children about her as the choicest jewels of her possession. Her stately beauty is of the classic sort, and the children are as charming as English children are reputed to be.

All three are boys. The eldest is James, who kneels on his mother's lap, playfully grasping the mantle about her neck, and supported in his precarious position by her hand placed firmly on his back. He has the sweet expression which betokens a sunny nature, and his well-cut features are such as make a handsome man. He was his father's heir and namesake, succeeding him as the seventh baronet.

The rogue peeping over his mother's shoulder is

¹ By Tomkins, in 1792.

George. Though his features are less regular than his elder brother's, he is none the less attractive, for he is a jolly little fellow. When he grew to manhood he entered the navy and became an admiral. It was on his ship, the Northumberland, that Napoleon was conveyed to the island of St. Helena to end his days in exile. In the course of time Admiral Cockburn became the eighth baronet of the name.

The baby lying on the mother's lap is William. In after years he entered the ministry, married a daughter of Sir Robert Peel, and became Dean of York. It was fitting that one of Lady Cockburn's sons should enter the Church, as her father, Dr. Ayscough, had been Dean of Bristol. Upon the death of his elder brother, the Dean of York became the ninth baronet.

The picture shows the three children in a game of hide-and-seek. George, who is evidently the leader of the fun, dodges up and down behind his mother, throwing little William into an ecstasy of delight. As the round face appears again over the shoulder, the baby reaches up his fat little hand to clutch his brother's arm, fairly doubling himself up in his pleasure, and grasping one foot in his other hand.

James enjoys the play more quietly. It is quite likely that he has been hiding his face in his mother's mantle, but now he pauses to watch his little brother's amusement, his lips parted in a smile, his finger directing the baby where to look.



Handelberg, Photo.

John Andrew & Co.

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

The mother turns her face towards that of her eldest son, scanning it closely.

The action in the picture is so delightfully natural that we do not at first realize how difficult a problem is solved in the arrangement of the four figures. An amateur photographer places his sitters in a stiff row and directs them all to look towards a single point. The master artist conceives of some action which shall engage the attention of all, and form a natural connection between them. Thus, in our picture, the interest of the game binds the figures together. The baby lifts his face to that of the mother and brother; the mother turns to the child at her right, and the latter looks down at the baby, thus completing the circle.

The lines of the composition are also so disposed as to bring the figures together in a close unity. Follow the outer edge of the figure of James at the left; trace across the mother's lap the line made by the border of her mantle, and continued along the baby's body. From the mother's elbow move the pencil past the baby's head and along his outstretched arm till the line ends at the top of George's head, and from this point carry a somewhat irregular line across to the head of James. We have thus traced the parallelogram which incloses the group.

The centre of the group is somewhat at the left of the centre of the canvas, and the picture would seem one-sided were it not for the details of the background at the right. Here the painter has represented a parapet supporting a marble pillar, at the

base of which a large macaw perches. Beyond is seen a beautiful landscape. This spot of color brings the composition into perfect balance. More than this, the view thus opened relieves the crowded effect of the compact grouping. The surrounding space would not seem large enough for the four figures were it not for this added depth of space, which gives the eye a long distance to traverse.

The composition is as fine in color as it is in lines and masses. It is a "splendid tawny color harmony, formed by the red of the curtain, the warm flesh tints, the rich orange yellow of the outer robe of satin bordered with white fur, and the gaudy plumage of the macaw."¹

With so many great artistic qualities, it is no wonder that the portrait has always been admired. Upon its completion in 1774 it was sent to the Royal Academy to be exhibited, and when it was first brought into the room, all the painters present, struck with admiration, burst into a tumult of applause and handclapping. Even after this the painstaking painter probably added some finishing touches and inscribed his name and the date, 1775, upon the ornamental border of the lady's mantle.

¹ Claude Phillips.

IV

MISS BOWLES

A LITTLE girl and her dog are playing together in a wooded park. The place is a fine playground, with its soft, grassy carpet, and noble old trees. It is the sort of park which adjoins country houses of wealthy old English families, where years of training have brought to perfection the trees planted by previous generations. Here and there, through spaces among the branches, shafts of sunlight illumine the shady spot.

The child herself seems like some woodland sprite. She is bubbling over with fun, and is scarcely still a minute. Her spaniel is a gay playfellow, — a beautiful creature, with long silky hair and drooping ears. He is intelligent, too, and devoted to his mistress.

She leads him a merry chase, darting in and out among the big trees which hide her from him. He bounds after her, loses her a moment, and then, as she reappears, leaps upon her with delight.

In the midst of the frolic the child's attention is attracted by a group of boys who have entered the park, all unobserved, and have begun a game of cricket. On the instant she drops on her knees on the grass, seizes the dog, and, lest he should inter-

rupt the sport, clasps her arms tight around his neck, to hold him fast. The poor spaniel is nearly choked, but patiently yields to the caprice of his young mistress while she watches the game with dancing eyes. From her gleeful expression one would fancy that the winner was her favorite.

Some such simple incident as this Sir Joshua Reynolds must have had in mind when painting the portrait of Miss Bowles; for every picture of his seems to carry a story with it, each one thought out to fit the circumstances and character of the sitter. The lively Miss Bowles, as we see, is totally unlike the demure Miss Boothby. They are both charming children; but, while Penelope would love to nestle in her mother's arms, Miss Bowles would dance coyly away. While Penelope would sit in doors by the hour, contented with her sewing, Miss Bowles would be skipping about the park like a little hoyden. The picture of Miss Bowles is, therefore, full of action; both child and dog pause only an instant, caught, as it were, in the midst of their play. The attitude of Penelope Boothby, on the other hand, is one of repose, as suits the tranquil nature of the little girl. The background of each picture is likewise perfectly appropriate. Miss Penelope's placid figure is seen against a leafy screen which nearly closes in the picture; but Miss Bowles needs plenty of space for her romps, and has a whole park to herself.

The painter's acquaintance with little Miss Bowles began very pleasantly. Her parents, proud of their



Mason, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, St.

MISS BOWLES

lovely daughter, were planning to have her portrait made, and had chosen Romney for the painter. A friend of theirs — Sir George Beaumont — induced them to change their minds and engage Reynolds. Even if the portrait faded in time, as they were afraid it might, Sir Joshua's pictures sometimes having that fault, it would still be more beautiful than if painted by any other hand.

At Sir George's suggestion the painter was first invited to dinner, that he might see the child. She appeared at dessert, and was placed beside the stranger at the table. It did not take long for the two to become acquainted, for the painter immediately began to amuse the little girl with stories and all sorts of tricks. Calling her attention to some object on the other side of the room, he would steal her plate while she was looking away, and pretend to be greatly surprised at its disappearance. They would then try to find it, but in vain, until, when she was again off her guard, he would slip it into place, and there would be a great sensation over its discovery. Was there ever a jollier man for a little girl to dine with !

The next day it was proposed that Miss Bowles should be taken to visit her new friend, and she was of course delighted to go. When the party reached the studio, the child's face was shining with expectancy as she greeted the painter. It was this expression which Reynolds has caught so perfectly on his canvas, and which makes the little girl's face seem actually smiling into ours.

He was equally successful in catching a natural pose, watching her closely as she danced about the room. It was a theory of his that the unconscious movements of a child are always graceful, and we may be sure that Miss Bowles's position here is one of her own invention. Her skirt is spread out a little at one side, balancing, as it were, the figure of the dog opposite. The lines inclosing the entire group form a pyramid.

The original painting is still beautiful in color, being among the best preserved of Reynolds's works. Critics have pronounced it a "matchless work that would have immortalized Reynolds had he never painted anything else."

V

MASTER BUNBURY

By a pleasant coincidence the year 1768 brought to Reynolds's studio for portrait sittings two young people who began an acquaintance at this time which had a romantic ending. They were Miss Catherine Horneck and Henry William Bunbury, who were married a few years later, and were the parents of the little boy in our picture.

Miss Horneck was one of two pretty sisters who, upon their father's death, had become wards of Sir Joshua, the family being old Devonshire acquaintances of his. They were now living in London with their mother, and were great pets in society. Goldsmith, who knew them well, playfully named Miss Catherine "Little Comedy" from the resemblance between her face and that of the allegorical figure of Comedy in one of Reynolds's portraits of Garrick.

Mr. Bunbury was a gentleman of family and fortune, who had unusual artistic talent. His special forte was in humorous subjects and caricatures, and his works were sought and praised by connoisseurs.

Reynolds must have followed with affectionate interest the lives of these young friends whose attachment had been fostered in his studio. He always felt a fatherly regard for Mrs. Bunbury and a

generous admiration for her husband's artistic work. Their elder son, the boy of our picture, was born in 1772, and was named Charles John. The painter visiting his friends saw the child grow out of babyhood and become a sturdy boy. He was a beautiful child, with large eyes set wide apart in his round face. His expression was delightfully frank and honest. When he was nine years old the portrait was painted which is reproduced in our illustration.

The boy sits under a tree in a pleasant landscape looking intently before him at some object. Though he seems to have been carefully dressed for some special occasion he has been enjoying himself in boy fashion in spite of that. His ringletted hair is blown about by the wind, and the coat is unbuttoned at the throat, as he drops down to rest, hot and panting from some vigorous exercise.

His chubby hands rest on his knees, and his eyes are fixed on something directly in front of him. He does not seem to be a boy given to day-dreaming, and he is much too active to sit still a long time. It must be something very interesting which awakens his curiosity. Perhaps a bumble-bee, buzzing in and out the bell-shaped blossoms of some sweet wild flower, catches his eye, and he almost holds his breath and watches it.

The boy's dress looks very quaint to our modern eyes. The trousers and waistcoat are made "in one piece," and the velvet coat, with its wide skirt, seems a garment made for a middle-aged man. As



From an engraving by S. W. Reynolds

John Andrew & Son, No.

MASTER BUNBURY

we have already seen, the children of this time dressed as miniature copies of their elders. But while fashions in dress have changed, the child's nature is about the same in every country and period. The eighteenth-century boy, in spite of his grown-up clothes, was fond of all sorts of out-of-door games. Master Bunbury could doubtless match a boy of his age to-day at marbles, tops, kites, battledore, and hop-sotch, and teach him besides many now-forgotten sports, as "bally-cally," "chucks," "sinks," and the like.

The modern American schoolboy, studying the history of our own country, may be interested to know that this portrait of an English boy, who was a subject of George III., was painted five years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. One of the signers had a son who was of nearly the same age as Master Bunbury, a boy named William Henry Harrison, who afterwards became the president of our republic. If we possessed a portrait of Harrison at the age of nine, it would be interesting to compare the two boyish contemporaries of the old and the new country. Master Bunbury, as the son of an English aristocrat, must needs have regarded our colonists as troublesome rebels, while on his part young Harrison looked upon the English as tyrants.

Bunbury finally entered the English army and became a general officer. He was sent to the Cape of Good Hope while the British were holding possession there in behalf of the Dutch, and there he died in the fullness of his early manhood in 1798.

The portrait of Master Bunbury was painted a few years after that of Miss Bowles, and Reynolds here repeated the same arrangement which had been so successful before. It differs only in that the entire figure of Master Bunbury is not seen, being cut off in what is called three quarters length, just below the knees. In both pictures the lines of the composition follow the same pyramidal form, and in both also the park-like surroundings extend into an indefinite distance, so that the eye may follow with pleasure the long vista. Both pictures suggest the same idea of a child pausing in play to look directly out of the canvas at some distant object. Yet the painter has shown a perfect understanding of the difference in the temperament of the two children, the girl, graceful, quick, mischievous, the boy, sturdy, rather serious, and with a mind eager for information.

The portrait of Master Bunbury was evidently painted by Reynolds for his own pleasure, and retained by him during his lifetime, after which it passed by bequest to the boy's mother.

VI

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE

THE name of Mrs. Siddons is one of the most distinguished in the history of English dramatic art. For thirty years she was unsurpassed in her impersonation of the tragic heroines of Shakespeare. Her first great success was in the season of 1782, when she appeared for the second time on the London stage. She was then about twenty-seven years of age, and had devoted years of arduous study to her profession. Though gifted by nature with strong dramatic instincts inherited from generations of players, her powers developed slowly. The rôles which she acted were of the more serious sort, which required maturity and experience for interpretation. Her personal appearance was eminently fitted for tragic parts. She had a queenly presence, a countenance moulded in noble lines, a deep-toned measured voice, and an impressive enunciation. In private as well as in public she commanded the highest admiration. Though all London was at her feet flattery could not spoil her. Her children adored her, her friends found her the soul of sincerity, and all the world honored her noble womanhood.

It was while she was still on the threshold of her great career that Reynolds painted her portrait as the Tragic Muse.

In the old Greek mythology every art had a corresponding goddess or muse who inspired the artistic instincts in human hearts. There was, for instance, a muse of tragedy, called Melpomene, a muse of the dance, Terpsichore, and so on through the nine arts. The great sculptors used to make statues of these muses, trying to express in each the highest ideal of the particular art represented.

It was in imitation of this old custom that Reynolds conceived the idea that Mrs. Siddons, as the greatest of tragediennes, would appropriately impersonate the muse of tragedy.¹ The story is related that when she came to his studio for the first sitting the painter took her by the hand and led her to the chair, saying in his courtly way: "Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the tragic muse." Whereupon she instantly assumed the attitude in which she was painted. Among Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel there is a figure of the prophet Isaiah, whose pose is quite similar, and may have suggested both to painter and sitter the idea of the Tragic Muse. In any case the attitude which Mrs. Siddons assumes is entirely characteristic.

The expression of her face shows the stress of strong emotion — the struggle of a noble soul in a conflict of forces which must end in tragedy. Her hair is brushed back from the face and ornamented

¹ Russell had already celebrated Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse in his *History of Modern Europe*, and Romney had previously painted Mrs. Yates in the same character.



W. M. Spencer & Co., London

John Andrew & Son, No.

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE

with a tiara like a royal diadem. A rich rope of pearls falls across her beautiful neck and is gathered in a knot on her bodice. A mantle lies across her lap draped somewhat like that in the portrait of Lady Cockburn, and, like it, inscribed with the name of the painter, who gallantly said that "he could not resist the opportunity of going down to posterity on the hem of her garment."¹

Behind her chair are two allegorical figures representing Crime and Remorse, the two primary causes of tragedy. In the full face of the one at her left we can trace the features of Sir Joshua himself, distorted though they are into the expression of a criminal.

The color of the original painting has a sombre magnificence which is in keeping with the seriousness of the subject. The painting of the head and bust places it among the finest works of Reynolds.

The portrait shows a remarkable insight on the part of the painter into the character of Mrs. Siddons. She had not at that time played any of her great Shakespearean rôles, but Reynolds seemed to anticipate her power. He followed her career with unflinching interest and always made a point of attending her first appearances and benefits, sitting among the musicians in the orchestra. When she prepared for the character of Lady Macbeth he helped her plan the costumes and sat rapt and breathless during

¹ The compliment has sometimes been referred to the portrait of Lady Cockburn, but the incident is related by Northcote as told him by Mrs. Siddons herself in regard to her own portrait.

her first performance. This was generally considered her grandest effort, and she used herself to say that after playing it thirty years she never read over the part without discovering in it something new. In this character she bade farewell to her profession June 29, 1812. It was said by a contemporary critic that "there was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend; not a chord of feeling from the sternest to the most delicate which she could not cause to vibrate at her will."

VII

ANGELS' HEADS

OUR thoughts of angels are naturally connected with thoughts of children. Jesus once spoke of the little ones as those whose angels always behold the face of the heavenly Father. Their innocence is the best type we have on earth of the purity of beings of a higher sphere. Often when we try to describe the beauty of some little child, we use the word angelic.

This explains why Sir Joshua Reynolds when called to paint the portrait of a little girl conceived the pretty fancy of the picture of Angels' Heads.¹ The child's fair face suggested that of an angel. She had golden hair and blue eyes, and a very sweet little mouth. It was a face which was so charming from every point of view that he painted it in five positions. Grouping the heads in a circle, he added wings after the manner of the cherubs of the old Italian masters, surrounded them with clouds, and lighted the composition with a broad ray of light streaming diagonally across the canvas.

The child's hair falls about the face in straight dishevelled locks, and it is not easy to tell at once whether it is a boy or a girl. In reality the original

¹ Originally called A Cherub Head in Different Views.

was little Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, only child of Lord William Gordon and his wife Frances.

In each position of the five heads the expression varies, and looking from one to another, we may trace through the series the child's changing moods. Let each face tell its own story, and perhaps we may learn something of the workings of the mind behind it.

Here at the lower left side the child suddenly sees some new object, a strange bird or flower, and fixes her eyes upon it. She has a wide awake, inquiring mind, quick to notice all that life has to offer, and she is now in an observing mood. The expression of the face just above is very thoughtful and perhaps a little puzzled. Life brings many hard questions to the serious child, and this is one of the little girl's pensive moods. The two upper faces at the right show quite another expression. The lips of both are parted, and they seem to be singing. One is reminded of the rapturous faces sometimes seen among choir boys when the music lifts them out of their surroundings. All childish troubles and questions are forgotten, as the two faces, flooded with light, seem to look into the glory of heaven.

And now the head is turned and the child gazes directly out of the picture with far-seeing eyes. The expression is of perfect contentment. It will be noticed that the position of the last head is precisely like that of Master Bunbury, and there are points of resemblance between the two faces. The mood and expression are, however, quite unlike in



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew A. Nash, Sc.

ANGELS' HEADS

the two children. The boy's eyes are directed towards some actual object, but the eyes of the child here are those of a dreamer fixed upon some vision of the imagination.

A portrait study like the Angels' Heads combines in a novel way the many-sided character of the child. The mother watching a little daughter from day to day feels that she has half a dozen little girls in one. A romp, a chatterbox, a living question mark, a philosopher, a dreamer, a veritable angel, all these and many more change places rapidly in the child's mood. She is taken to the photographer's for her portrait, and the negative shows only a sober little face intently anxious to look pleasant. A more fortunate photographer may perhaps catch her expression of eager interest as some curious new toy is shown her. But that innocent smile of happiness that comes into her face when singing, or that far-away look of the dreamer which she wears in the quiet twilight, is quite beyond the photographer's skill.

Reynolds knew the secret of representing these rarer and more delicate expressions. He was by nature a true lover of children, and many years of experience had taught him to understand their ways. Lady Gordon must have felt rich indeed to have instead of one commonplace picture five of the dearest faces her little girl could show, preserved on a single canvas.

It is true that something of the child's individuality is lost by the sacrifice of the figure. When

we look at the other child portraits of our collection we notice how much is expressed in the attitude and gesture of which we here have no indication. Yet the picture shows how truly the face is "a mirror of the soul," and as an interpretation of the child's mind it is unique among Reynolds's works.

The original picture is painted in very delicate colors, and is one of the best preserved of Reynolds's canvases. Miss Frances died unmarried in 1831, and ten years later her mother presented the picture to the English National Gallery.

VIII

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD

GEORGIANA, the Duchess of Devonshire, was one of the most celebrated beauties of her time. She was the daughter of the Earl of Spencer, and was married¹ at the age of seventeen to William, Duke of Devonshire, "the first match in England."

The young duchess was as clever as she was beautiful. She was fond of history, music and drawing, and she wrote verses both in French and English.² She was an ardent admirer of the great Johnson, and in a circle of his listeners hung with breathless interest upon his conversation. Her charming manners, her wit, wealth, and rank drew a host of admirers about her, and she became the leader of English society. Whatever the Duchess of Devonshire did, or whatever the Duchess of Devonshire wore, at once became the fashion. She opened the fashionable balls, she was a leading spirit in the Ladies' Club, and she set the standard for the height of headdresses and the length of feathers!

She was not content with merely social triumphs, but her influence reached even into politics. Her

¹ March 28, 1774.

² A long poem by the Duchess was "The Passage over Mt. Gothard," celebrated in Coleridge's Ode to Georgiana.

most remarkable political exploit was to secure the reëlection of Charles James Fox to Parliament (1784) from the borough of Westminster. For this she has sometimes been called "Fox's Duchess," but she is usually known as "the beautiful Duchess."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was among the fortunate number upon whom the beautiful Duchess bestowed her smiles. He had first painted her portrait in her girlhood and again as a young wife but two years married (1776). He was afterwards often honored with invitations to her house and enjoyed the hospitality of her brilliant entertainments.

At length (June, 1784) a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whom they christened Georgiana Dorothy. The parents were so happy in their baby that the mother founded a charitable school in her honor. The child was a winning little creature, round and rosy and full of spirits. When she was about two years old the Duchess again called her former portrait painter's services into use, desiring a picture of herself and daughter.

By this time, the girlish beauty of the Duchess had faded, and her slender figure had become somewhat stout. But the new grace of motherhood was now added to her other charms. As she had been the model of fashion for all the ladies of England in matter of dress, she now became a model of motherhood for their imitation. Fashionable women usually gave over the care and nourishment of their children to nurses, but the Duchess of Devonshire



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, St. John's.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD

took upon herself these tender maternal duties. Thus mother and child were constantly together and became boon companions. The Duchess had a very lively nature, and a child could not wish a gayer playmate.

It is in one of their merry romps together that the painter has represented them. The mother is sitting on a sofa with the child on her knee, and the two are playing the old game of Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross. To and fro on her imaginary steed swings the little rider, supported by the encircling arm of the mother. It is rare sport, and the child kicks her bare feet and throws up her chubby arms gleefully. We can fancy we hear the baby voice gurgling with delight, and the mother smiles at the child's pleasure.

Some years afterward, the poet Coleridge, writing an ode to the beautiful Duchess, pays a tribute to her motherhood which forms a fitting comment on our picture : —

“You were a mother ! at your bosom fed
The babes that loved you.
You, with laughing eyes,
Each twilight thought,
Each nascent feeling read
Which you yourself created.”

It is interesting to compare the picture with that of Lady Cockburn and her Children which we have already studied. The lighting is managed in the same way, a curtain being drawn aside at the right, that we may look beyond the parapet into the open.

It is an important principle in art that in representing any inclosed space like the interior of a room, there should be some device for increasing the length of the perspective. The imagination delights in distance, and feels imprisoned where there is no opening in an inclosure.

The principal lines of this composition run diagonally from corner to corner, intersecting in the centre. Some of these are so clearly defined that we can easily trace them. One extends from the uplifted right hand of the Duchess across the slanting line of her bodice and along the lower edge of the child's frock. The lines of her left arm run parallel with this. In the other direction the uplifted arms of the baby, as well as the edge of the curtain, indicate the lines which cross these.

IX

HOPE

WE have naturally come to think of Reynolds as chiefly a portrait painter. It was, indeed, by his work in portraiture that his name ranks among the great masters. Yet he made various interesting excursions into other fields. We may see what charming fancy pictures he sometimes painted in Cupid as Link Boy and The Strawberry Girl. Historical pictures he also attempted, but not so successfully. Religious and allegorical subjects he tried occasionally, and it is to illustrate his work of this kind that our picture of Hope is chosen.

The figure is a part of a large decorative scheme for a stained window. The central compartment is devoted to the subject of the Nativity, and shows a group of the Virgin mother with the Christ child in the manger, Joseph and the angels. In imitation of Correggio's famous painting of the same subject, called the *Notte*, the light of the picture proceeds from the Babe. Two smaller compartments on either side are filled with shepherds coming to worship. Below is a series of seven panels, containing the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues — Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, and Prudence.

This plan of subjects was made by Reynolds early in 1778, to meet an order from New College, Oxford, for a window design to be executed for their chapel. Hope was one of the first figures that he painted, and in 1779 he was ready to exhibit, at the Royal Academy, the Nativity, with Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The three fundamental elements of Christian character have been associated together ever since the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians was written. Artists and poets have had a fashion of personifying them as allegorical figures. Certain symbols have even been invented to correspond to each—the cross for faith, the anchor for hope, and the heart for charity. Thus the imagination has been called to the aid of religion in impressing Christian teaching.

Reynolds tried to put into this figure the various qualities which make up our thought of hope. A pretty young woman steps forth from a region of clouds and lifts her face and hands towards the light. Through an opening in the sky a broad beam of sunshine falls upon her. Following its direction, she seems to be looking through the opening into some glad vision beyond. Like the figure of Hope in Swinburne's sonnet, she

“ Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can ope,
And makes for joy the very darkness dear.”

In the lower left-hand corner we may barely make out the portion of an anchor. The meaning of the



London Autotype Co., Photo.

John Andrew A. S. B. Sc.

HOPE

old symbol is that hope keeps the soul firm, as an anchor holds the ship. The face of which we have a glimpse is girlish and innocent; the figure is full of buoyancy. The left arm and the uplifted hands are very delicately modelled.

In a painting of this kind the artist is free to follow his own bent in the matter of dress, no longer hampered, as in his portraits, by the follies of fashion. It is delightful to see here the exquisite simplicity of the gown falling in long, beautiful lines. The only adornment is a gauzy scarf, twisted about the bodice and falling on each side in spiral folds. One is reminded of the swirling scarfs in our American Vedder's designs, having, as here, a purely decorative purpose in the scheme. The hair is gathered up on the head in a loose knot, from which the end escapes in a curl.

We are not looking here for any strong delineation of character, as in a portrait, and the painter did not even think it worth while to show much of Hope's face. The panel is to be studied as a work of decorative art, and its beauty lies in its scheme of color, the contrast of light and shade, and the graceful patterns traced by the lines. These are drawn in long flowing curves. The strongest are those which run from the upper left to the lower right corner, to emphasize the motion of the figure towards the left. The outline of the cloud billows which separate the light from the darkness are counter curves cutting across diagonally.

We could appreciate the lines of the panel even

better if we could see it in its relation to the entire plan. Each figure is drawn with reference to its place in the great design. Though there are so many component parts, they unite to form a coherent whole, the main lines flowing together in a harmonious unity.

Reynolds's design was executed by the glass painter Jervas; but when the window was set in place it was a great disappointment. The colors are opaque, and can properly be seen only in a darkened room; with the light falling through them they are at a great disadvantage. Nevertheless the window is a matter of great pride to the fortunate college which possesses it. The original designs, instead of being black and white cartoons, as another artist might have made them, are finished paintings in oil.

X

LORD HEATHFIELD

LORD HEATHFIELD, the original of this portrait by Reynolds, is famous in English history as the hero of the siege of Gibraltar. Gibraltar, as is well known, is that great rock on the coast of Spain, overlooking the narrow strait which forms the passage between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. In the affairs of nations this rock occupies a position of great importance, forming, as it were, a "key to the Mediterranean." The Strait of Gibraltar is the gateway through which all ships must pass to gain the ports of southern Europe, and it is therefore a matter of moment to all the civilized world what nation holds possession there. Nature has made the rock a fortress, and military inventions have been added, through the centuries, to strengthen its defences. It has been the scene of some fearful conflicts.

Gibraltar once belonged to Spain; but, by the fortunes of war, it fell into the possession of the English early in the eighteenth century. Various attempts were made to recover it, but the most determined was that of 1779, when the combined land and sea forces of France and Spain were brought to bear upon it. The struggle lasted over three years;

but, in the end, the English were victorious, and they have retained the fortress to this day.

The governor in command at that time was General Elliott, who was afterwards rewarded for his services here by being raised to the peerage as Lord Heathfield. General Elliott was already well known as a gallant officer. He had served in the war of Austrian succession, holding a colonel's commission at Dettingen, where the English defeated the French in 1743. In the Seven Years' War he had raised and disciplined a splendid corps of cavalry, known as the "Light Horse."

He was now over sixty years old, and his long military career fitted him admirably for the command at Gibraltar. He showed his calibre in the beginning of the siege, in refusing the keys of the fortress, which were demanded of him. With tremendous odds against him, his conduct has not inappropriately been likened to that of the Greek hero Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, when ordered by the Persian king to lay down his arms. Throughout the defence his intrepidity, resource, and generalship, proved him a man of remarkable military genius.

The crisis in the siege was reached in September, 1782, when a fleet of ten enormous floating batteries opened fire on the fortress, each one manned by a picked crew, and carrying from ten to eighteen guns. These batteries were the invention of the most skilled French engineers, and were believed to be impenetrable to shot. The cannonading began in the morning and continued all day. Soon after mid-



Hanfmann, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, No.

LORD HEATHFIELD

night nine ships were on fire, and the hostile fleet was doomed.

General Elliott showed himself a generous victor, and the men saved from the enemy's ships owed their lives to him. Five years later he returned hero, now become Lord Heathfield, sat to Reynolds for his portrait, ordered by a wealthy admirer — the public-spirited Alderman Boydell. The picture shows the brave old soldier as he took his stand in command of Gibraltar. Some one has said that it tells the whole story of the siege.

The general grasps firmly the key of the fortress, the chain wound twice about his hand, to emphasize the determination of the man to hold it against all odds. His sword swings at his side, ready for instant use; a cannon in the rear is pointed downward towards the hostile fleet, and the smoke of battle rolls in clouds behind him. Far away on the horizon a glimmer of light shines on the distant sea.

The veteran stands as immovable as a Stonewall Jackson. His face is set in determined lines, the lips firmly closed, the head thrown back a little, and the eyes steadily fixed on the battle. Yet the face is not altogether stern; there is much that is kindly and noble in the expression. One can fancy it in another moment softening into an expression of gentleness.

It was a remarkable feature of his success during these terrible months of siege, that he was able to hold the love and loyalty of his men. When the spirits of the little garrison flagged, under the com-

bined influence of disease and impending famine, his genial presence animated them with fresh hope. His chivalry was as unfailing as his bravery. It is said that "his military skill and moral courage place him among the best soldiers and noblest men Europe produced in the eighteenth century."

The portrait painter makes us feel all this in his picture. The attitude is so dignified, the gesture so forcible, the countenance so expressive, that we are impressed at once with the dignity of his character. Even if we knew nothing of his history we should still be sure that this is a great man.

The last days of the hero of Gibraltar were spent at his home, Kalkofen, near Aix-la-Chapelle, where he died, July 6, 1790, in the seventy-third year of his age.

XI

MRS. PAYNE-GALLWEY AND HER CHILD (PICKABACK)

PICKABACK is one of the old, old games which no one is so foolish as to try to trace to its origin. We may well believe that there was never a time when mothers did not trot their children on their knees and carry them on their backs. The very names we give these childish games were used in England more than a century ago.

The picture of Mrs. Payne-Gallwey and her child has long been known as Pickaback, and will always be so called by many who would not be at the pains to remember the lady's name. It is one of those portraits in which the painter, impatient of the stiff conventional attitudes which were in vogue in his day, drew his inspiration from a simple homely theme of daily life.

What an ingenious painter Reynolds was, we learn more and more as we examine one picture after another and compare them with those of his predecessors. He liked to have his pictures tell stories, and often, when he had a mother and child to paint, he represented them as playing together just as they might have done every day in their own nursery or garden.¹ The Duchess of Devonshire is seen in her

¹ Claude Phillips refers to Pickaback as "one of the most popular and representative" of this class.

boudoir trotting her baby to Banbury Cross, and the Cockburn children are surprised in a game of hide-and-seek on their mother's lap.

Mrs. Payne-Gallwey seems to have just caught her little girl up on her back and to be starting off to give her a ride. Her body is bent slightly forward in the attitude of one walking with a burden, and we almost seem to see her move. It is as if in another moment they would pass across the canvas and out of our sight.

The incident is so precisely like something which happens every day that we might think the picture was painted yesterday instead of in 1779, were it not for the few signs which indicate its date. For one thing, the lady's hair is arranged over a high cushion in the peculiar style affected at this period in fashionable circles. The style was carried to absurd extremes, ladies vying with one another in the height of the coiffure until in some cases it actually towered a foot and a half in height. Over this structure were worn nodding plumes of feathers, increasing the fantastic effect.

We may imagine how these unsightly erections vexed the artistic soul of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was, however, enough of an autocrat to take liberties with the fashions. When obliged to paint the portrait of a lady with a "head" (for so the coiffure was called) he always managed to modify its height and make its outlines harmonize with his composition.

A side view was of course much less objectionable



W. M. Spooner & Co., London, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MRS. PAYNE-GALLWEY AND HER CHILD
"PICKABACK"

than the full front, in which the face was elongated to such strange proportions. In this case the face is turned in profile, and its delicacy is enhanced rather than injured by the masses of hair which frame it. The hair, instead of being drawn tightly back from the forehead in the ordinary way, waves in graceful curves, which are quite beyond the art of any hairdresser. Finally, the massive effect of the hair is broken by the narrow scarf bound about it and tied under the chin. The curve of this scarf meets the curve of the profile to form a beautiful oval.

The quaintest touch in the picture is the child's big hat. The same shape is worn to-day by men, and one might fancy that the baby had borrowed her papa's hat for the frolic. It is a curious change in fashions which transfers any part of a little girl's wardrobe to that of a grown man.

We may feel a little better acquainted with the mother and daughter to know their names. Mrs. Payne-Gallwey was Philadelphia, the daughter of General De Lancey, Lieutenant Governor of New York. The child was Charlotte, who afterwards married John Moseley. Mrs. Gallwey's beauty is of a very fragile type, and her eyes have a languor hinting of invalidism. Only a few years later she died, while still in her young motherhood. Little Charlotte has a round healthy face, but it is a little sober. Indeed, both mother and child seem to be of a rather dreamy, poetic temperament. Their mood is hardly merry enough for such a game, but they

enjoy it in their own way with quiet contentment. It is an idealized version of the ordinary romping game of Pickaback.

The composition is based on lines which cut the canvas diagonally. In one direction is the line running the length of the profile and continued along the bodice. Crossing this at right angles is the shorter line made by the two arms. It is the first of these which gives character to the picture and produces the impression of motion which is so striking. It is almost as if a modern photographer had taken a snap shot of a figure in the act of walking. But in no such photograph, it is safe to say, would the lines chance to flow in such perfect rhythm.

XII

CUPID AS LINK BOY

A FAMILIAR figure in classic mythology was that of the little god of love, Cupid. He was the son of Venus, and, like her, was concerned in the affairs of the heart. Ancient art represented him as a beautiful naked boy with wings, carrying a bow and quiver of arrows, and sometimes a burning torch. The torch was to kindle the flame of love, and the arrows were to pierce the heart with the tender passion. These missiles were made at the forge of Vulcan, where Venus first imbued them with honey, after which Cupid, the mischievous fellow, tinged them with gall. Thus it was that the wounds they inflicted were at once sweet and painful.¹

Now Cupid was always bent upon some of his naughty pranks. He was afraid of nothing, and we read of his riding on the backs of lions and sporting with the monsters of the deep. He played all sorts of tricks on the gods, stealing the arms of Hercules, and even breaking the thunderbolts of Jove. His bow and arrows were a source of great amusement to him. He delighted in taking aim at unsuspecting mortals, and his random shots often wrought sad havoc.

¹ Anacreon's Ode XXXIII. in Moore's translation.

One of Anacreon's odes relates how the poet was awakened on a rainy midnight by the cry of a child begging shelter. The little waif proved to be Cupid in disguise. After being warmed and dried by the fire, the boy artfully craved permission to try his bow, to see if the rain had injured its elasticity. The arrow flew straight at the poet's heart with a sweet pain, and away flew Cupid laughing gayly at his exploit.¹

Cupid was naturally a very popular god, yet his tricky ways caused him to be looked upon with suspicion. Every one was anxious to stand well with him. In some of the cities of ancient Greece, as Sparta and Athens, he was worshipped with great solemnity, and every five years festivals were held in his honor.

In our picture the painter has represented the little torch-bearing god disguised as a link boy. He is dressed in the clothes of a London street urchin, and behind him are the warehouses of the great city.

The link bearer's occupation was abandoned so long ago that it needs a word of explanation. In the old times, before there were stationary street lights of any kind, men and boys used to run about by night, carrying torches or links, as they were called, to lighten the way for passers-by.

They were like the newsboys of to-day, running up to each wayfarer to offer their services, and always glad to pick up a few pennies. They accompanied parties home from the clubs, the theatres, and all

¹ Anacreon's Ode XXVIII. in Moore's translation.



From an engraving by H. W. Reynolds

John Andrew & Son, So.

CUPID AS LINK BOY

sorts of entertainments, running beside carriages, as well as foot passengers. Nor was their occupation solely by night. There sometimes came suddenly in London a thick fog, shutting out the sunlight as completely as if it had been night. People caught in the streets at such times soon lost their way, and the services of the link boy were then very useful.

We may now understand what a capital chance for fun Cupid would have, playing the part of a link boy. The strangers whom he guided on their way would little suspect that the link boy's torch was kindling the flame of love within them. He might lead them whither he pleased, and finally, disclosing his true identity, would draw his bow upon them and leave them to their fate.

It is perhaps after some such escapade as this that we see him in the picture, link in hand, pausing to look back with a smile of suppressed amusement at some of his victims. It seems very odd to find Cupid in such surroundings, and especially to see the little god hampered by the clumsy garments of mortals. They are old and ragged, the cast-off finery such as is picked up by street gamins. The child's hair is tossed about his head in unkempt locks, and altogether he looks the part to perfection.

Yet there are unmistakable signs of his identity in the wings spread from his shoulders. If you look closely, too, you can see through the rip in his sleeve the quiver of arrows which the sly fellow thought to hide under his coat. The face and expression could belong alone to Cupid. The mouth is shaped in a

genuine Cupid's bow, and the pointed chin shows his astuteness. Mischief lurks in the corners of the eyes and in the curve of his mouth.

The Cupid as Link Boy is one of a number of fancy pictures which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted for his own pleasure. His portrait orders were nearly all from the wealthy and aristocratic classes, and the artist would not have been content without a greater variety of subjects than this work afforded. He had a fertile imagination for ideal or "fancy" subjects, particularly for those of a humorous nature. Often when he chanced to be driving through the streets his attention would be attracted by some little waif, and he would take the child back to his studio for a model. Our picture is from one of these mischievous London street boys, whose face reappears in several other works.

XIII

LAVINIA, LADY SPENCER

LADY SPENCER was one of the many aristocratic ladies whose portraits Reynolds painted, and one of the most interesting of this class of sitters. Her vivacious face looking into ours wins us at once, and we are glad to know all we can of the charming original.

Lavinia Bingham was the oldest daughter of Sir Charles Bingham, who in 1776 was created Baron Lucan. Her mother, Lady Lucan, was a remarkably talented woman, trying her hand with success at modelling, painting, and poetry. She was ambitious to be an intellectual leader, and like several other ladies of the time entertained after the fashion of the French salons, inviting people of wit and learning to meet in her drawing-room for discussion. Her artistic work was really remarkable. Encouraged by the advice and help of Horace Walpole, she became a skilful copyist, and it is said imitated the works of some earlier painters with a genius that fairly depreciated the originals!

We may understand in what artistic and intellectual surroundings Lavinia grew out of girlhood. She inherited her mother's artistic tastes, and drew with great expression. Horace Walpole took great

interest in her work, and saw its good qualities even when the drawing was incorrect. His house at Strawberry Hill contained pictures by both mother and daughter.

In 1781 Lavinia made what appears to have been a brilliant marriage, her husband being John, Lord Althorp, who became Earl of Spencer in 1783. We hear of her travelling in Italy in 1785, and imagine the delight with which one of her artistic nature would enjoy the works of the old masters. It was soon after her return that she sat to Reynolds for her portrait.

Those must have been pleasant sittings which gave the veteran portrait painter so delightful a subject. The two had known each other before this,¹ and now there was doubtless much conversation between them of the Italian galleries they had both visited. Plainly there was a perfect sympathy between sitter and painter. The smile the lady turns towards the easel is as naïve as that of Miss Bowles herself. She watches his clever work with an artist's delight, and with the simple spirit of a child.

Nothing could be more distasteful to such a character than the affected pose of a woman of fashion. She has dropped into a chair with a careless grace all her own, and tells the painter she is ready. He takes up his brush, and lo, the very essence of her smile is transferred to his canvas.

We praise the delicate rendering of the gauzy kerchief veiling her neck, but it is far less wonder-

¹ The lady had sat to him in the year of her marriage.



From an engraving by Bartolozzi

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

LAVINIA, LADY SPENCER

ful than the delicate interpretation of her expression. The fine sensitiveness of her nature, her lively fancy and sense of humor, her playfulness, her coquetry, her impulsiveness, her volatile temperament — all this we read in the shining eyes and the smiling mouth, though no one can say how they were made to tell so much. The signs of her birth and breeding are in every line, yet she is something of a Bohemian too. There is a delightful sense of camaraderie in her smile.

There is a certain portrait by Leonardo da Vinci known as the Mona Lisa, and famous for its baffling smile. There is a tantalizing quality about it which makes one forever wonder what the lady is thinking about and why she is smiling. Nothing could be more in contrast than this smile of Lady Spencer. There is no mystery in it, but rather it takes us into her confidence in the most winning way.

The costume interests us not only as a reminder of bygone fashions, but for its picturesqueness. The bodice is ornamented only by the big buttons by which it is laced. A narrow belt finishes it at the waist, with a small buckle in front.

The hair is frizzed in puffy masses about the face, escaping in a few curls which fall over the shoulders. This was evidently the favorite coiffure in the year 1786, as the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire with her Child, painted in the same year, shows precisely the same style. Both ladies also wear low-cut bodices with kerchiefs arranged in the same manner. The finishing touch of Lady Spencer's costume is

the big straw hat worn aslant on the back of the head.

It has been a favorite device of great portrait painters to dress their sitters in all sorts of fanciful headwear. Rembrandt's portraits show an endless variety of caps, turbans, and hats. Rubens was fond of painting broad-brimmed hats shading the face, one of his celebrated pictures being a study of this kind called *Le Chapeau de Paille* (The Straw Hat).

Now Reynolds was to some extent an imitator of these two men, and it may be he learned something from their pictures about hats. However that may be, we see how the hat here proves very effective in bringing the head into harmonious relation with the whole composition. The brim describes a diagonal line parallel with the line made by the kerchief over the left shoulder. The kerchief on the right shoulder falls in a line parallel with the left arm.

A composition based on short diagonal lines like these is as different as possible in character from one of long flowing curves like *Hope*. Each one is appropriate to its own subject.

XIV

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

VILLAGE life in England before the time of railroads had a picturesque charm which it has since lost except in remote districts. We learn something about it in Miss Mitford's sketches of "Our Village" and in Miss Edgeworth's "Tales." From such books it is delightful to reconstruct in imagination some of these rural scenes; the wide meadows where the cowslips grow, the brooks running beneath the hawthorns and alders, the lanes winding between hedgerows, the green common where the cricketers play, the low cottages covered to the roof with vines, and the trim gardens gay with pinks and larkspur. These villages are connected with the outside world only by the postcart and chapman. Here modest little girls like Miss Mitford's Hannah and Miss Edgeworth's Simple Susan move about their daily tasks and run on their errands of mercy.

Now Sir Joshua Reynolds was a native of Devonshire, a beautiful English district which all born Devons love with peculiar devotion, as we may see from Charles Kingsley's descriptions in "Waterbabies." From time to time in his busy life the painter returned to his home for a breath of country air. On one of these visits he brought back to

London with him his young niece Theophila Palmer, whose father had just died. Offy, as she was called, soon became the pet of her bachelor uncle's household, of which she long remained a member. As she flitted about the house the little country-bred girl with her fresh healthy beauty was a constant reminder to the painter of the woods and fields. Perhaps one day as he was looking at her with special pleasure the picture suddenly flashed upon his fancy of Offy in the character of a village maid. The idea developed into the Strawberry Girl, for which Offy sat as model.

A little girl has been sent on an errand along a lonely road leading out of the village. It may be that like little Red Riding Hood in the nursery tale she is carrying some dainties to her grandmother. A basket of strawberries hangs on her arm, and her apron also seems to be filled with something, for it is gathered up in front like a bag, the corners dropping over the arm.

Twilight begins to fall as she comes to a turn of the road overshadowed by a high rock. There are all sorts of queer noises and shadows here, and she steals timidly past the eerie place, peering forward with big eyes.

Yet she is a womanly child, who will not easily be turned back. She feels the importance of her errand, and is worthy of the trust. The simple low-cut gown is that of a village maid. An odd cap, something like a turban, covers her head and adds a trifle to her height and dignity. Her round face



Mansell, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, N

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

and chubby neck would be the envy of the puny city child who knows not the luxury of big porringers of bread and milk. If her hands are rather too delicately moulded for those of a country child we must remember again that Reynolds was painting from his own little niece.

In imagination we follow the little maid about the simple round of her childish pursuits. Every morning she goes demurely to school to fix her thoughts on "button holes and spelling books." Perhaps it is a dame school like that in "Waterbabies," with a "shining clean stone floor and curious old prints on the wall and a cuckoo clock in the corner." Here some dozen children sit on benches "gabbling Chris-cross," while a nice old woman in a red petticoat and white cap hears them from the chimney corner.

Our little girl has duties at home as well, and is sometimes seen, a pitcher in one hand and a mop in the other, making the house tidy. She can boil potatoes, shell the beans, feed the hens, and make herself useful in many ways.

On rare occasions she has a holiday in the fields, and then what joy it is in spring and early summer to find the haunts of the wild flowers which grow in such abundance in the English country. Miss Mitford writes of a wonderful field where bloomed in season, "primroses, yellow, purple, and white, violets of either hue, cowslips, oxlips, arums, orchises, wild hyacinths, ground ivy, pansies, strawberries, and heart's ease, covering the sunny open slope under a weeping birch."

A favorite game is making cowslip balls. The tufts of golden flowerets are first nipped off with short stems, until a quantity are gathered. Then the ribbon is held ready and the clusters are nicely balanced across it until a long garland is made, when they are pressed closely together and tied into a sweet golden ball.

When we remember that the little Offy, who was the original Strawberry Girl, was transplanted from her Devonshire home to the great city of London, we are interested to know something of her after life. She grew to be as dear as a daughter to her uncle. In the dreary days when he could not use his eyes she was his reader and amanuensis. The many distinguished guests who enjoyed his hospitality were charmed with her sweet manners. In the course of time she married Richard Lovell Gwatkin, a Cornish gentleman in every way worthy of her. "Her happiness was as great as her uncle could wish. She lived to be ninety, to see her children's children, and, intelligent, cheerful, and affectionate to the last, vividly remembered her happy girlhood under her uncle's roof, and the brilliant society that found a centre there."

XV

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE eccentric figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of the familiar sights of London during the middle of the eighteenth century. He was a man of great learning, a voluminous writer, and an even more remarkable talker. He was born in 1709, and, the son of a poor bookseller, he struggled against poverty for many years. Literary work was ill paid in those days, and Johnson gained his reputation but slowly. He contributed articles to the magazines, and twice he conducted short-lived periodicals of his own — the “Rambler” and the “Idler.” He wrote, besides, a drama, “Irene”; a tale, “Rasselas”; a book of travel, a “Journey to the Hebrides”; and many biographies, including the “Lives of the Poets.” His largest undertaking was an English dictionary, upon which he spent eight years of labor.

At length his pecuniary troubles came to an end when, in 1762, the government awarded him a pension of £300 a year. By this time his great intellectual gifts had begun to be appreciated, and he was the first man of letters in England. In Thackeray’s phrase, he “was revered as a sort of oracle.”

Johnson was now too old to acquire the graces of polite society, even had he wished them. His huge,

uncouth figure and rolling walk, his countenance disfigured by scrofula, his blinking eyes, his convulsive movements, his slovenly dress and boorish manners made him a strange figure in the circles which entertained him.

His appetite was enormous, and he ate "like a famished wolf, the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks." He usually declined wine, but his capacity for tea was unlimited. Many funny stories are told of the number of cups poured for him by obliging hostesses, for, oddly enough, he was a great favorite with the ladies, and knew how to turn a pretty compliment. His temper was at times very irritable and morbid, and he occasionally had violent fits of rage. Yet, with all these peculiarities, he had a kind heart and was sincerely religious. His devotion to his wife and his aged mother¹ was very touching, and the poor and infirm knew his charities. In his own lodgings he provided a home for an oddly assorted family of dependents, consisting of an old man, a blind woman, a negro boy, and a cat. All the details of his daily life and habits are minutely described in a biography written by his admiring friend, Boswell, who was intimately associated with him for many years. The book he wrote after Johnson's death tells us not only all about the learned doctor, but much also about his friends.

Reynolds was one of his warm friends, and the

¹ His wife died in 1752, and his mother in 1759 at the age of ninety.



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

two understood each other well. Often when they were together in company, the painter's tact and courtesy smoothed over some breach of etiquette on the part of his companion. At Reynolds's suggestion, the two founded together a small club of congenial spirits, called the Literary Club.

Some other good friends of Johnson's were the Thrales. Mr. Thrale was a rich brewer, and a man of parts, and his wife was one of the brightest women of her day. Johnson was a constant visitor at their house, and became at last, practically, a member of the family. The Thrales's drawing-room at their Streatham villa was the scene of many brilliant gatherings, where intellectual people met for conversation and discussion. Johnson was the autocrat of this circle. He was often rude, even insolent, in expressing his opinion, and wounded many by his sarcasm. But his vast stores of information, his keen mind and ready wit, made his conversation an intellectual feast.

It was an ambition of Mr. Thrale to ornament his house with a gallery of portraits of contemporary celebrities, and it was for this collection that Reynolds painted the portrait of Johnson, reproduced in our illustration. It was really a repetition of a portrait he had previously painted for their common friend and club-fellow, Bennet Langton.

Here we see the sage at the age of sixty odd years, precisely as he appeared among his friends at Streatham. The painter has straightened the wig, which was usually worn awry, but otherwise it is the

very Dr. Johnson of whom we read so much, with his shabby brown coat, his big shambling shoulders, and coarse features.

A remarkable thing about the portrait is that Reynolds succeeded so well in showing us the man himself under this rough exterior. The inferior artist paints only the outside of a face just as it looks to a stranger who knows nothing of the character of the sitter. The master paints the face as it looks to a friend who knows the soul within. Now, Reynolds was not only a master, but he was, in this case, painting a friend. So he put on the canvas, not merely the eccentric face of Dr. Johnson as a stranger might see it, but he painted in it that expression of intellectual power which the great man showed among his congenial friends. Something, too, is suggested in the portrait of that sternly upright spirit which hated a lie.

It is a portrait of Johnson the scholar, the thinker, and the conversationalist. He seems to be engaged in some argument, and is delivering his opinion with characteristic authoritativeness. The heavy features are lighted by his thought. One may fancy that the talk turns upon patriotism, when Johnson, roused to indignation by the false pretences of many would-be patriots, exclaims, "Sir, patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

XVI

THE PORTRAIT OF REYNOLDS

IN the city of Florence, Italy, there is a famous gallery of portraits unlike any other collection of pictures in the world. It consists of the portraits of artists, painted by their own hands, and includes the most celebrated painters of all nations, from the fifteenth century to the present time. Here may be seen the portraits of Velasquez, Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, — the world's greatest portrait painters, — and in the same splendid company hangs the portrait of Reynolds, reproduced in our frontispiece. He painted it in 1776 for the special purpose of sending it to Florence at the request of the Imperial Academy of that city, of which he had just been elected a member.

As we have seen in our study of the Angels' Heads, a single portrait can show us only one side of the sitter's character. This portrait of Reynolds, painted as a condition of membership in a society of artists, and for a gallery of artists' portraits, was intended chiefly to show the artistic side of his nature. The pose itself at once suggests the artist. The expression of the mobile face is that of a painter engaged at his easel, turning a searching glance upon the object he is painting. In short, it is a sort

of official portrait, introducing the new member to his associates in the Imperial Academy.

The artist wears the Oxford cap and gown, to which he is entitled, by virtue of the honorary degree of D. C. L., conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. In his hand he carries a roll of manuscript, presumably one of his lectures before the Royal Academy. Both the roll and the costume are, as it were, insignia of his English honors. A Latin inscription on the back of the portrait, written by the painter's own hand, enumerates the several distinctions which are his.

Reynolds might, indeed, be pardoned the pride with which he reviewed his career. From somewhat humble beginnings he had now made his way to the foremost place in his profession. He was born at a time when art was in a very low state in England, and there were no advantages for the study of painting. His only instruction was under an inferior portrait painter named Hudson, with whom he served as apprentice about two years.

His real art training was during three years of travel in Italy. There he examined and studied the works of the greatest masters of the past, and returned to England with altogether new ideals. Setting up a studio in London, he soon gained an immense popularity. When the Royal Academy was founded, in 1768, he became the first president, and at the same time the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him. Other artists now rose to prominence, but he still held the supremacy.

The painter's popularity depended by no means on his artistic talents alone; his opinions were worth hearing on many subjects. He was fond of books and literary discussions, and his friendship was valued by such men of intellect as Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and others of that charmed circle making the Literary Club. He had a genial, kindly nature, and his manners were exquisitely courteous. Thackeray once wrote that "of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman." He was a member of several clubs, was fond of society, and was a welcome guest in many of the best houses in London. He himself entertained with generous hospitality, and gathered about his table some of the brightest people of his time.

His intimate friend, Edmund Malone, described him as a man "rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, and a lively and pleasing aspect; well made, and extremely active. His appearance at first sight impressed the spectator with the idea of a well-born and well-bred English gentleman. With an uncommon equability of temper, which, however, never degenerated into insipidity or apathy, he possessed a constant flow of spirits which rendered him at all times a most pleasing companion. . . . He appeared to me the happiest man I have ever known."

Through many years Reynolds was very deaf, and was obliged to use an ear trumpet to aid him in general conversation. In later years he also wore spectacles, so that we always picture him in his

advancing life with trumpet and glasses. His habit of taking great quantities of snuff was one which gave occasion to many jokes among his friends.

Numerous poetic tributes were written by his admirers, describing more or less rhetorically his qualities as a man and an artist. There is one bit of verse by Goldsmith (1770), in a comic vein, and in the form of an epitaph, which delineates very cleverly the real character of the man : —

“ Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil, our faces, his manners, our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff !”

The Riverside Press
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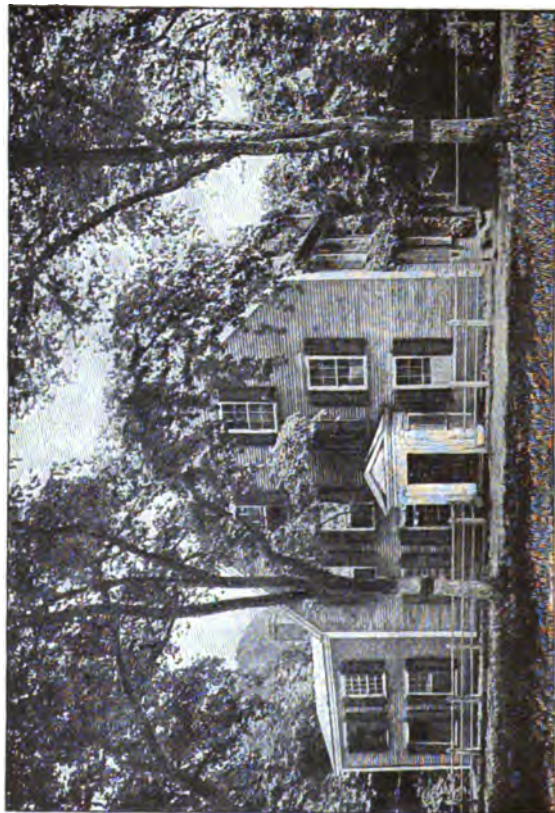
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Collection of the Earl of Spencer, Althorp, England

The Riverside Art Series

MURILLO

**A COLLECTION OF FIFTEEN PICTURES
AND A PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER
WITH INTRODUCTION AND
INTERPRETATION**

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL



**BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1901**

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PREFACE

As most of the important works of Murillo treat religious subjects it is unnecessary to apologize for the lack of variety in the selections here made. The object has been to show as far as possible the range of his artistic power and the diversity of his methods. From the strict realism of his *genre* pictures to the high idealism of the Immaculate Conception, nearly every phase of Murillo's work is represented in this little collection.

ESTELLE M. HURLL

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
November, 1900.

CONTENTS AND LIST OF PICTURES

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF MURILLO. Painted by himself. (<i>Frontispiece</i>) From Photograph of the Painting in the Althorp Gallery.	
INTRODUCTION.	
I. ON MURILLO'S CHARACTER AS AN ARTIST . . .	vii
II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE	xi
III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION	xii
IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN MURILLO'S LIFE	xiv
V. CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS	xv
I. THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION	1
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
II. THE ANGELS' KITCHEN	7
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
III. BOY AT THE WINDOW	13
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
IV. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS	19
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
V. THE MADONNA AND CHILD	25
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
VI. REBEKAH AND ELIEZER AT THE WELL	31
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
VII. THE DICE PLAYERS	37
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.	
VIII. THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN	43
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
IX. JESUS AND JOHN (THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL)	49
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
X. THE HOLY FAMILY	55
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XI. THE FRUIT VENDERS	61
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.	

CONTENTS

XII. THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY	67
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.	
XIII. ST. RODERICK	73
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XIV. YOUTH'S HEAD	79
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XV. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY (THE LEPER)	85
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XVI. THE PORTRAIT OF MURILLO (See Frontispiece) . . .	91
PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS	95

INTRODUCTION

I. ON MURILLO'S CHARACTER AS AN ARTIST

IN the art of Murillo it is possible to trace the combined influences of his period, his nationality, and his individual temperament. The seventeenth century was a time when the religious fervor which has been the leading factor in Spanish history sought expression in art. Money was poured forth freely for the beautifying of churches and convents. There was a great demand for pictures illustrative of sacred story. It was these circumstances which determined the direction of Murillo's energy. His subjects were dictated by his orders: it was a case of supply and demand.

Given religious subjects to paint, he imbued his work with the strong emotional character which he shared with his race. The ardent temperament, the semi-oriental love of color and sensuous beauty characteristic of all Spaniards, was nowhere stronger than in Andalusia, and Murillo was a true son of the soil.

But nature had gifted Murillo with a striking individuality. By temperament he was a realist; for human nature as he saw it about him he had a love amounting almost to a passion. All the accessories of his compositions, such as fruit, flowers, animals, household utensils, and the like, he finished with loving minuteness. It was this bent towards realism which gave the distinguishing mark of individuality to his methods. Strongly as his

work was tinged with his nationality it was nevertheless the work of Murillo the man.

It may approximate the truth concerning the influences of which his art was the product to state the case thus : In subject matter and in general character it was shaped by the external influences of his nationality and environment ; in method it was peculiarly his own.

It is when we turn to his purely *genre* subjects that we see what Murillo might have been if working under other conditions. How thoroughly alive are his beggar boys ; how deliciously human their gesture and attitude ; what humor lurks in their knowing smiles ! Such studies confirm us in the belief that nature made him a *genre* painter, but circumstances forced him into religious art.

His Old Testament subjects were treated after the *genre* manner. The pastoral life of ancient Syria was interpreted by the peasant life of Andalusia in the seventeenth century. The picture of Rebecca and Eliezer at the Well is a transcript from real life, full of picturesque local color. Even in such subjects as the Madonna and Child and the Adoration of the Shepherds, the religious sentiment is rendered in a vein of homely realism.

But there are other pictures by Murillo which reveal a higher reach of imagination than would have seemed possible. In such works as Jesus and John, the Vision of St. Anthony, and above all in the Immaculate Conception, the artist shows a rare degree of idealizing power. Though nature made him a realist, faith transformed him at times into an idealist.

Murillo's artistic qualities are such as make a popular favorite. He is the people's painter rather than the artist's painter. The critic misses in his work that force and virility which belong to great art, but the average taste, undisturbed by this lack, is attracted at once by his story-telling gifts and his sentiment. What is wanting

in strength is abundantly made up in sweetness. Nor can Murillo be justly charged with lack of force by those who know the full range of his power. What vigorous portrait delineation he was capable of we see in the Education of the Virgin. In strength of characterization the old crone in the picture of St. Elizabeth compares favorably with the egg-woman of Titian's Presentation of the Virgin, or with some of Rembrandt's old women.

It is customary to distinguish three artistic methods of Murillo's work, not indeed always corresponding exactly to three successive chronological periods, but used in turn by the artist for different classes of subjects. There is the cold style, the *estilo frio*, of his earlier works, in which the color is sombre and the outlines are hard. Much of the *genre* work is in this manner. The warm style, the *estilo calido*, is in deeper color and stronger contrast of light and shadow. In the misty or aërial manner, the *estilo vaporoso*, his tints melt into one another, and in some mysterious way a golden haze seems to envelop the figures. This is the style of work in which the picture of Jesus and John is painted. It would of course be impossible to classify all Murillo's paintings in three groups, and there is danger of forcing these distinctions in his styles. It is enough to indicate the three tendencies corresponding to three of his moods.

It may help us to understand Murillo's art to compare him with other great painters with whom he had traits in common. His self-chosen teachers were Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez. Titian and Rubens were also among the masters whose works in the Madrid Gallery attracted his attention. Yet when he returned to Seville, the influence of all these masters seemed to drop from him. He could on occasion show himself a clever imitator, as in the Rebecca and Eliezer, which recalls so strongly the style of Rubens. But his own individuality was too well defined to be absorbed in other masters.

The same metamorphosis of a born *genre* painter into a religious artist was seen two centuries before Murillo's time in the history of Filippo Lippi. There is a close affinity between the Tuscan peasant girls who figure as Filippo's Madonnas and the Andalusian maidens of Murillo's works. Yet the comparison cannot be carried far, because Murillo possessed a personal piety apparently lacking in Filippo Lippi, so that there is genuine religious feeling in Murillo's pictures which we do not always find in Filippo's works.

Among the Italians Perugino is perhaps the nearest akin to Murillo in his power to awaken devotional sentiment. There is a parallel between the lives of the two painters in the spontaneous praise awarded them by the voice of the people. Both were the popular idols of their own generation.

There was, however, a painter of Murillo's own time who had more in common with him than any other painter before or since. This was Rembrandt. Perhaps the two were as much alike as a Spaniard and Dutchman could well be. Allowing for differences in nationality and religion they had the same general aims. Both were intensely human in their sympathies; the picturesqueness of beggars, the poetry and pathos of age, the charm of the commonplace, appealed strongly to both. Both took naturally the same view-point of homely realism. Both recognized with the "insight of genius" that "biblical history and the legends of the saints could be best narrated in the dialect of the people."¹

The faults of the two men led in diametrically opposite directions. Murillo sometimes carried sweetness to insipidity, and Rembrandt sometimes exaggerated homeliness into grotesqueness. As Murillo's work was modified by the Spanish love of color and sensuous beauty, so

¹ Carl Justi.

Rembrandt's was shaped by the phlegmatic temperament of the Dutch.

After all comparisons are exhausted perhaps Murillo's place cannot be assigned in any better phrase than one which has often been repeated. His works "hold a middle rank between the unpolished naturalness of the Flemish, and the peaceful and dignified taste of the Italian school."¹

II. BOOKS OF REFERENCE

The original source of material relating to Spanish art is a dictionary of painters ("Diccionario historico") written by Cean Bermudez, himself a painter, and published in Madrid in 1800. The only comprehensive work on the subject in English is the "Annals of the Artists of Spain" by Stirling Maxwell, first published in England in 1848 and reprinted in 1891, in four large volumes. Some 116 pages of volume iii. are devoted to Murillo, and the appendix of the last volume contains a complete list of Murillo's works. Both editions being rare and valuable the student can use them only in the large libraries, and the general reader must be content with the short biographies compiled from this source. Two of these which are generally available are by Mrs. E. E. Minor in the Great Artists' Series (New York, 1882) and by M. F. Sweetser in Series of Artists' Biographies, (Boston, 1877). There is also an interesting German monograph on Murillo by H. Knackfuss, in the series of Künstler-Monographien (Leipsic, 1897), illustrated by sixty-seven half tones.

An excellent summary of Murillo's art is made by Viardot, in a small volume called the "Wonders of European Art." Spooner's "Dictionary of Painters and

¹ From Spooner's *Dictionary*.

Engravers" also has a good article on Murillo and his Art, and Carl Justi's "Historical Sketch of Spanish Art," printed as an introduction to Bædeker's "Spain," discriminates carefully Murillo's three methods, with examples of each. A descriptive list of Murillo's works was made by C. B. Curtis, and published in New York in 1883, as a "Catalogue of the Works of Velasquez and Murillo."

III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION

Portrait frontispiece. Painted by Murillo when about sixty years of age, at the request of his children, and bearing the following Latin inscription: "Bartus Murillo seipsum depingens pro filiorum votis acprecibus explendis." The original is in the possession of the Earl of Spencer, Althorp, England, and a copy by Miguel de Tobar is in the Prado Gallery, Madrid.

1. *The Immaculate Conception.* Painted in 1678 for the Hospital of the Venerables, whence it was carried to France by Marshal Soult. Acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1852. Size: about 10 ft. × 6 ft.

2. *The Angels' Kitchen.* One of the series of pictures painted 1645-1648 for the Franciscan Convent behind the Casa del Ayuntamiento in Seville. Bears the artist's signature and date 1646. From the collection of Marshal Soult. Acquired in 1858 by the Louvre, Paris. Size: 5 ft. 11 in. × 14 ft. 9 in.

3. *Boy at the Window.* Formerly in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and presented to the English nation in 1826 by M. Zachary, Esq. Now in the National Gallery, London. Bust, life size. Size: 1 ft. 9 in. × 1 ft. 3 in.

4. *The Adoration of the Shepherds.* Painted in

Murillo's "second manner." Taken to Paris by the French, but restored in 1816 and now in the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Size: 6 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 8 ft. 2 in.

5. *Madonna and Child*. In the Corsini Gallery, Rome. Figures full length and life size. Size: 5 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 3 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.

6. *Rebecca and Eliazer at the Well*. Purchased at Seville by Philip V. in 1729. Now in the Prado Gallery, Madrid. In the "second manner," showing transition to better style. Figures full length and about a third life size. Size: 3 ft. 10 in. \times 5 ft. 5 in.

7. *The Dice Players*. In the Munich Gallery. Figures life size. Size: 4 ft. 6 in. \times 3 ft. 4 in.

8. *The Education of the Virgin*. Painted in 1674. Formerly in the chapel royal at St. Ildefonso and now in the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Figures life size. Size: 7 ft. 10 in. \times 5 ft. 1 in.

9. *Jesus and John (The Children of the Shell)*. Painted in the "vaporoso manner." In the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Size: 3 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 4 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

10. *The Holy Family*, signed "Barholm de Murillo F. Hispan," but without date. According to Curtis painted about 1670. Once in the collection of Louis XVI. and now in the Louvre, Paris. Size: 7 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 6 ft. $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.

11. *The Fruit Venders*. In the Munich Gallery. Figures life size. Size: 4 ft. 7 in. \times 3 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

12. *The Vision of St. Anthony*. Perhaps the picture mentioned by Cean Bermudez as belonging to the convent of San Pedro Alcantara at Seville, whence it was taken by Soult in 1810. Now in the Berlin Gallery. Figures life size. Size: 5 ft. 4 in. \times 6 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in.

13. *St. Roderick*. Painted, according to Ford, for a canon at Seville by whom the dress was worn on grand occasions. At one time in the convent of St. Clara in

Seville, and later in the Louis Philippe Collection. Now in the Dresden Gallery. In the "second manner." Size: 7 ft. 4 in. \times 4 ft. 10 in.

14. *A Youth's Head*, (called also a *Herd Boy* or *Shepherd*). Probably purchased from the sale of General Pothier's Collection in 1846, and now in the Hague Museum. Size: 17 in. \times 15 in.

15. *St. Elizabeth of Hungary (The Leper)*. Painted as a companion piece of San Juan de Dios for the Hospital of Charity at Seville, Murillo receiving in 1674, 16,840 reals for the two pictures. It was taken from the hospital by Marshal Soult, restored to Spain in 1814, and since then has hung in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts (formerly San Fernando), Madrid. The original study for the painting, a small sketch on wood, $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, is owned in America. The painting is said to unite the excellencies of Murillo's three styles, more especially the *frio* and *calido*. Figures life size. Size: 13 ft. $9\frac{1}{4}$ in. \times 10 ft. 6 in.

IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN MURILLO'S LIFE

1617. Murillo born at Seville.

1618. Murillo baptized New Year's Day.

1639-40. Termination of Murillo's instructions under Castillo.

1642-1645. Visit in Madrid, studying the works of Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez.

1645. Return to Seville.

1645-1648. Eleven large pictures painted for the Franciscan convent, Seville, including the Death of St. Clara and the Angels' Kitchen.

1648. Murillo married to Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor.

1652. Our Lady of the Conception, first painting in "warm manner" painted for Brotherhood of True Cross.
1655. St. Leander and St. Isidore.
1656. Vision of St. Anthony painted. Four large semi-circular pictures for Church of Sta. Maria la Blanca.
1660. Foundation of the Academy of Seville, with Murillo as president.
- 1670-1674. Eleven works for the newly erected Charity Hospital, Seville. Same period, upwards of twenty pictures for Capuchin Convent, Seville.
1676. Murillo's daughter Francisca became Dominican nun.
1678. Three pictures painted for the Hospital de los Venerables, Seville, including the Immaculate Conception, now in the Louvre.
1682. Death of Murillo April 8.

Note: Murillo had two sons, Gabriel, who was in the Indies when his father died, and Gaspar, who was a priest. The dates of their birth are not recorded in the biographies.

V. CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

SPANISH

- Francesco de Herrera, the elder (1576-1656).
Francesco de Zurbaran (1596-1662).
Diego Velasquez (1599-1660).
Alonso Cano (1601-1667).
Sebastian Martinez (1602-1667).
Antonio del Castillo (1608-1667).
Joseph de Sarabia (1608-1669).
Pedro de Moya (1610-1666).
Juan de Toledo (1611-1665).

Associates in Seville Academy : —

Francisco de Herrera, the younger, president (1660).
Llanos y Valdés, president (1663, 1666, 1669).
Juan de Valdés, president (1664 et seq.).
Pedro de Medina Valbuena, president (1667, 1671).
Juan Chamarro, president (1670).
Cornelius Schut, 1672–1673.
Matias de Carbajal, one time steward.
Palencia.
Ignacio de Iriarte, secretary (1660, 1667–1669).
Fernando Marquez Joya, member (1668–1672), imitator of Murillo.

Pupils : —

Miguel de Tobar.
Núñez de Villavicencio.
Menesis Osorio.
Sebastian Gomez.

FLEMISH

Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640).
Anthony Van Dyck (1599–1641).
Jacob Jordaens (1594–1678).
Franz Snyders (1574–1657).
Gaspard de Craeyer (1582–1669).
David Teniers (1610–1690).

DUTCH

Rembrandt (1606–1669).
Franz Hals (1584–1666).
Gerard Honthorst (1590–1656).
Albert Cuyp (1605–1691).
Jacob Ruysdael (1625–1682).

INTRODUCTION

xvii

Paul Potter (1625—1654).
Gerard Terburg (1608—1681).
Jan Steen (1626—1679).

FRENCH

Charles le Brun (1619—1690).
Eustache le Sueur (1617—1655).

ITALIAN

Carlo Dolci (1616—1686).
Guido Reni (1575—1642).
Domenichino (1581—1641).
Guercino (1591—1666).
Sassoferrato (1605—1685).

I

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

THE country of Spain has in former times contributed much that is beautiful to the art and literature of the world. Some of our great men of letters, like Washington Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell, have drawn inspiration from its storied past. The most celebrated Spanish painters lived in the seventeenth century, and among them was Murillo, some of whose pictures we are to study in this little collection.

Murillo passed the most of his life in his native city of Seville, the capital of the old province of Andalusia,¹ which is at the southern end of Spain. In his time, the city was called "the glory of the Spanish realms." Great nobles and rich merchants lived there, and from its ports trade was carried on with all parts of the world. It was adorned with splendid buildings and public squares, and surrounded by beautiful gardens.

Now the public buildings of this time were not only fine to look upon on the outside, but they were

¹ In modern Spain the territory once called Andalusia is divided into the provinces of Almeria, Jaén, Malaga, Cadiz, Huelva, Seville, Cordova, and Granada.

made glorious within by the paintings on the walls. This was especially the case with churches, monasteries, and hospitals, and there was a great demand for pictures of religious subjects suitable to adorn such buildings. Most of Murillo's works were pictures of this kind. They illustrated Bible stories, the life of Christ, the life of the Virgin, and the traditions of the saints. The painter was himself a very pious man, and his heart was in his work. So it came to pass that his pictures were not only great works of art, but they were also full of religious feeling.

His favorite subject was the Virgin Mary represented as floating in mid-air as in a vision. The subject is called the Immaculate Conception, and the purpose is to show the stainless purity of Mary's character.

Our illustration is from one of his most celebrated pictures of this kind. The full-length figure of the Virgin is seen in the sky against a golden light, with a crescent moon beneath her feet, and throngs of rejoicing angels about her. The suggestion for the picture is from a verse in the book of Revelation which describes "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet."

She is robed in white with a blue mantle thrown about her. The white is for her maidenly innocence, and the blue — the color of the sky — for truth and eternity. Her hair is unbound and falls over her neck and shoulders like a beautiful veil. It was an old custom for brides to be married with their hair



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sec.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
The Louvre, Paris

down as a sacred token of their maidenhood. So Mary is arrayed like a bride ready to receive her heavenly bridegroom.

Her figure seems buoyed in the air by heavenly zephyrs. Her face is raised to heaven in rapture. Her hands are pressed lightly to her bosom and hold in place her mantle and scarf. The poise of the head suggests that of a flower lifting itself to the sun, and the face itself has a delicate flower-like beauty. It is like nothing the painter had ever seen among the Andalusian maidens, and like none of the great pictures by the old masters. It was his own ideal of the gentle, innocent sweetness of the Virgin.

It is a girlish face, as innocent and trusting as a child's, the index of a soul unspotted by evil. One may well believe that no shadow of sin ever fell across that gentle life, and the lines of Wordsworth come to mind as perfectly describing the picture:—

“Mother whose virgin bosom was uncorst
With the least shade of thought to sin allied !
Woman ! above all women glorified ;
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy Image falls to earth.”

No small part of the beauty of the picture is due to the host of baby angels surrounding the Virgin like a great garland. They are winsome little creatures all, and here and there in the throng one picks out some face of special charm. There is a beautiful

figure seated on a cloud just below the Virgin. His right arm is lifted exultingly in the air, and a heavenly smile is on the little face. He seems to call the attention of his companions to the vision above. The angel at his right turns his face, too, in the direction of the lifted arm, and clasps his own chubby little hands together in adoration. Others seem more engrossed in their frolic, as they play in and out the folds of the Virgin's robe.

The group in the lower part of the picture is massed in the form of a pyramid to give stability to the composition. The others are grouped in twos and threes, and describe an outline following the contour of the Virgin's figure.

The Immaculate Conception was one of three large paintings which Murillo made for the Hospital of the Venerables in Seville. Like most of the painter's works it was long ago taken from its original home, and it now hangs in the great gallery of the Louvre in Paris.

II

THE ANGELS' KITCHEN

SOME two hundred years before the time of Murillo, there lived in a Franciscan convent at Alcalá a man named Diego, who was an Andalusian by birth. He was not regularly ordained to the priesthood, but was what is termed a lay brother, that is, he followed the life of a friar without any priestly duties. His work was with the household affairs of the convent: he did the cooking for the brotherhood, and was also the convent porter. From all accounts Diego was a common sort of fellow, very ignorant and uncouth. But he was a pious soul, living a life of holiness, and faithfully performing his daily tasks. The Franciscans were one of the mendicant orders, that is, they had no earthly possessions of their own and begged their food and clothing. They were taught strict self-denial.

The life of Diego must have been a simple, monotonous round from day to day, preparing the frugal meals for the brethren and performing the domestic duties of the household. It would not appear that a convent kitchen was a place where anything interesting could happen, and certainly not a place where a man could become famous.

But the story runs that one day a marvel befell Diego in his kitchen, and from that day his name became famous in the religious annals of Spain. While busy with his cooking he was suddenly raised into the air in a heavenly ecstasy, while angels filled the room and went on with his work. This is the story illustrated in our picture, and it is one of a series of scenes from the life of San Diego.

Our painter had undertaken to decorate the walls of a Franciscan convent in Seville with eleven pictures. It was a large order, and the brotherhood set a very small price on the work. No painter of established reputation would consider their offer. For Murillo, however, it was exactly the chance he wanted to show what he could do. He was then a young man, and had just returned home after three years' study in Madrid, to make his way in the world.

The life of the Andalusian San Diego was an especially appropriate subject for the Sevillian convent. As the friars came and went about their daily tasks, they would be cheered and inspired by these scenes from the life of one of their own race and order. It was encouraging to see that a humbler man than any of their number was favored with such experiences of heavenly fellowship. We can readily understand how much this particular picture meant to them.

The two tall angels conversing together are in the centre of a long, narrow picture, only a portion of which is reproduced here. Beneath them is painted



From a cartoon painted by Braun, Clemens & Co.

John Andrew & Son, No. 1.

THE ANGELS' KITCHEN
The Louvre, Paris

a narrow tablet inscribed with a descriptive title of the picture. In the part cut off at the left side are three men just entering the door, and pausing in astonishment. On the right side is represented the further end of the kitchen. Our illustration, however, shows us the heart of the composition, and carries the whole story with it. Indeed, as some one has said, it is not necessary to read the story elsewhere, it is all so plainly seen in the picture.

San Diego is floating upward in the air in a kneeling posture, a mysterious light shining about him. His face is as commonplace as tradition describes it, but is full of earnestness. His eyes are turned heavenward, and he sees nothing of what is going on about him. Meantime the angels are busy preparing the dinner, and in the midst of their work a friar comes in at the rear. We notice that the angels are of two quite different orders. Some are tall, lithe beings with large spreading pinions, and others are little creatures, chubby and frolicsome like human babies. The tall ones seem to be planning and directing the work, one of them setting forth to draw water, another attending to the meat, and a third busy with mortar and pestle. The baby angels are on the floor about the pan of vegetables. They enter into the task with the delight of children who are allowed to help their elders, and the work is turned into play.

Murillo's two conceptions of angels may be traced through all his pictures. He painted one kind or the other according to the subject represented. The

tall angels are the messengers dispatched to earth on active errands, as when they descend and ascend the ladder of Jacob's dream. The baby angels are "the multitude of the heavenly host" who fill the celestial spaces with rejoicing. They throng about the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, they accompany the Christ-child as he descends to St. Anthony, they hold the wreath of roses over the head of the child Mary, and crown the martyr St. Roderick. There is scarcely a picture of any religious subject by Murillo where their sweet little faces do not appear.

III

BOY AT THE WINDOW

NEARLY all the orders which Murillo received for paintings were, as we have seen, for religious pictures to decorate churches and monasteries. There was, however, another class of pictures which he painted apparently for his own pleasure, and as a means of improvement in his art. These were studies of street children and beggars. Such works are known as *genre* pictures, because they reproduce directly the scenes of common life, just as they are found by the artist.

The city of Seville, where Murillo lived, was full of picturesque scenes at every turn. In southern Spain the common people spend much of their time in the open air, chatting in street and market-place, and lounging in doorways and windows. They are a rather indolent race, good-natured, full of fun, and easily pleased. They are a handsome people too, with rich olive skins, brilliant dark eyes, and glossy black hair. The bright colors which they love to wear set off their charms to perfection.

Murillo was a keen observer of people and things. As he came and went through the streets, his quick eye caught here a smiling face, there a stalwart figure, yonder an effective sash or shawl: the city was full of life and color.

It was no doubt during some of his strolls about the city that he chanced to see this jolly little boy leaning on a window ledge. There was something going on in the street which amused the little fellow mightily, and a broad grin appeared on the round face. Quite unconsciously he made a charming picture, and in a single glance the painter took in the scene and resolved to put it on canvas.

Nowadays a boy leaning out of a window is pretty sure to be caught by the snap shot of some camera. Something of the same sort befell the boy of our story on this day, long before the invention of photography. The painter's eye could take a snap shot almost as quickly as a camera, and the picture was photographed on his memory. When he actually began to paint it, no doubt the boy himself was called in, that the artist might study the face more carefully.

He is a happy-go-lucky little fellow with nothing to do all day but to laugh and grow fat. There are no lessons to puzzle his brain and no schoolmaster's floggings to fear. There was no "compulsory education" in these long-ago days. Life is one long holiday, and if he is sometimes hungry he is not the boy to cry for a little thing like that. Something is sure to turn up by and by. In the mean time there are plenty of ways to amuse one's self. One might even stay all day at the window and find something to see.

Little donkeys patter by over the cobblestones, laden with huge panniers of straw or charcoal. A



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Esq.

BOY AT THE WINDOW
National Gallery, London

guitar-player strolls along, thrumming the strings of his instrument to accompany the love song which he sings. Fruit-venders pass, bearing their heaped-up baskets and calling aloud their wares. Perhaps a nobleman may chance to come this way and will toss him a coin.

Such are some of the figures which we may imagine passing by the face at the window. It is a round little face, lighted by dancing black eyes which are full of innocent mischief. The boy has a snub nose and a large mouth. His parted lips show a gleaming row of teeth. The Spanish are noted for their fine white teeth, and a witty traveller has said, "They are quite capable of laughing on purpose to show them." The child's black hair is so glossy that the light is reflected from it as from a polished surface. His blouse is slipping down on one side, and we see his plump neck and shoulders. In this warm climate the poor people go about half clad.

We like to think that the boy and the painter grew to be friends. As there are other pictures of the same child, we feel sure he must have been a frequent visitor at the studio. An open-hearted, confiding little fellow like this could not fail to win the heart of the genial Murillo, whom everybody loved. A useful little friend, too, the boy proved to be; it was good practice for the painter to study the well-shaped head and plump neck and shoulders. An artist can teach himself a great deal by painting the same model many times in different positions.

Such *genre* pictures as this were very helpful to

Murillo as preparatory studies for his great historical pictures. In some of these he had large companies of people to paint. Now when an artist paints a crowd he can make it more natural and life-like if he puts in people he has actually seen. So with Murillo. When he painted the large companies in his historical pictures, he filled in with the same figures he had already painted from life in his *genre* studies. There is, for instance, a large painting of the Israelites at the rock of Horeb,¹ in which you can easily make out a boy in the crowd much like this Boy at the Window. Thus the painter knew how to adapt the material which lay around him to the various purposes of his art.

¹ This is the large painting in the Hospital of Charity, Seville, usually called Moses Striking the Rock. The figure referred to is a boy at the extreme right end drinking from the vessel which is held to his lips.

IV

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

THE story of the first Christmas night is one of the dear familiar tales we like to hear repeated. It is the story of the birth of Jesus in the little Judæan town of Bethlehem. It happened that Mary and Joseph had come thither from their home in Nazareth to pay their taxes. The inn where they lodged was so crowded that they laid the new-born babe in a manger used for feeding cattle.

Now the country round about was a great sheep country. In this very town centuries before had lived the shepherd David, who was called from his flocks to be anointed king. The surrounding hillsides made good grazing-ground, and in this mild climate flocks were kept out all night.

On the night of Jesus' birth some shepherds were watching their sheep when a strange thing happened. The story is told by the evangelist St. Luke in these words: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be

to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Our picture illustrates this story of the shepherds' midnight visit to the manger. Three of them have crowded into the little room, in the dim corner of which are seen the heads of an ox and an ass. Mary draws back the coverlid to show the babe to the visitors. She takes a young mother's gentle pride in displaying her wonderful new treasure. The man in the rear is Joseph, wearing a heavy cloak and leaning on his staff. He contemplates the child thoughtfully, as if wondering what his future may bring. The shepherds are as simple-hearted as children in the expression of their admiration and delight.

They are big, powerfully built peasants clad in skin and homespun garments. One of them kneels in front, and we see the upturned soles of his bare feet, seamed and hardened by exposure. Beside



From a cartoon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS
The Prado Gallery, Madrid

him on the floor lie the fowl which he has brought as a gift to the babe. The woman behind him has a basket of eggs, and the youth accompanying her leads a lamb. These, too, are gifts such as peasant farmers would naturally bring. They have no money for rich presents, and they choose the best that they have of their own raising. The lamb is a symbol of the child's innocence as the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." The eggs are an emblem of the Resurrection.

The light of the composition is concentrated upon the child, and shines brightly on the mother's face. It was an old custom of painters to make the Christ child the source of light in a picture, as symbolic of his character as the Light of the World. In this strong light we can see what a beautiful babe he is, with plump limbs and a well-shaped head.

The mother bends a tender glance upon him. She is a gentle young woman who adapts herself quite simply to her strange surroundings, as if there were nothing unusual about them. There is indeed no sign of the supernatural in the picture except in the light shining from the child. The whole sentiment is that of a simple, homely, every-day religion.

To a pious nature like Murillo's this story of long ago was as real as if it had taken place in his own country and among his own people. So instead of casting about in his mind to imagine some strange scene, he represented the story precisely as if he had himself seen it in a country town of Andalusia.

There is an old Latin Christmas hymn¹ which dates from the mediæval period, which expresses so well the religious feeling of the picture that it is pleasant to read it in this connection. Here are a few verses in which some of the phrases would almost seem intended to describe this very picture : —

“ O what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed Mother kneeling
By her Sole-Begotten One !
How her heart with laughter bounding
She beheld the work astounding
Saw his birth, the glorious Son.

“ Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy bearing part;
Stood the Old Man with the Maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

“ Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee.
Let me raise my heart's devotion,
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

“ All that love his stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
Tarry there the livelong night;
Pray that by thy Son's dear merit
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light.”

¹ “Stabat Mater Speciosa,” translated by Dr. Neale.

V

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

THE child Jesus was brought up in the little Galilean town of Nazareth, with Mary his mother, and her husband Joseph. Strange stories were told of the family, and it was said that they were in communication with the angels. Before the birth of Jesus Mary had been visited by an angel to tell her of the great mission he was coming to fulfil. On the night when he was born, angels had announced his birth to some shepherds of the neighborhood. When King Herod ordered a massacre of babes, an angel directed Joseph to flee with his family to Egypt. And again, on the death of Herod, an angel had bidden them return to their own country. When at last they settled in Nazareth, Mary herself said little of all these things, but kept them in her heart.

Everybody knows the later history of the boy, how he went about preaching and doing good, and how he set the standard of ideal manhood. After all these centuries the story of his life is repeated every day throughout the whole world.

It is natural to try to imagine how this wonderful child looked. Artists have never wearied of painting pictures representing the mother holding him in her arms. Such pictures are called the Madonna and

Child, the word *Madonna* meaning "My lady," as the Italians address the Virgin. The Italian word has become attached to the subject from the fact that such pictures were first popular in Italy. It was a favorite subject with Murillo, and he painted it many times.

In the picture reproduced in our illustration the Mother sits out of doors beside a bit of ruined wall, with the boy on her capacious lap, nestling against her shoulder. They have the dark eyes and black hair of the Spanish type. One could easily imagine that the painter, walking some day in the country, had seen just such a mother and child among the peasants of Andalusia. "Here," he might have said to himself, "is a sweet young mother worthy to represent the mother of Jesus, and here is a babe whose robust little figure would serve well as a model for the Holy Child."

Evidently it did not occur to him that the mother and child must be made beautiful, except as fine healthy bodies make for beauty. Beauty of face is not an essential mark of beauty of soul. Earnestness of character was rather what he sought to express in the two faces.

They are indeed rather serious faces which look out of the canvas, and the same mood is upon them both. The eyes do not meet ours, but seem to be gazing into space, as if in a waking dream. It is as if they awaited the approach of those angel visitants who had so often taken them under their protection.



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

Joh. Andre & Son, Sc.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD
The Corsini Gallery, Rome

But while their expression is dreamy, they have the open countenances betokening a frank nature. The little boy is not at all precocious-looking, and we might not predict any great things of his future. But from such earnest, simple-hearted children as this grow the sturdy, honest men who are the hope of the world. The mother does not appear very intellectual, but motherhood lends a touch of dignity to her bearing. Her mature matronly face contrasts with the girlish beauty of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception.

Perhaps what we like best about the picture is that it is so natural and homely. There is nothing stiff or affected in the pose of the figures. Murillo did not even surround the heads with the halo, or circle of light, in the old Italian manner. He let the faces tell their own story. We like to think that were the Christ child born again in the midst of us to-day, we might find him sitting with his mother by the wayside, — simple earnest country folk like these.

We do not always appreciate the greatness of art when it is so simple as it is here, and we must study the picture carefully to learn its good points. We notice that the main lines are few in number, and drawn in long unbroken sweeps. The line of the mother's right arm flows in a long fine curve from neck to finger tip. Her drapery falls in simple folds. We can see how much stronger such a composition is than one broken into many insignificant lines.

The two figures fall within an imaginary pyramid outlining the group. This was a frequent style of composition with Murillo, as we shall see in other pictures of our collection.

The light of the picture is massed in the upper part, bringing into clear relief the heads of the two figures.

VI

REBEKAH AND ELIEZER AT THE WELL

A CHARMING story is told in the Book of Genesis¹ of the way in which a bride was chosen for Isaac. Isaac was the son of the patriarch Abraham, who had left his native country and had gone into a strange land to found a new nation. The father, being now an old man, desired to see his son happily married to a maiden of their own country. He had a faithful servant named Eliezer, who was at the head of his household affairs. To him he intrusted the delicate task of going in search of a wife. The servant naturally felt doubtful about the success of his errand, but Abraham reassured him. "The Lord God of Heaven shall send his angel before thee," said the godly old man.

So Eliezer took ten camels and departed, and when he drew near the city of Nahor he made his plans. Taking his stand by a well, he knew that in the course of the day the maidens of the city would come thither for water. He prayed God to help him make his choice in this way: "Let it come to pass," he asked, "that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy

¹ Genesis, chapter xxiv.

camels drink also : ' let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac."

Hardly had he spoken these words when a damsel " very fair to look upon " appeared at the well. Running to meet her, Eliezer said, " ' Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher.' And she said, ' Drink, my lord : ' and she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, ' I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.' And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels." Thus far all was well, and now Eliezer drew forth a gift of earrings and bracelets and inquired the maiden's name. He was delighted to learn that she was Rebekah, the daughter of Nahor and Bethuel, who were kinsfolk of Abraham.

The family received Eliezer with hospitality, but he said, " I will not eat until I have told mine errand." So he related how Abraham had sent him forth to seek a wife for Isaac among their kinsfolk ; how he had been troubled in his mind how to make the choice ; how he had planned to choose the first damsel who offered water both to him and his camels ; and how Rebekah had been this maiden. " Then Laban [the brother] and Bethuel [the mother] answered and said, ' The thing proceedeth from the Lord. . . . Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her and go.' . . . And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, ' Wilt thou go with this man ? ' And she said, ' I will go.' "



From a carbon print by Braun, Clements & Co.

REBEKAH AND ELIEZER AT THE WELL
The Prado Gallery, Madrid

John Andrew & Son, Sec.

Rich presents were now distributed by Eliezer, and there was much eating and drinking. The next morning the party set forth, Rebekah and her maidens riding on the camels. On the way Isaac came to meet them, and when Rebekah saw him she alighted from her camel. The two were happily married and lived together to a good old age.

Our picture illustrates that moment in the story when Eliezer, having asked for a drink, receives the answer he has fixed upon as a sign. He stoops and drinks eagerly from the vessel which Rebekah holds to his mouth. It is the hour of sunset, and the young woman has come to the well with three of her maidens, all carrying large earthen jars to fill with water. In primitive times water was brought a long distance from the house, and such work often fell to the women. This was the case, no doubt, in the country about Seville, where Murillo must often have seen groups quite like the one in the picture. The sunny climate of Spain, with its blue skies, is indeed not widely different from that eastern land in which the scene of the story is laid. The Spanish maidens have the dark eyes, black hair, and brilliant color of Oriental beauties. So this picture, which is really a wayside scene in Andalusia,¹ is a fitting illustration of the old story of Palestine. It expresses perfectly the spirit of the buoyant happy out-of-door life in warm climates, where it is good merely to be alive.

¹ Compare the face of Rebekah with that of the Madonna of the Corsini Gallery (page 26), evidently from the same model.

Rebekah's maidens are all pretty, but their mistress is plainly their superior. There is an air of distinction in her bearing which the others lack. They do not conceal their curiosity in regard to this stranger. Visitors are rare, and they stare boldly into his face, wondering who he is, whence he came, and whither he goes. Not so Rebekah. She is too well bred to betray her curiosity, and turns her face aside modestly as Eliezer bends his head to drink. She has the gentle face of a submissive nature, and a trusting childlike expression as of one who would readily put confidence in a stranger. Her strong robust figure shows her quite equal to the heavy work of water-carrying. In the distance are the camels waiting their turn for water.

As we study the picture, we see that the artist took pains to give Rebekah the place of honor, in the centre of the composition. Of the other maidens two are seen only in half-length, and the third in a rear view. Rebekah stands beside the well, her finely proportioned figure in full view, and her well-poised head turned to show her entire face. Eliezer is of secondary importance. Though his sturdy frame is displayed to good advantage, his face is turned away. Because of his stooping posture he is overtopped by Rebekah, who stands apart in the centre, the tallest and finest figure of the picture.

VII

THE DICE PLAYERS

THREE children and a dog make up a party of boon companions gathered near the corner of a ruined wall. They are little hoodlums of the poorest class, half clad in ragged garments. They pick up their scanty living as best they may, by begging in the streets of the great city.

All the large cities of southern Europe swarm with beggar children. In Rome, Naples, and Seville the modern traveller is beset with them, and it was much the same way in Murillo's time. One's needs are very few in these southern countries. The climate is so mild that the poor take no thought about clothing and shelter, and the soil yields so abundantly that food costs little. A crust of bread and a bit of fruit are always to be had for the asking. These conditions and the enervating climate tend to make the people indolent. They are, however, so good-natured and merry, that for all their idleness we cannot help liking them. Some of the child beggars are so bewitching in their manners that it is hard to refuse them a coin.

Such are the children of our picture. What passer-by could resist the appeal of these little faces when lifted with a confiding smile? It appears that

they have indeed reaped a harvest of coins, and have straightway repaired to this retired spot to stake them in a game of dice. A large flat stone serves admirably for a table.

Two are engaged in the game, while the third stands near by, idly eating a crust of bread. His little dog watches every mouthful eagerly, and expresses his mind as plainly as if he could speak, but his young master seems to have completely forgotten him.

The dice players bend over their game in an animated discussion, but with perfect good nature. Each keeps the count on the fingers of the right hand. From his pleased expression, the boy in the rear seems to be the winner in this throw.

They are not pretty children, but their lithe young limbs are well modelled in the curves which artists love. The child on this side wears a branch of vine leaves in his hair, drooping at one side from a sort of fillet bound about the head. One is reminded of the young Bacchus, the Greek god of wine, whose figure is often seen in classic sculpture crowned with vine leaves. The Spanish have an inherent sense of the picturesque, and dearly love all kinds of personal adornment. We see this trait in the costly jewels worn by rich señoritas and the rose which the peasant girl wears in her hair. Even a child like this shows the artist in him with a bit of decoration.

The boy standing at one side cares nothing for the game, and appears entirely oblivious of his sur-



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Bc.

THE DICE PLAYERS
Munich Gallery

roundings. He is lost in a day-dream, and gazes before him into space. It is a pathetic little face, full of childish yearning. The child seems of a more poetic and sensitive temperament than his companions. One wonders why he is so thoughtful, and if he really is unhappy. Certainly he is not hungry, for he clasps in his left arm a big loaf of bread, and he bites very deliberately into the slice he is eating. Perhaps he himself could hardly tell just why he feels in this discontented mood.

This is a child whom we should single out in a crowd of beggar children when the other two would pass unnoticed. He is, in fact, the principal figure of the picture. His large eyes are very expressive; his head is well shaped and well set on his shoulders; his curls fall about his face in charming ringlets. With another and happier expression he might be really beautiful. A painter like Murillo would be quick to see the artistic possibilities of such a figure.

The whole picture is a perfect transcript of the life of the streets: it has its merry, happy-go-lucky side, but the pathetic element is always present. Murillo, as a true interpreter of human nature, knew how closely akin are humor and pathos. This scene is indeed so thoroughly human and typical that one might come upon its counterpart any day in some of our great cities, as, for instance, in the Italian quarters of Boston or New York. The picture shows, too, how well Murillo knew the ways of children. Few painters have equalled him in this respect. Children of all sorts and conditions appealed strongly

to his sympathies ; he seemed never to tire of painting them.

Like the Boy at the Window, the picture of the Dice Players is a *genre* painting, intended, as it were, for practice. How useful a study it afterwards proved we shall presently see in another picture.

VIII

THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN

MANY pretty stories are told of the infancy and girlhood of the Virgin Mary. It is believed that she was more precocious than other children, and more gentle and teachable in her nature. Some of the painters have delighted to represent her as a child at her mother's knee, as in this picture by Murillo.

Mary was the daughter of Joachim and Anna, rich people of Nazareth. They were a devout family, and divided their substance into three parts, one for the poor, one for the service of the temple, and the third for their household. The one gift denied them, and which they greatly longed for, was a child. At length, in their old age, Mary was born to them; and they rejoiced in their daughter.

From the first the child was dedicated to the service of God, and was brought up with peculiar care. The parents expected great things of her, and the mother watched her grow from day to day. We know how in royal families a young princess is educated from her earliest childhood to meet her future responsibilities. She learns foreign languages, that she may converse with people of all nations. She is taught the social graces, that she may be at ease among her subjects. She is trained to self-control,

that she may be fitted to control others. She is exhorted to love and obey God, that she may be a worthy princess. Now, Mary was brought up much after this manner. Like a princess, she was destined to fill a place of great responsibility in life. We like to know how faithfully her mother prepared her for her life-work.

In our picture we see the two at one of the daily lessons. A basket of sewing-work is on the floor at one side, and they are reading together from some wise book. They seem to have come to a saying which is hard for the little girl to understand, and the mother explains the meaning. The child herself holds the open book, but to save the tender hand from the weight of the thick volume, the mother grasps it firmly at the top. As the reading proceeds the little pupil follows the lines with the finger of her right hand. She still holds the finger on the spot where they have stopped, lest she lose the place.

The mother is an elderly woman, as she is described by tradition. Her strong, well-cut face shows the firmness of character and dignity which come from years of experience. The little girl takes her lessons seriously. Though her mother speaks with an encouraging smile, the little mouth is set very soberly, and the eyes have an almost wistful expression. She seems to find lessons very perplexing, and perhaps she wishes that she might run and play as freely as other children.

The modern English artist **poet**, Rossetti, thought



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sec.

THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN
The Prado Gallery, Madrid

a great deal about the girlhood of the Virgin, and himself painted an imaginary scene of that subject. He also wrote a poem to the Virgin, in which these lines touch upon the mystery of her girlhood:—

“ Work and play
Things common to the course of day,
Awed thee with meanings unfulfilled;
And all through girlhood, something stilled
Thy senses like the birth of light,
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night
Or washed thy garments in the stream;
To whose white bed had come the dream
That he was thine and thou wast His
Who feeds among the field-lilies.”

The lines help us to interpret the child's expression in the picture. The little girl seems “awed” with the “unfulfilled meanings” of her lesson. Her face is of one who has had strange dreams of the solemnity of life.

Hovering in the air, unseen by mother and daughter, are two baby angels who hold a wreath of flowers over the child's head.

Our curiosity is not a little aroused by the quaint costumes of both figures in the picture. The mother wears on her head a thin mantle or veil, which falls in folds over her shoulders. The child is dressed in a long gown sweeping the floor, and made with high neck and long sleeves. The thick blond hair is parted on one side, falling to the shoulders, and adorned with a white rose. It is evidently the dress worn by Spanish children of the upper classes in the seventeenth century. To confirm this belief we have only to turn to the portraits by Murillo's

contemporary, Velasquez, to find children similarly dressed. In fact, the little Virgin is not unlike the young princess Margaret whom Velasquez painted.

Probably both Mary and her mother are actually portraits, and some have suggested that the originals may have been the painter's own daughter and wife. It is said that Rossetti's mother and sister sat to him for his picture of this subject.

It matters little who were the models for any great picture so long as the painter succeeds in expressing the character appropriate to the persons represented. Certainly this fine old woman is worthy to be the mother of the Virgin. The little girl herself has a face innocent and serious enough to portray the childhood of one who was called "blessed among women."

As in many houses in Spain, the room in which the Virgin is seen opens on a balcony, and the picture is therefore lighted from out of doors.

IX

JESUS AND JOHN

(The Children of the Shell)

JESUS had a cousin John about his own age, the son of a priest, Zacharias, and his wife Elizabeth. The lives of the two cousins were bound together in a very sacred relation. Before the birth of either the parents had received angelic messages concerning the future of their children. John was to be a preacher and to prepare the way for Jesus. When he grew to manhood he took up his work boldly and announced Jesus as the Messiah. He was called John the Baptist, because he baptized his followers in the Jordan. At last he was thrown into prison and beheaded because he had condemned the sins of the king.

It is pleasant to think that the two cousins may have been playmates in childhood. Though John was the elder, Jesus would always be the leader by natural right. Even in boyhood their distinctive characteristics would begin to show. John was a rugged, vigorous boy, frankly outspoken in his opinions, but quick to recognize the superiority of his cousin. Jesus was of a gentler, more refined nature, thoughtful and loving to all.

Our picture shows the two children playing together out of doors in happy companionship, with a lamb for a playfellow. Heated with their romp, they seek water from the brook, and Jesus, using a shell as a drinking-cup, holds it to John's lips. This is the imaginary story we read in the picture, but it evidently has a higher meaning. It is a sort of picture allegory symbolizing the future mission of the children and the relation between them.

The little Baptist is clad in a skin garment such as it is supposed he afterwards wore during his sojourn in the wilderness. As the forerunner of Christ, he carries a reed cross about which is wound a banderole inscribed with the words *Ecce Agnus Dei*. This is the Latin form of the greeting with which John met the Saviour at the river Jordan, "Behold the Lamb of God." The lamb is another reminder of the same words. The water that Jesus gives his cousin symbolizes the water of life. He offers it with a pretty little gesture of authority, and his companion drinks eagerly, as if to quench a great thirst.

The Christ child is a beautiful golden-haired boy with a winning smile. His happy, sunny nature shines on his round little face. The boy Baptist is of a contrasted type, more swarthy and hardy in appearance, and of a rather serious nature. Just above the children's heads, through an opening in the clouds, a group of baby angels peep down upon them as if they, too, would join the play. The golden light surrounding them makes a bright back-



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sec.

JESUS AND JOHN—"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL."
The Prado Gallery, Madrid

ground against which the Christ child's head is seen. The old Italian artists used to surround Christ's head with a halo, and here a similar effect is produced more simply.

The artistic qualities of our picture deserve careful study, for this is one of the most noted works of Murillo in the great gallery at Madrid. The figures, we notice, are arranged in a pyramidal composition, with the apex at the Christ child's head. On the right side, the oblique line runs along the edge of St. John's back, while the balancing line on the left is formed by the figure of the lamb. These enclosing lines, however, are not straight, but are drawn in waving curves. There is nothing "set" about the picture. The angel heads in the upper air also relieve the over-prominence of the pyramidal form. The color of the original painting is very wonderful. It is suffused with a beautiful misty golden atmosphere.

The picture of Jesus and John makes an interesting contrast to the picture of the Dice Players, which we have already seen. The Sevillian street beggars are evidently drawn from life. We call the picture realistic, because the figures are real children. Jesus and John, on the other hand, are child ideals. They represent the painter's conception of perfect childish beauty, and so we call the picture a work of *idealism*.

Nevertheless, it was doubtless just some such street children as the Dice Players who furnished, as it were, the material for Jesus and John. The

wistful little beggar dreamily eating a piece of bread may well have been the model for the Christ child; the head is indeed strikingly like. In the dice player who wears the crown of vine leaves we see the same faun-like face as in the little Baptist. Even the attitudes of both children are similar in the two pictures. It is as if the painter found in these types from real life some suggestion of the ideal beauty which he was in search of. It needed only the magic of his art to transform them into the beautiful ideals of his imagination.

X

THE HOLY FAMILY

THE family circle in which Jesus grew up in Nazareth is always spoken of as the "holy family." Hence a picture representing the Mother and Child, accompanied by any other relative, is called a Holy Family. Our illustration shows such a group. The two mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, are here with their children, the cousins Jesus and John.

Though there was a great difference in the ages of the two women, the friendship between them had begun in the days before their boys were born. Mary had paid a visit to her cousin Elizabeth in the hill country, and they had talked together of the future destinies of their children. Both must have been anxious to prepare their sons for the great career predicted for them by the angels.

Day by day Mary watched Jesus grow "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The great English poet Milton has described Jesus as referring thus to his mother's influence on his childhood : —

"These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
O Son; but nourish them and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high.'"

We may well believe that Elizabeth, on her part, trained her little John to reverence his cousin Jesus. A spirit of true humility seems to have been impressed upon the child. In after life he declared himself unworthy to unloose the latchet of Jesus' shoes.

In our picture Mary sits on a mound with the Christ child standing erect on her lap. His right elbow rests lightly on his mother's bosom to steady himself, and her strong, motherly arms hold him firmly. Elizabeth kneels on the ground, pressing the little skin-clad Baptist forward to receive the cross from Jesus. We see at once that the picture does not represent any ordinary scene in family life. The subject is devotional rather than domestic. Like our other picture of Jesus and John, it is an allegory to show the sacred mission of the two children.

The cross is an emblem of suffering, because Jesus afterwards died upon the cross. He taught that whosoever taketh not up his cross is not worthy of him (Matt. x. 38). John therefore receives it bravely, willing to endure anything for the sake of Jesus. In his hand the boy Baptist carries the scroll which is to be fastened to the cross, as in the other picture (page 51). Again there is a little lamb to suggest the gentle character of Christ. It is written of him that when he was persecuted, "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

In the upper air a fatherly figure seems to lean out of heaven with hands outstretched in benedic-



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

THE HOLY FAMILY
The Louvre, Paris

tion. We are thus reminded that our Heavenly Father's care is always over his children. A dove hovers over Jesus' head, as on the day of his baptism in the river Jordan.

Although there is so much solemn meaning in the picture, it is a very happy scene. All eyes centre upon the Christ child, who is indeed a lovely boy. The gentle young mother looks at him fondly; Elizabeth's kindly face is lighted by an admiring smile; and the sturdy little Baptist is delighted with his cousin. Even the angels of heaven look on with rejoicing, their baby forms floating in a golden light in the upper air.

In our previous pictures it has been interesting to trace the source of the artist's material. In some of his works, like the Immaculate Conception, he seemed to draw his ideal from his own imagination. In others, like the Madonna and Child, he evidently painted the peasants of his own country very much as they were. Again, in the picture of Jesus and John, we have seen how he could take ordinary people about him and transform them into ideal types.

Now, in this picture of the Holy Family we see two methods of work combined. The children are ideal figures, suggested, no doubt, by some in real life, but made more beautiful. On the other hand, the two mothers seem like portraits painted directly from Andalusian peasants. Mary has a sweet, gentle face, quite in keeping with the character of the Virgin. Elizabeth's strong, wrinkled visage accords

perfectly with our conception of John's mother. The two women are as strongly contrasted as the children. The one carries on her countenance the story of a life's experience, while the other has the fresh young smile of one on the threshold of life.

We may find Elizabeth's face in other pictures by Murillo, as in the Adoration of the Shepherds, and among the sick folk about St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

The composition is in the painter's favorite style, the pyramid, crowned at the apex with the head of the child Jesus. The figure of the Father in the upper air is also outlined in the same form as a sort of enclosing pyramid.

XI

THE FRUIT VENDERS

THE old province of Andalusia has been called the "Eden of Spain." It is a fertile valley watered by the Guadalquivir River, and in this southern climate the rich soil yields abundantly. Even without much cultivation the country on either side the river has an almost tropical vegetation. Wheat and maize ripen in April; olives and oranges, grapes and lemons flourish luxuriantly. It is perhaps best described in the old Bible phrase as "a land flowing with milk and honey."

In its heyday of prosperity, when methods of irrigation were employed, the country might be likened to our own southern California. It was covered with rich vineyards and olive orchards, the products of which were sent to all parts of the world.

Those who live in the more rigorous climate of the north have little idea how delicious and beautiful is the fruit of these southern countries. The tropical fruits sold in northern cities are gathered in their native land while still green, and ripen during their journey northward. They thus lose altogether the peculiar rich flavor which they have when ripened in the natural way. Of what the grapes and oranges of Andalusia are we have some faint notion

from reading about them. A world-wide fame attaches to the grapes of Malaga, grown in this province.

In Murillo's time the city of Seville was a great fruit market for the peasants of the country round about. The streets were full of venders bearing their precious wares in large straw baskets, and calling them aloud as they went. Many of these were children who could be spared from the farm better than those who were strong enough to work in the vineyards. Their fresh young voices and winning ways made them good salesmen.

Such are the girl and boy of our picture, who have met by the wayside beyond the city. The girl has had good luck to-day. Setting forth early in the morning, she sold her fruit in a few hours; and is already on her way back to her village home, when she meets the boy just entering the city. The two hail each other gaily; the boy sets down his basket, and the girl, drawing the coins from the money bag hanging at her side, counts them from one hand into the other. This is a quiet spot in the shadow of a ruined wall, where they are not likely to be disturbed. It is, in fact, the very place where the street children come to play dice, and the flat stone here makes a comfortable seat.

The girl has a capable look, as if she bore on her young shoulders some of the family cares. Her hair is tidily brushed and knotted at the back in a coil which lies in the pretty curve of her neck. She would not be thought pretty, but has a rather plain,



Fr. Hanfstängl. photo.

John Andrew & Son, So.

THE FRUIT VENDERS
Munich Gallery

serious face. But it is such a sensible face that we like it for what it reveals of her character. She is evidently a good little business woman.

The boy takes a generous pleasure in his companion's good fortune. There is not a trace of envy in his good-natured face, as he bends over the girl's open palm and gazes at the coin with innocent delight. There seems to be something a little unusual in the day's transactions. Perhaps some wealthy purchaser, struck by the girl's modest demeanor, added an extra coin to the price of the fruit. It may, indeed, have been some foreign traveller, who gave her a strange coin of his own country.

The children seem to belong to the better peasant class, whose thrift and industry contribute so much to the prosperity of the country. They are in direct contrast to the vagabond element we have seen in the picture of the Dice Players. As they count the coins they are perhaps thinking of all the good things they will buy. One would like to know how Spanish peasant children of the seventeenth century would spend their money. Not for books and toys and sweets, certainly, such as tempt the children of to-day.

Except the broken shoes, which are doubtless worn for comfort rather than by necessity, the girl's clothes are very neat and well made. Her sleeves are rolled back to the elbow, and her skirt is carefully turned up to save it from the dust of the road. The bodice is low, and shows the fine curve of her neck and shoulder. She has a pretty ear, a feature

which many do not notice, but which painters are sure to observe.

We see that the two figures are so arranged that the lines enclosing the group form a pyramidal composition like those we have noted in other pictures of our collection. Murillo's groups are all so simply and naturally arranged that they seem to have been placed without thought. This is the way in which "art conceals art," as the saying is. In reality the painter was very painstaking in his work, and carefully observed the principles of composition.

XII

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

ST. ANTHONY of Padua was a Franciscan friar who lived in the twelfth century. He was a Portuguese by birth, and was in Lisbon when he heard of the martyrdom of some Christian missionaries in Africa. This fired him with ambition to emulate their example. His career as a foreign missionary was, however, cut short by illness, so he returned to Europe and came to Italy.

On account of his great intellectual gifts he was advised by St. Francis, the founder of the order, to devote himself to scholarly pursuits. He became a university lecturer, and taught divinity at Bologna, Toulouse, Paris, and Padua. In later years he devoted himself entirely to preaching, and went about the country among the people. His eloquence and persuasive powers drew crowds to hear him, and he generally preached in the open air.

Everywhere he pleaded the cause of the poor, and wherever there was tyranny and oppression he boldly denounced it. He was a man of tender heart and gentle character, fond of flowers and all living creatures. His good deeds and kindly influence made him greatly beloved by his people. Worn out by his arduous labors, he died at the age of thirty-six,

and was buried in the city of Padua. There a splendid shrine holds his remains, in the church built in his honor.

Among many stories of St. Anthony's life, there is one which is repeated oftener than any other. It relates that at one time, when the preacher was expounding to his hearers the mystery of Christ's birth, the infant Christ himself appeared to him in a vision. This story had a peculiar attraction for Murillo. The Franciscans were his chief patrons, and in his work for them he had occasion to paint the Vision of St. Anthony in nine different pictures. Our illustration is one of the most beautiful of these.

The vision here takes place in the open air, as if in some spot where, according to custom, the saint had been preaching. But the people have now dispersed, and the vision is for the preacher alone. A broad ray of light streams from heaven to earth and illumines the distant landscape. Along this golden pathway descends the blessed Christ child, accompanied by a host of angels. The saint falls on his knees before the vision, and gathers the babe into his encircling arms.

The little visitor has come to bring some message of comfort, and he lays his hand caressingly upon St. Anthony's cheek. The rosy face is pressed against the pale, austere countenance of the friar. The holy man does not presume to clasp the child to his heart in close embrace. He holds him reverently in his arms, the fine face lighted by a smile of perfect happiness. In this moment of ecstasy all



Fr. Haidt, photo.

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY
Berlin Gallery

John Andrew & Son, So.

his toils and privations are forgotten; he has his rich reward.

St. Anthony wears the dress of the Franciscan order, a dark brown tunic with long loose sleeves. A scanty cape falls from the shoulders, and to this is attached a hood to be drawn over the head. The tunic is fastened about the waist with a knotted cord, which represents symbolically a halter. The Franciscan idea of the body is as a beast which must be subdued, and the brothers are taught severe self-denial. The top of the head is shaven, leaving a surrounding circle of hair, called a tonsure. On the feet is worn a sort of wooden sandal.

The angels seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion with delight. One of them is seated on the ground holding the preacher's book. A second stands just behind, triumphantly holding up a lily stalk. This attracts the attention of his companions in the upper air, one of whom stretches forth an eager hand to grasp it. The lily is an emblem almost always used in pictures of St. Anthony. It is peculiarly appropriate, because he was a lover of flowers and used to preach of the lilies of the field. Its whiteness typifies the purity of his saintly life.

In artistic qualities there are various points of resemblance between this picture and the picture of Jesus and John. In both, the figures are grouped in a pyramidal composition which nearly fills the oblong canvas. In both the light comes from a break in the clouds to flood the important part of the picture. The lovely conception of the baby angels

looking down out of heaven is repeated in the two pictures, as, indeed, in many other works.

Besides these technical resemblances, what is sometimes called the "feeling" of the pictures is similar. Both are in the most refined and delicate vein which Murillo's art commanded. These two ideals of the Christ child are the highest which the painter achieved.

XIII

ST. RODERICK

A **STRANGE** and troublous period in the history of Spain was during the seven hundred years when the country was in the possession of the Moors. This was a time extending from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries. Previous to this, Spain had been occupied by the Visigoths, who were Christians. Then came the Arab host, sweeping over the land with irresistible force, and all but two provinces were conquered.

The Moors were followers of the Mohammedan religion, whose founder was the so-called prophet Mohammed, and whose sacred book was the Koran. These Mohammedans, Mussulmans, or Moslems, as they were variously called, were exceedingly zealous in their faith, and tried to force it upon the people they had conquered. The difference in religions was a cause of continual warfare between the two races. In the end, the Christians drove the Moslems out of Spain, but only after a long and fierce struggle. The Moslem rulers persecuted their subjects cruelly, and many good men laid down their lives for the faith. One of the Christian martyrs of the ninth century was St. Roderick, who was a priest of Cordova.

Now, Cordova was the capital of the Moorish empire in Spain, and the stronghold of Mohammedanism. Here was the palace of the caliph, who was the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Moslems. Here, also, were some six hundred mosques, as the Mohammedan churches were called. It fared hard with Christians in such a place.

Roderick was one of three brothers, two being Christians, and one a Mussulman. One night when they were all together, Roderick's Christian brother and the Mussulman began quarrelling, and he tried to act as peacemaker. His interference angered them, and they fell upon him so fiercely that they nearly killed him. Then they fled from the spot, leaving him, as they supposed, dead.

The Mohammedan brother now spread the news that Roderick was dead, and that before dying he had embraced the Moslem faith. This false report made it unsafe for Roderick to declare himself alive. He had no mind to renounce the Christian religion, but had he appeared in the streets he would have been greeted as a Mussulman. He therefore hid himself in the mountains for a season. It happened one day that descending the mountain towards Cordova, he met his Mohammedan brother. The unnatural wretch, far from being pleased to find his supposed victim alive, caused him to be cast into prison. The offence charged against him was that he had turned from Mohammedanism to Christianity, while, as a matter of fact, he had never been anything but a Christian.



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

ST. RODERICK
Dresden Gallery

The consolation of his imprisonment was the companionship of a fellow martyr, St. Salomon. The two became fast friends, but when the friendship between them was observed they were separated. Roderick had three trials, when he was given a chance to recant his faith. As he did not falter in his loyalty to his Christian belief, he was condemned to death. He was executed in the year 857, and his body was thrown into the Guadalquivir River.

Murillo's picture is an imaginary portrait of the good St. Roderick. He is a tall, well-built young man with the dark skin of the Spanish race. He stands in priestly garments by a marble pillar, at the angle of a balcony. His face is lifted, and he seems to look "steadfastly into heaven," like the first martyr, Stephen. One wonders if, like that early hero, he sees there "the glory of God."

The gentle face shows the suffering of one who has found life's burdens hard to bear. A small circular wound in his throat indicates the manner of his death. On his left arm he bears the palm which is the emblem of martyrdom. In the vision of heaven described in the book of Revelation a great multitude of people are seen bearing palms in their hands. One of the Elders explains that "these are they which came out of great tribulation."¹ This is why a painter, representing a Christian martyr, places a palm in his hand to show that he "came out of great tribulation."

The richly embroidered chasuble, as the vesture

¹ Revelation, chapter vii., verses 9 and 14.

is called, which St. Roderick wears, deserves special attention because of its history. Murillo painted it from a real garment in the Seville cathedral, where it is still shown to the visitor. Down the centre of the front runs a wide strip of embroidery in which three ornamental medallions are wrought. The central one represents the apostle Paul with the sword which is the emblematic attribute of that apostle. The third shows St. Andrew with the large cross on which he was crucified.

It is not to be supposed that this chasuble was ever worn by the real St. Roderick. It probably belonged to a certain canon of Seville, for whom Murillo painted the picture. The canon would naturally be pleased to have so beautiful a vesture immortalized, and it was, besides, an honor to the memory of St. Roderick to array him so magnificently.

XIV

YOUTH'S HEAD

It sometimes happens that in a large company of people, such as might be gathered in the streets of a great city, some face in the crowd catches the eye and holds it with a singular fascination. There are dozens of commonplace folk about, and among them all this one seems like a denizen of another sphere. There is a haunting quality in the face which makes us remember it a long time.

Now, the face of the youth in our picture has just this peculiar quality. Though quite unprepossessing in its features it attracts our notice at once. Perhaps on some great gala day, when the streets of Seville were full of people, Murillo suddenly saw it in the crowd. It so possessed his fancy that he could not rest till he had put it on canvas, and here it still remains to exercise its strange charm.

It is, indeed, a face quite out of the ordinary. Compare it a moment with the Boy at the Window in one of our previous illustrations.¹ At the first glance at that mischievous little face, we begin to wonder where we have seen a boy just like him. We may not be able to recall his exact counterpart, but he is what we call a common type. This youth,

¹ See page 15.

on the other hand, is quite unlike any one we have ever seen. His personality is unique: we exclaim at once, What a singular face!

His shaggy, unkempt locks and shy, fawn-like eyes suggest some wild creature of the woods. The face calls to mind that imaginary being of the old Greek myths called a faun, "neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground." It will be remembered that in Hawthorne's novel of the "Marble Faun" there was a character named Donatello, who gave a similar impression. One of his peculiarities was to wear his hair in long curls, concealing his ears. His friends playfully pretended to suspect that he had the pointed ears of a faun. One cannot help fancying that, could we brush aside this youth's long locks, we might find faun's ears.

Setting aside such fancies, we judge that this is a portrait of an Andalusian peasant. It is described in some of the art books as a Herdsman or Shepherd. Look again at the picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds, and pick out the figure of the shepherd leading a lamb. You may see a far-away resemblance between that head and this.

The face is not at all intellectual, and we fancy that the youth is alike slow of wit and slow of tongue. Apparently he belongs to that class of oddly balanced minds which produces both the genius and the fool. The old-time phrase "God's fool" perhaps best describes those puzzling natures who fail to grasp worldly wisdom, but have so much



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Me

YOUTH'S HEAD
Hague Museum

wisdom of another kind. Such characters are possessed of the gift of eternal childhood: one can never tell how old they are. Like children, too, they are impulsive and affectionate. They often show a touching fidelity in their attachments. There is, indeed, a strong vein of pathos in such lives.

Our youth is, we suspect, one of Nature's poets. His expression is of one who has lived alone with his flocks, far from the haunts of men. It is full of poetic feeling. Not, indeed, that he is gifted with any power of expression, but he has the poet's capacity for enjoying beauty. His long days under the open sky have filled him with a sense of the mystery of life.

One is reminded of that "herdsman on the lonely mountain tops," of whom Wordsworth writes in the "Excursion." The poet tells us that the youth's whole being was possessed by the beauty of nature. He is described as standing on some bold headland, whence

"he beheld the sun

Rise up and bathe the world in light ! He looked !
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him."

We must understand that only a great painter could make a portrait of such a head a real work of art like this. The features are irregular and ill

formed, and in another position the contour of the face might be very ugly. To overcome these difficulties required much skill. The pose here is particularly good. It makes a pleasing outline for the composition, and it expresses admirably the poetic sentiment of the face. What is most remarkable about the picture is that the painter has caught in the expression that haunting quality which is so subtle and transient in real life.

XV

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

(The Leper)

THERE was once a princess of Hungary, named Elizabeth, who was celebrated for her beauty and goodness. She had "a tall, slender figure, a clear brown complexion, large dark eyes, and hair as black as night." She was married at the age of fifteen to Prince Louis, the son of the landgrave of Thuringia. They lived together in the Castle of Wartburg, on a steep rock outside the town of Eisenach.

In her early childhood, Elizabeth was devoted to deeds of charity, and used to save food from her own meals to carry to the poor. After her marriage her habits of self-denial were redoubled. Often at royal feasts she contented herself with a crust of bread and a cup of water. Her husband was proud of his wife's piety, and sympathized with all her benevolent plans. His mother and sister, however, bitterly opposed them, and in the prince's absence Elizabeth had much to suffer.

At length there was a famine in the land, and it was Elizabeth's benevolence and wisdom which saved the lives of the people. She divided the corn and bread into portions, so that the supply lasted through the summer till harvest-time. The famine was fol-

lowed by a great plague, and to meet this new emergency Elizabeth founded hospitals in Eisenach. She exhausted the treasury and sold all her own robes and jewels to pay for these. She herself, with her court ladies, daily visited the hospitals, waiting upon the sick with her own hands.

It is in this labor of love that our picture represents the saintly princess. She stands beside a large basin on a platform surrounded by a group of patients. A leprous boy bends over the basin while her delicate hands bathe the sores on his head. It is this figure which gives the Spanish name to the picture, *El Tiñoso*, the Leper. On the opposite side another leper waits his turn, removing the plaster from his head with a wry face. A cripple is just hobbling off in the rear, and a man sits in front undoing the bandage from his leg. An old crone sitting on the edge of the platform raises her face to St. Elizabeth, with a pathetic expression.

The ladies who attend the princess do not conceal their aversion to the loathsome task, but there is no sign of shrinking in their mistress. Her face has a heavenly calm as the face of an angel. She is dressed in the robes of a nun with a crown worn over the veil. The sleeves are rolled back and show the shapely hands and wrists. The face has lost the brilliancy of its early beauty, and has grown pale and austere from long self-denial. The once splendid hair is concealed under the veil. But the features are cast in an aristocratic mould, and the poise of the head is that of a queen. The noble soul



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ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY—"THE LEPER"
Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Madrid

shining through the face gives it a moral beauty which is deeply impressive. There is a German poem describing St. Elizabeth's visits to the hospitals, some lines of which seem to apply with peculiar appropriateness to our picture : —

“ The poor cripple (ofttimes scorn'd and vex'd),
The idiots by their painful lot perplex'd, —
These, who found scoffs and shame their bitter part,
Were still the dearest to her pious heart ;
They hung upon her robe with joyous cries,
And gazed with love into her loving eyes,
The sick and dying when she strove to cheer,
Through the long room the cry rose, ‘ Here ! oh, here ! ’
With tender care their wounds she drest,
And laid the suffering to rest ;
With softest words she calm'd th' impatient mood ;
And if the handmaids who around her stood
Sought in her ministry to share,
The sick would suffer only her sweet care,
And her fair hands were kiss'd, her name was blest.” ¹

Our picture shows that the painter's art ranged all the way from strict realism to pure idealism. The figures of the sick are so real that one almost turns away from them in disgust, as from scenes of actual suffering. On the other hand, the princess is a purely ideal creation ; only from his own imagination could the painter have drawn such a figure. The strong moral effect of the picture is produced by this contrast. Elizabeth's spiritual beauty is heightened by the repulsiveness of her surroundings. The abruptness of the contrast is modified by the figures of the attendant ladies. They form a con-

¹ Translated from the German of Wolf von Goethe by Adelaide Procter.

necting link between the ugliness of the patients and the beauty of Elizabeth.

The portico opens out of doors at one side, and under a covered porch in the distance Elizabeth is again seen serving a company of the poor at table. This distant view serves an important artistic purpose. It not only furnishes light for the composition, but gives an effect of spaciousness.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary is one of a series of eleven pictures painted by Murillo to adorn the church connected with the Charity Hospital in Seville. The subjects were all chosen for their appropriateness to the place. The work was done in the later years of his life, and was among his noblest productions. A critic has said that "for grandeur of style, harmony of color, and grace of composition, it would be difficult to name an equal number of pictures by any artist that could surpass them."¹

The life of St. Elizabeth had a sad ending. Her husband went to the Crusades and died in a foreign land. His family cast her out of the castle, and she and her children wandered about as exiles. At length she entered the order of St. Francis, and spent her declining years in ministry to lepers.

¹ C. B. Curtis.

XVI

THE PORTRAIT OF MURILLO

THE painter Murillo was what we call in our country a "self-made man." Being left an orphan before he was eleven years old, he was apprenticed at an early age to his uncle, the painter, Juan del Castillo. The boy was an apt pupil, but even when he had learned all his master could teach him, he was far from being an artist. For a few years he earned a scanty livelihood by painting cheap pictures to sell in the market-place. Then came a turning-point in his life in this wise.

A young man named Pedro da Moya, who had once been a fellow student with Murillo in Castillo's studio, returned to Seville after six months' study under the Flemish painter Van Dyck. Murillo saw with astonishment and envy how wonderfully his old-time companion had improved. A new world of art was opened to him in the copies of Van Dyck's paintings which the traveller had brought home. He straightway resolved that he, too, would go out into the world to learn the secrets of great art.

Rome was the object of his pilgrimage, but Rome was a long distance from Seville, and Murillo had no money. The young man was, however, too much in earnest to let any difficulties discourage him.

Keeping his own counsel, he procured a piece of linen, cut it into squares, painted the squares with bright pictures, and by selling the lot obtained money enough for his immediate needs. This was all he wanted. He was young and courageous, and he set forth at once on foot towards the royal city of Madrid.

It was a long and tedious journey, and there were mountains to cross, but he came at last to the great city. He had intended to make Madrid only a stopping-place on his longer journey to Rome, but circumstances now changed his mind. The court painter, Velasquez, himself an Andalusian by birth, offered his young countryman a home. There were plenty of great pictures to see in the royal galleries, and Murillo gladly accepted the offer.

He now devoted himself to studying some of the masterpieces, making copies of many of the works of Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez. In this way he progressed so well that he thought no more of Rome. At the end of three years he felt himself ready to return to Seville and begin his career. We have already seen how he had an opportunity to prove his ability, in the decoration of a Franciscan church in Seville. From that time forward he had never an idle moment. His life was full of activity.

He was a man of gentle, winning nature, whom everybody loved. He took his honors simply, and had no ambition to extend his fame beyond the borders of his native city. He loved his own country

and his own people with passionate loyalty. Above all things else he was a man of sincere piety.

We do not know many of the details of his private life, except that he was married in 1648, and had two sons and a daughter. When the children grew up they begged their father to paint them a portrait of himself. This is the picture which we have for our frontispiece. The Latin inscription on the scroll below records the circumstances of its painting.

We are glad to look into the kindly face of the great painter. He is by no means a handsome man, and the features are rather coarse and heavy. He came from the common people whom he loved, and there seems to have been nothing of the aristocrat in his make-up. Yet the fine high brow shows that this is not an ordinary man.

His bearing and expression are those of a man past his prime, who has made a success of life. He shows the dignity and modest self-satisfaction to which he is entitled. Painted as it was for his own family, the portrait represents Murillo as he wished to be remembered by those who knew and loved him.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

- A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fīte, ōve, time, nōte, ūse.
- A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
- A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ēdd, ūnd, ill, ōdd, ūp.
- A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pāt, ābēte, Amēricā.
- A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fāther, kīms.
- A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bāll.
- A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hēr.
- A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bōrn.
- e and x denote the guttural sound of ch in German.
- x indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
- ç sounds like s.
- ç sounds like k.
- g sounds like x.
- ġ is hard as in ġet.
- ġ is soft as in ġem.

Alcalá (ál ká lā').

Almeria (ál mā rē'ā).

Andalusia (án dá lōw'zī á).

Bacchus (bák'ŭs).

Bēth'lēhēm.

Bēthŭ'ā.

Bologna (bō lōn'yá).

Cā'dix.

calido (ká'lā dō).

Castillo, Juan del (hōō ān'dāl kās
tāl'yō).

Cō'dōvā.

Corsini (kōr sē'nē).

Diego (dē ā'gō).

Dōnā'tā'lō.

Eccē Agnus Dei (ēk'kō āg'nōōs dē's).

Eisenach (ī'zēn āk).

Ētē'sēr.

estilo (ēs tē'lō).

Franciscan (frān sē'kán).

frio (frē'ō).

Gā'nē'ān.

genre (zhānr).

Goethe, Wolf von (vōlf fōn gē'thē).

Grā'nā'dā.

Guadalquivir (gā dāl kwiv'ēr).

Hō'rēb.

Hualva (wāl'vā).

Hungary (hūng'gā rī).

Jaēn (hā ēn').

Joachim (jō'h kīm).

Justi (hōō'stē).

Kō'rān (or kō rān').

Lã/bán.

Lippi, Filippo (fê lēp/pô lēp/pô).

Lisbon (līz/būn).

Louvre (lōo/vr).

Madrid (măd rid').

Măl'agá.

Môhăm'môd.

Moalema (môz/lēmz).

Moya, Pedro da (pă/drô dă mō'yă).

Murillo (môo rēl'yô).

Mussulmans (mūs'sul mánz).

Nă'hâr.

Năz'arêth.

Păd'ua.

Perugino (pă rōo jê'nō).

Portuguese (pôr'tū gēs).

Rēbêk'áh.

Rembrandt (rēm'brănt).

Ribera (rē bē'ră).

Rossetti (rōs sēt'tă).

Rubens (rōo'bēnz).

Săl'ômôn.

Señorita (sân yô rē'tă).

Seville (sé vil').

Stabat Mater Speciosa (stă'băt mătăr
spē kī ô'să).

Thürin'giá.

Tiñoso (tên yô'sô).

Titian (tiăh'ân).

Toulouse (tōo lōoz').

Van Dyck (văn dīk').

vaporoso (vă pô rô'sô).

Velasquez (vă lēa/kăth).

Visigoths (vīz'ī gôthă).

Wartburg (vărt'bôoro).

Zacharias (zăk á r'ăs).

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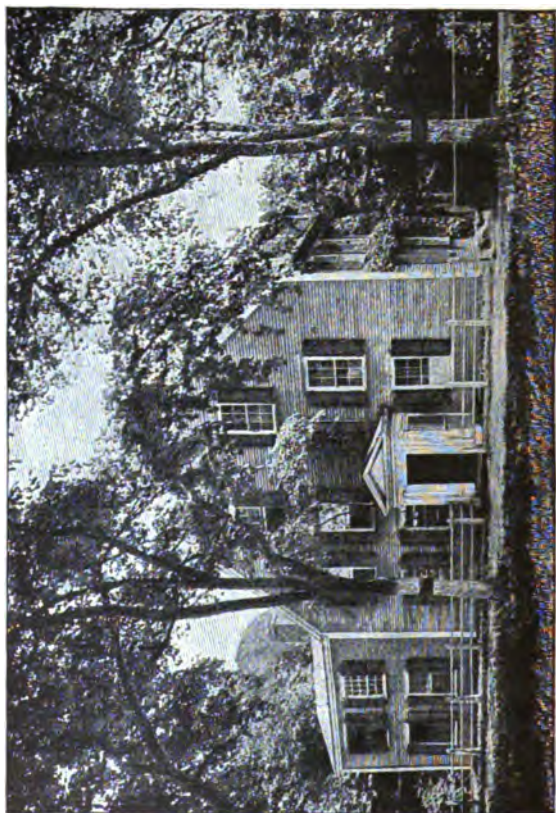
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WITH INTRODUCTION AND
INTERPRETATION**

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL



**BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1901**



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PREFACE

WITHIN the limits of this small collection of pictures an attempt is made to bring together as great a variety of subjects as possible. Portraiture is illustrated in the statue of Sophocles and the bust of Pericles, *genre* studies in the Apoxyomenos and Discobolus, bas-relief work in the panel from the Parthenon frieze and the Orpheus and Eurydice, and ideal heads and statues in the representations of the divinities. Both the Greek treatment of the nude and the Greek management of drapery have due attention.

As classic literature is the best interpreter of Greek sculpture, the text draws freely from such original sources as the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Homeric hymns, and Ovid's Metamorphoses.

ESTELLE M. HURLL.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
January, 1901.

CONTENTS AND LIST OF PICTURES

	PAGE
PERICLES	(Frontispiece)
From original in British Museum	
INTRODUCTION	
I. ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK SCULPTURE . .	vii
II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE	x
III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE MARBLES REPRODUCED IN THIS COLLECTION	xi
I. BUST OF ZEUS OTRICOLI	1
Picture from Photograph by Fratelli Alinari	
II. ATHENA GIUSTINIANA (MINERVA MEDICA)	7
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
III. HORSEMEN FROM THE PARTHENON FRIEZE	18
Picture from Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.	
IV. BUST OF HERA (JUNO)	19
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
V. THE APOXYOMENOS	26
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
VI. HEAD OF THE APOLLO BELVEDERE	31
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
VII. DEMETER (CERES)	37
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
VIII. THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES	43
Picture from Photograph by Fratelli Alinari	
IX. SOPHOCLES	49
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
X. ARES SEATED	55
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
XI. HEAD OF THE OLYMPIAN HERMES	61
Picture from Photograph by the English Photographic Co., Athens	
XII. THE DISCOBOLUS (THE DISK-THROWER)	67
Picture from Photograph loaned by Edward Robinson from the only negative known to exist	
XIII. THE APHEODITE OF MELOS (VENUS OF MELO)	73
Picture from Photograph by Neurdein Frères	

CONTENTS

XIV. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE	79
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
XV. NIKE (THE WINGED VICTORY)	85
Picture from Photograph by Neurdein Frères	
XVI. PERICLES (See Frontispiece)	91
PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN	
WORDS	
	95

Nine of the above illustrations are from photographs in the collection of the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University

INTRODUCTION

I. ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

THE history of Greek sculpture covers a period of some eight or nine hundred years, and falls into five divisions.¹ The first is the period of development, extending from 600 to 480 B. C. The second is the period of greatest achievement, under Phidias and his followers, in the Age of Pericles, 480-430 B. C. The third is the period of Praxiteles and Scopas, in the fourth century. The fourth is the period of decline, characterized as the Hellenistic Age, and included between the years 320 and 100 B. C. The fifth is the Græco-Roman period, which includes the work produced to meet the demand of the Roman market for Greek sculpture, and which extends to 300 A. D.

Modern criticism differentiates sharply the characteristics of the several periods and even of the individual artists, but such subtleties are beyond the grasp of the unlearned. The majority of people continue to regard Greek sculpture in its entirety, as if it were the homogeneous product of a single age. To the popular imagination it is as if some gigantic machine turned out the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus of Milo, the Elgin Marbles, and all the rest, in a single day. Nor is it long ago since even eminent writers had but vague ideas as to the distinctive periods of these very works. Certain it is that all works of Greek sculpture have a particular character which marks them as such. Authorities have taught us to distinguish some few of their leading characteristics.

¹ See Gardner's *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, page 42.

The most striking characteristic of Greek art is perhaps its closeness to nature. The sculptor showed an intimate knowledge of the human form, acquired by constant observation of the splendid specimens of manhood produced in the palæstra. It is because the artist "clung to nature as a kind mother," says Waldstein, that the influence of his work persists through the ages.

Again, Greek art is distinctly an art of generalization, dealing with types rather than with individuals. This characteristic is of varying degrees in different periods and with different sculptors. It is seen in its perfection in the Elgin Marbles, in exaggeration in the Apollo Belvedere, and at the minimum in the work of Praxiteles. Yet it is everywhere sufficiently marked to be indissolubly connected with Greek sculpture.

The quality of repose, so constantly associated with Greek sculpture, is another characteristic which varies with the period and the individual sculptor. Between the calm dignity of the portrait statue of Sophocles and the intense muscular concentration of Myron's Discobolus, a long range of degrees may be included. Yet on the whole, repose is an essential characteristic of the best Greek sculpture, provided we do not let our notion of repose exclude the spirited element. Fine as is the effect of repose in the Parthenon frieze, the composition is likewise full of spirit and life.

A distinguishing characteristic of the best Greek sculpture is its simplicity. Compared with the Gothic sculptors, the Greeks appear to us, in Ruskin's phrase, as the "masters of all that was grand, simple, wise and tenderly human, opposed to the pettiness of the toys of the rest of mankind." Their work is free from that "vain and mean decoration" — the "weak and monstrous error" — which disfigures the art of other peoples.

As we turn from one Greek marble to another in the

great sculpture galleries of the world, the best features of the art impress themselves deeply even upon the untutored eye. The Greek instinct for pose is unfailing and unsurpassable. Standing or seated, the attitude is always graceful, the lines are always fine. The best statues are equally well composed, viewed from any standpoint. The camera may describe a circumference about a marble as a centre, and a photograph made at any point in the circle will show lines of rhythm and beauty.

The faultless regularity of the Greek profile has passed into history as the accepted standard of human beauty. The straight continuous line of brow and nose, the well moulded chin, the full lip, the small ear, satisfy perfectly our æsthetic ideals.

The art of sculpture was an essential outgrowth of the Greek spirit, and perfectly suited the requirements of Greek thought. In the words of a recent writer, "it was the consummate expression in art of the genius of a nation which worshiped physical perfection as the gift of the immortals, which honored the gods by athletic games and choral dances, and whose deities wore the flesh and shared the nature of men."¹ It was moreover a national art, entering into every phase of public life, and embodying the Greek sense of national greatness.

Greek sculpture can be sympathetically understood only by catching something of the spirit which produced it. One must shake off the centuries and regard life with the childlike simplicity of the young world: one must give imagination free rein. The same attitude of mind which can enjoy Greek mythology and Greek literature is the proper attitude for the enjoyment of Greek sculpture. The best interpreter of a nation's art is the nation's poetry.

¹ From *Italian Cities*, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Many learned works on the subject of Greek Sculpture have been written in various languages. Three standard authorities are the English work by A. S. Murray, "History of Greek Sculpture," second edition, London, 1890; the French work by Collignon, "Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque," Paris, 1892; and the German work by Furtwängler, translated into English by E. Sellers, "The Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," London, 1895. Naturally these three writers are not always of one opinion, and the student must turn from one to another to learn all the arguments concerning a disputed point.

For the practical every-day use of the reader who has no time to sift the evidences on difficult questions of archæology, Gardner's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture" is an excellent outline summary of the history of the subject.

Charles Waldstein's "Essays on the Art of Pheidias," New York, 1885, is an exceedingly valuable and suggestive volume.

Two small books, written in a somewhat popular vein, make very pleasant reading for those pursuing these studies: "Studies in Greek Art," by J. E. Harrison, London, 1885, and "Greek Art on Greek Soil," by J. M. Hoppin, Boston, 1897.

Besides the works devoted exclusively to the subject of Greek sculpture, the subject receives due attention in various general histories of art, of which may be mentioned, Lucy Mitchell's "History of Ancient Sculpture," Lübke's "History of Sculpture," and Von Reber's "History of Ancient Art."

A valuable bibliography is given in Gardner's "Handbook."

III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE MARBLES REPRODUCED IN THIS COLLECTION.

Frontispiece. Terminal bust of Pericles, after an original by Cresilas. Approximate date, 440–430 B. C. In the British Museum, London.

1. *Bust of Zeus Otricoli.* Considered by Brunn and others a copy from a head of the statue by Phidias. Later critics do not agree with this opinion, and Furtwängler calls the head a Praxitelean development of the type of Zeus created in the time of Myron. Now in the Vatican Gallery, Rome.

2. *Athena Giustiniana (Minerva Medica).* Considered by Furtwängler a copy, after Euphranor, of a statue dedicated below the Capitol, called Minerva Catuliana, set up by A. Lutatius Catulus. The ægis and sphinx are copyist's additions. Found in the gardens of the convent of S. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome. Both arms are restored. Now in the Vatican Gallery, Rome.

3. *Horsemen from the Parthenon Frieze.* The frieze of the Parthenon is part of the decorative scheme of the marble temple of Athena, built during the age of Pericles (480–430 B. C.) on the Acropolis, Athens, and decorated under the direction of Phidias. The frieze consisted of a series of panels or slabs, about 3 ft. 4 in. in height, and was set on the outer wall of the cella. Being lighted from below, the lower portion is cut in low relief ($1\frac{1}{4}$ in.) and the upper parts in high relief ($2\frac{1}{4}$ in.). The panel of the Horsemen is one of the Elgin Marbles, removed by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon in 1801–1802, and now in the British Museum, London.

4. *Bust of Hera.* Considered by Murray a copy after Polyclitus. Regarded by Furtwängler as a "Roman creation based on a Praxitelean model." Catalogued in Hare's "Walks in Rome" as a probable copy after Alcamenes. In the Ludovisi Villa, Rome.

5. *The Apoxyomenos*. A marble copy of the original bronze statue by Lysippus, who flourished in the 4th century B. C. According to Pliny the original was brought from Greece to Rome by Agrippa to adorn the public baths. This copy was found in 1849 in the Trastevere, Rome, and is now in the Vatican Gallery.

6. *Head of the Apollo Belvedere*. According to Gardner, a marble copy (Roman) of a bronze original of the Hellenistic Age (320–100 B. C.). Some (Winter and Furtwängler) have assigned the original to Leochares, a sculptor of the 4th century, and others to Calamis, in the 5th century. This copy was found in the 16th century at Antium, and was purchased by Pope Julius II. for the Belvedere Palace. Now in the Vatican Gallery, Rome.

7. *Demeter (Ceres)*. Considered by Furtwängler a copy from an original by Agoracritus, who was a pupil of Phidias, and whose works are closely allied to those of Alcamenes. By the same authority the statue is called the Nemesis. In the Vatican Gallery, Rome.

8. *The Faun of Praxiteles*. A copy of the original statue by Praxiteles, which was in the street of the Tripods, Athens. In the Capitol Museum, Rome.

9. *Sophocles*. Referred to by Collignon as a faithful copy of the bronze statue raised by Lycurgus. Found at Terracino in 1838, and now in the Lateran Museum, Rome.

10. *Ares Seated*. Considered by Furtwängler and others a copy on a reduced scale of a colossal statue by Scopas. The little god Eros is the copyist's addition. Found in the portico of Octavia, and restored by Bernini. Now in the Ludovisi Villa, Rome.

11. *Head of the Olympian Hermes*. An undisputed original work of Praxiteles, dating from the middle of the 4th century B. C. It was in the Heræum (or Temple of Hera) at Olympia, and was discovered by German exca-

vators, May 8, 1877. Now in the museum at Olympia, Greece.

12. *The Discobolus*, a copy from an original by Myron, one of the last masters of the "severe style," whose career culminated 465-450 B. C. In the Lancelotti Palace, Rome.

13. *The Aphrodite of Melos (The Venus of Milo)*. Formerly attributed to the period of transition between Phidias and Praxiteles, but assigned by late critics to the Hellenistic Age (320-100 B. C.) Believed by Furtwängler to be based on a work by Scopas, with considerable modification of the original. Found in 1820 on the island of Melos at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago. Purchased by the French government for 6000 francs, and now in the Louvre, Paris.

14. *Orpheus and Eurydice*. One of several copies of an original bas-relief referred by Collignon to the second half of 5th century B. C. In the Albani Villa, Rome.

15. *Nike (The Winged Victory)*. A marble statue believed to have been set up by Demetrius Poliorcetes to celebrate a naval victory in 306 B. C. Found in 1863 by the French consul on the island of Samothrace. Now in the Louvre, Paris.

I

BUST OF ZEUS OTRICOLI

FROM the earliest times men have sought to explain in one way and another the common facts of daily life. Sunrise and sunset, seedtime and harvest, life, death, and the hereafter are some of the mysteries which have always puzzled the human mind. The primitive races, knowing nothing of science, looked upon the forces of nature as gigantic personalities, or gods, who controlled human destiny.

The most refined and imaginative of the ancient nations were the Greeks. They invented innumerable tales or myths, in which all the changes of nature and all the affairs of life were attributed to the workings of the gods. When the sun rose, they said that Apollo had begun to drive his chariot across the sky. When the wind blew, Zeus was sending his messenger from the sky to the earth. When a man did a courageous deed, it was because Athena had whispered to him what to do.

In this way the beliefs gradually took form which made the Greek religion. Great temples were built for the worship of the gods, and statues were set up in their honor. The finest works of Greek art were connected with religious worship.

The gods were conceived as having the same form

as human beings, but of colossal size. They lived in an ideal country called Olympus,

"Olympus, where the gods have made,
So saith tradition, their eternal seat.
The tempest shakes it not, nor is it drenched
By showers, and there the snow doth never fall.
The calm, clear ether is without a cloud,
And in the golden light that lies on all,
Day after day the blessed gods rejoice." ¹

Here each god had a separate dwelling, and in the midst was the palace of their supreme ruler, Zeus, known to the Romans as Jupiter or Jove.

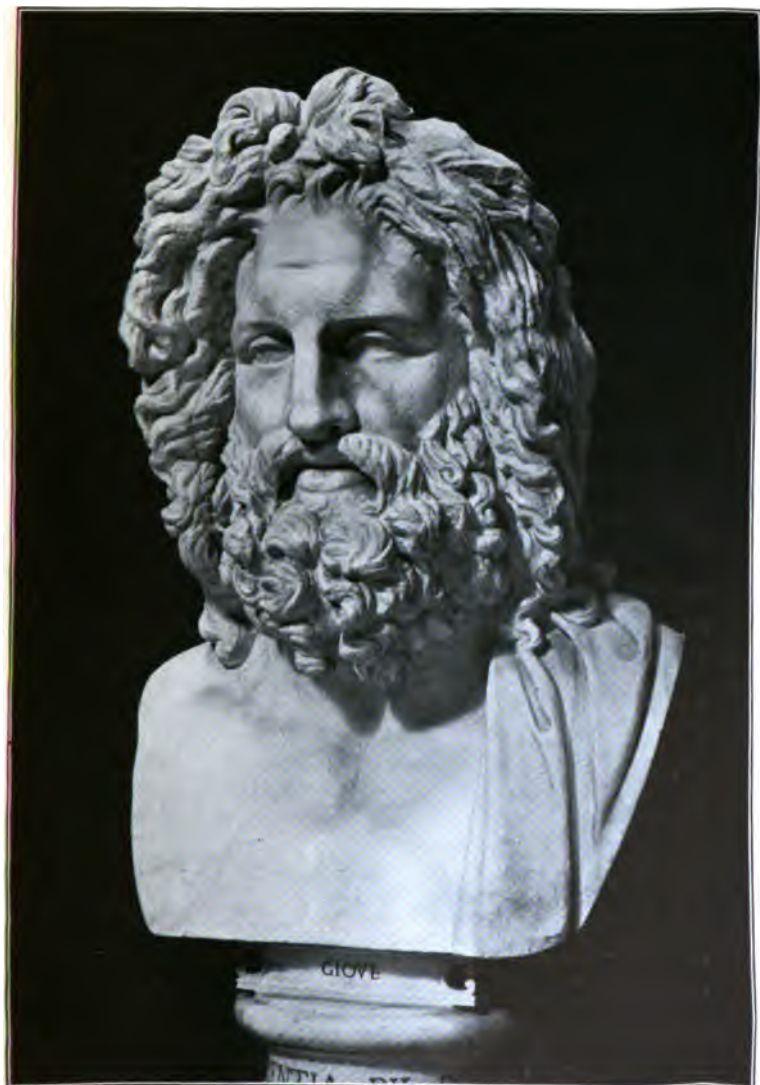
Zeus was the sky god, "the father of gods and men," and the ruler of heaven and earth. He was the "cloud compeller" at whose will the clouds gathered or scattered across the sky, the "ruler of the storms," the "thunderer," by whom were hurled the ruddy lightnings. How far he surpassed all other gods in power is explained in the *Iliad* in an address made by Zeus himself to the gods : —

"Suspend from heaven
A golden chain; let all the immortal host
Cling to it from below: ye could not draw,
Strive as ye might, the all-disposing Jove
From heaven to earth. And yet if I should choose
To draw it upward to me, I should lift,
With it and you, the earth itself and sea
Together, and I then would bind the chain
Around the summit of the Olympian mount,
And they should hang aloft." ²

In the imagination of the Greeks Zeus was endowed with all the noblest elements in human

¹ *Odyssey*, Book vi., lines 54-60 in Bryant's translation.

² *Iliad*, Book viii., lines 21-30 in Bryant's translation.



Alinari, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Nc.

BUST OF ZEUS OTRICOLI
Vatican Gallery, Rome

character. He ruled the affairs of men with fatherly benevolence. He rewarded goodness, punished the wicked, and was withal the fountain-head of justice. By a nod of his head he made known his will, and there was no appeal from his decrees.

Naturally, the Greeks pictured this god as a being of majestic stature and grand, benignant countenance, and sculptors did their best to make statues worthy of this conception. By common consent a certain type of countenance was accepted as the most fitting expression of this ideal. At last a great artist named Phidias produced a statue which perfectly carried out all the ideas at which other sculptors had aimed. It was of colossal size, made of gold and ivory, and was set up in a temple of Olympia. From this time forth every sculptor who had to represent Zeus had only to repeat the design of Phidias.

Now we know that the farther an imitator gets from the original standard, the weaker is his copy. The first successors of Phidias made direct studies from his statue, but those coming after worked from copies. Still later artists took for their models copies of these copies, until at last much of the original grandeur of Phidias's conception was lost.

The bust of Zeus reproduced in our illustration is thought to be a far-away copy of the head of Phidias's statue. From the marble of which it is made we know that it was executed in Italy, probably by some Greek sculptor who had come thither after his own nation had been conquered by Rome. The

marvel is that he preserved so well the noble dignity of the ideal Zeus. This is the father of gods and men in his most benign aspect. The massive head is crowned like that of a lion with long, overhanging locks with which the flowing beard is mingled. These are the

“Ambrosial curls

Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head,”

of which Homer writes in the Iliad. The symmetrical arrangement of hair and beard carry out the character of perfect evenness belonging to the supreme ruler.

The forehead has the full bar of flesh which denotes virility. The brows are straight, the nose finely modeled, the lips rather full, the expression benignant. Altogether the impression is of a being of mental and moral equipoise, full of energy and noble dignity.

II

ATHENA GIUSTINIANA (MINERVA MEDICA)

ATHENA was the air goddess of the Greeks, or, in Ruskin's phrase, "the queen of the air." She was known also by the name Pallas, and among the Romans as Minerva. As the air comes to us from out the great dome of the sky, so Athena was said to have sprung fully armed from the head of her father Zeus. The old Homeric hymn tells how

"Wonder strange possessed
The everlasting gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of ægis-bearing Jove."¹

Her eyes were blue, the color of the sky; her hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress was

"A gorgeous robe
Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought."²

When arrayed for war she wore a golden helmet and carried a shield, or *ægis*. In the centre of this shield was fastened the gorgon's head which Perseus had cut off with her aid. In her hand she wielded a mighty spear.

The owl was her symbolic bird, and she was called *glaukopis*, or owl-eyed, because her wisdom gave her sight in darkness. The serpent was the emblem of

¹ In Shelley's translation.

² Iliad, Book viii., lines 483, 484.

her command over the beneficent and healing influences in the earth. Her favorite plant was the fruitful olive, valued by the Greeks both for the beauty of its foliage and for the usefulness of its oil.

In the fortunes of war, when it was for defensive aims, Athena took an intense interest and an active part. In the war between the Greeks and the Trojans, she was on the side of the Greeks, who sought to recover from their enemies their queen Helen, whom the Trojan prince had captured. When the Greek army assembled before the walls of Troy —

“ Among them walked

The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed
Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts
Impatient for the march and strong to endure
The combat without pause, — for now the war
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return
In their good galleys to the land they loved.”¹

As the air gives us the breath of life, so Athena gave inspiration to the heart of man. It was her friendly mission to fill with “strength and courage” the hearts of those who were beset by difficulties of many kinds.² To Achilles, lamenting the death of Patroclus, she came with nectar and ambrosia, that his limbs might not grow faint with hunger.³ It was because of her aid that Diomed could proudly

¹ Iliad, Book ii., lines 549–560 in Bryant’s translation.

² See the Iliad, Book v., line 2, and the Odyssey, Book i., line 396.

³ Iliad, Book xix., lines 427–429.



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ATHENA GIUSTINIANA (MINERVA MEDICA)
Vatican Gallery, Rome

declare, "Minerva will not let my spirit falter;" and when he cast his spear, "Minerva kept the weapon faithful to its aim."¹

To Athena Ulysses owed his safe return to Ithaca after the adventures related in the *Odyssey*. It was her adroit planning which brought together the long lost father and his son Telemachus, with the faithful wife Penelope. She also found ways to help Jason when he went in search of the golden fleece; she aided Hercules in his labors and guided the hand of Perseus when he cut off the Gorgon's head.

Athena was also the patroness of the industrial arts. She was skilful in weaving and needlework, making both her own and others' beautiful robes and teaching the craft to some favored mortals. She was, in short, the personification of "inspired and impulsive wisdom in human conduct and human art, giving the instinct of infallible decision, and of faultless invention."² Finally, and not least important, Athena was one of the agencies in the productiveness of the earth, and hence the patron goddess of farmers.

Our statue shows as many as possible of the attributes of the goddess. The figure is tall and stately and magnificently developed. The Greek ideal of beauty was to let nature have its way in the human body, unhindered by any such restraints of clothing as our modern fashions have invented. The broad shoulders and ample waist bespeak the splendid strength of the goddess.

¹ *Iliad*, Book v., lines 309 and 352.

² From Ruskin's *Queen of the Air*.

The neck rises from the shoulders like a column to support the well-set head. A tunic falls in straight folds to the feet, and over this is worn a long mantle gathered over the left shoulder. Upon her breast hangs the shield, here made very small, and the helmet and spear complete her equipment as a goddess of war. At her side coils the emblematic serpent.

Her aspect is far from warlike. The face is intellectual and the expression thoughtful. This is the goddess of wisdom reflecting upon grave concerns. The mouth is set somewhat proudly, and the countenance is full of a dignified reserve. The masterful element, so strong in her character, is admirably expressed. There is something almost austere in the beauty of this virgin goddess. A majestic being like this is not one to be familiarly approached.

III

HORSEMEN FROM THE PARTHENON FRIEZE

To understand the history and meaning of the bas-relief reproduced in our illustration, we must first learn something of the worship of Athena in her chosen city of Athens. An annual festival was held here in her honor, and every four years occurred a very elaborate celebration called the Panathenæa. The Panathenæa lasted several days, and attracted throngs of people from all parts of Greece. There were contests in gymnastics and music, torch-races, horse-races, feasts and dances. Sacrifices of oxen were offered on the altar of the goddess, every state having to furnish an ox for the purpose. The climax was reached on the last day, when a great procession started at sunrise and traversed the streets of the city to the temple of Athena. It is with this procession that the bas-relief of our picture is connected, as we shall presently see.

Some time before the festival a group of Athenian maidens of the noblest families had made and embroidered for Athena a beautiful robe called the *peplos*. This was carried above the procession, stretched like a sail on the mast of a ship which was rolled through the street on wheels. The pageant was made up of many different companies. There

were the Athenian magistrates, grave and dignified, maidens carrying sacrificial vessels, men bearing trays of cakes, citharists (harpists) and flute-players, old men with olive branches, four-horse chariots with armed warriors, rows of young men mounted on prancing steeds, and attendants with the cattle for the sacrifice.

During the invasion of Greece by the Persians, the temple of Athena in Athens was destroyed by fire. Later, on its site, was erected another to replace it, called the Parthenon. The city was now at the height of its prosperity under the statesman Pericles. At this time also lived the great sculptor Phidias, and to him Pericles intrusted the decoration of the new temple.

The Parthenon was built of Pentelic marble, and the temple proper was surrounded by a portico supported on rows of columns. The outside of the building was richly adorned with bas-reliefs. In the triangular spaces under the roof were large designs called *pediments*. Above the columns ran a series of panels called *metopes*. Finally, there was a *frieze* extending around the temple wall, to be seen from within the portico. It is a bit of this frieze which is reproduced in our illustration.

The Panathenaic procession is the subject carried the entire length of this bas-relief decoration. On the portion running across one end were depicted the scenes of preparation. Men are in the act of mounting their horses, some having spirited animals to deal with, and all making ready for the start. At the



London Stereoscopic Co., Photo.

John Andrew & Son, No.

HORSEMEN FROM THE PARTHENON FRIEZE
British Museum, London

opposite end is the scene of the arrival at the temple. Here sit the gods to receive the sacrifice, while the magistrates stand ready to perform the rites, and maidens approach with the vessels. On the two long sides the procession is seen actually in motion. Here are represented all the figures which took part in such occasions; old men and maidens, musicians, horsemen, charioteers, and sacrificial animals, all moving forward on their way. Group follows group, with that contrast and variety which give interest to a pageant, and with the proper orderliness to give it unity.

Our panel shows us a line of horsemen riding four abreast. Though it is broken and defaced, we catch at once the spirit of the work. The horses are splendid animals; with dilated nostrils, and necks proudly arched, they seem to prance to the music of the flutes. Though they are well matched in size and type, no two are really alike. Every one has as distinct a character as a human being, and lovers of horses might choose each his own favorite from the four.

Only two of the riders fall within our range of vision. They are handsome youths, with the perfectly formed head and finely cut profile which we learn to recognize as the Greek ideal of beauty. The line across forehead and nose is perfectly straight, and the line connecting nose and chin forms a corresponding angle. Both faces bear the stamp of refinement and high breeding which mark them as belonging to the class of Athenian nobles.

Though the two youths have so similar a cast of countenance, they are quite unlike in temperament. The farther one is of a somewhat dreamy, poetic nature. He rides with bent head as if in a reverie. His companion is of a sterner, more virile type. He looks straight before him, and carries his head with a sense of the dignity of the occasion.

Both youths sit their horses as if born in the saddle. Horse and rider are one, animated by a single dominant will. The Athenian youth were trained from childhood in all sorts of manly exercise. The normal development of the body was of first importance in the Greek educational system. These young men are typical examples of the fine specimens of manhood which that training produced.

IV

BUST OF HERA (JUNO)

"The white armed queen,
Juno, the mistress of the golden throne."

It is thus that the Iliad describes Hera, the wife of Zeus, now more often called by her Roman name Juno. The marriage union between the ruler of the gods and his queen represented the Greek ideal of perfect conjugal happiness. Hera was therefore the goddess who presided over human marriages, and was the type of matronly virtue and dignity. As the queen of heaven, she had it in her power to bestow great riches, honor, and influence upon her favorites.

In the Trojan war she was, like Athena, a partisan of the Greeks, and once or twice even accompanied the war goddess to the battlefield. Usually, however, her pursuits were of a more peaceful and domestic order. She was a very beautiful goddess, "ox-eyed" in the quaint Greek phrase, that is, with large expressive eyes. She had the august and majestic bearing befitting a queen, and is usually described in classic literature as wearing a veil. A long passage in the Iliad gives an account of her toilet when arraying herself for a special occasion. After bathing in ambrosia, and anointing with oil,

“When thus her shapely form
Had been anointed, and her hands had combed
Her tresses, she arranged the lustrous curls,
Ambrosial, beautiful, that clustering hung
Round her immortal brow. And next she threw
Around her an ambrosial robe, the work
Of Pallas, all its web embroidered o’er
With forms of rare device. She fastened it
Over the breast with clasps of gold, and then
She passed about her waist a zone which bore
Fringes a hundred-fold, and in her ears
She hung her three-gemmed ear-rings, from whose gleam
She won an added grace. Around her head
The glorious goddess drew a flowing veil,
Just from the loom, and shining like the sun;
And, last, beneath her bright white feet she bound
The shapely sandals.”¹

One of the prettiest stories about Hera is that in which she acted as the friend of Jason. Jason was the son of a dethroned king and was brought up by the centaur Chiron. When he came of age he set forth, with much good advice from Chiron, to reclaim his father’s kingdom. On his journey he came to a swollen stream which seemed well-nigh impassable. As he was considering the danger of crossing it, an old woman on the bank begged him to carry her over. This was a hazardous undertaking, and the young man was sorely tempted to refuse her. At last his kindness triumphed and he consented. Taking her on his back, he struggled across the river at the peril of his life. When he set her safely on the opposite bank, a wonderful thing happened. “She grew fairer than all women, and taller than all men on earth; and her garments shone like the sum-

¹ Iliad, Book xiv., lines 210-226 in Bryant’s translation.



D. Anderson, Photo.

John And

BUST OF HERA (JUNO)
Ludovisi Villa, Rome

mer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven ; and over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset, and through the veil she looked down on him with great soft heifer's eyes ; with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light."¹ Then he knew that this was Hera, and from thenceforth she was his guide in every time of need.

The bust of Hera, reproduced in our illustration, shows how the Greeks liked to think of their queen goddess. We at once recognize the features assigned to her by tradition ; the large eyes set somewhat far apart, the low, broad forehead, the mild expression. The waving hair is parted, and gathered at the back in a matronly coiffure, and over it is worn the crown of a queen.

We have seen that in Greek sculpture the artist was not always left to represent the divinities according to his own imagination. For each one a certain fixed type had been gradually thought out in very early times, and this type was handed down from generation to generation. A statue or bust could always be recognized without any title. No one, for instance, could ever mistake Zeus for Apollo, or confuse Hera and Athena.

By comparing this head of Hera with that of Athena in our previous illustration, we can see how perfectly sculpture carried out the distinctions in the two characters. Hera was less intellectual than Athena, and had perhaps more distinctly feminine

¹ From Kingsley's *Greek Heroes* : the Argonauts.

charms. The mouth has less strength and firmness, the expression more mildness. Her beauty is naturally of a more matronly type than that of the virgin goddess. The crown which she wears belongs as distinctly to her as does the helmet to Athena.

A careful examination of the face suggests that it may have been studied from actual life. If, as some critics believe, the bust was made in Rome by some Greek sojourning there after the conquest of his own nation, a noble Roman matron may have been the model. Be that as it may, this is Hera as the Greeks worshipped her, and perhaps the best existing representation of the great goddess.

A

V

THE APOXYOMENOS

AN important part of the Greek system of education was the training of the body in physical exercise. For this purpose there were gymnasia in every city, where the youth were trained in running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the javelin, and casting the discus. Great spaces were occupied by these gymnasia, which included buildings for dressing-rooms and baths, porticoes and halls used as assembly-rooms, walks, gardens, and the palæstra, or wrestling-field.

Every four years a great national festival was held at Olympia, consisting of games or contests in the various athletic sports. Every freeman of Hellenic blood had a birthright to take part in them. The contestants were required to undergo a preparatory training, often lasting months, in the gymnasium of Elis, the province in which Olympia was situated.

During the progress of the games a universal truce was proclaimed throughout Greece. All hostilities ceased for the time, and the Greeks as a united people assembled at Olympia for the joyous celebration in honor of Zeus. So important were these Olympic games that they were used as a standard for reckoning time. In assigning a date to an event, the Greeks used to say that it took place in

this or that Olympiad, an Olympiad being the period of four years between two successive festivals.

We may well believe that the Olympic festivals, as well as the ordinary daily exercise in the city gymnasia, had great attractions for sculptors. The palæstra must have been a favorite resort of artists. What a sight it was when the young men came out of the dressing-rooms stripped for running, their bodies shining with oil,—what a play of muscles in the lithe young limbs as the runners “pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling!” The course was usually of deep sand, and was about three miles in length. The runners trained for special emergencies attained extraordinary speed and endurance. The race over, each youth returned to the dressing-rooms of the gymnasium and, taking a small instrument called the *strigil*, made of metal, ivory, or horn, scraped the oil from his body.

It is in this cleansing process that the young man of our illustration is engaged. The statue on this account is called the *Apoxyomenos*, which is a Greek word meaning “the cleansing.” It represents a typical incident of the life of the gymnasium, such as might be seen any day of the year.

Tall and graceful, with slender flexible limbs, the youth stands in an attitude of rest, scraping his right arm. In his fingers is the die which marks his number in the race. His body rests upon one leg, but so light is his poise that he is ready to change his position momentarily. Neither attitude nor countenance shows any sense of exhaustion,



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Andrew & Son

THE APOXYOMENOS
Vatican Gallery, Rome

only that delicious fatigue which makes rest so enjoyable.

There is a passage in the Greek poet Aristophanes' comedy of the Clouds, in which a speaker urges upon a young man the life of the gymnasium. "Fresh and fair in beauty-bloom," he says, "you shall pass your days in the wrestling-ground, or run races beneath the sacred olive trees, crowned with white reed, in company with a pure-hearted friend, smelling of bindweed, and leisure hours, and the white poplar that sheds her leaves, rejoicing in the prime of spring when the plane tree whispers to the lime." This is the kind of life typified in the figure of our statue,¹ a side of Greek life which no one can overlook if he would understand the genius of the Greek nation.

It must not be supposed that our statue represents an actual individual. It is not a portrait, but an imaginary typical figure. It is true that portrait statues of athletes were made in great numbers, as we shall note again in another chapter. It was indeed this practical experience among athletes that led sculptors to see what a perfect human figure ought to be. In the study of many different forms they developed an idea of a type common to all and uniting all the perfections. Certain sculptors figured out what they regarded as the true proportions of the ideal human form. One of these was Lysippus, who is believed to have executed this statue as

¹ The application of this passage to the Apoxyomenos is made by J. A. Symonds in his *Greek Poets*.

an illustration of his theories. We note as the special characteristics of his ideal figure that it is tall, with slim light limbs, and a rather small head, about one eighth the total height.

We may now see how such a statue as the *Apoxyomenos* was a preparatory study for statues of the gods. The gods were to be represented in the most perfect human forms which it was possible to conceive, and by working out typical figures like this, forms were found worthy of the noblest subjects. Thus the proportions discovered by Lysippus were peculiarly appropriate for the lighter, fleetest gods, as Apollo and Hermes.

Lysippus executed his works entirely in bronze, and the statue reproduced in our illustration is a marble copy of the original, which was long since lost.

VI

HEAD OF THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

PHŒBUS APOLLO was the Greek god of day, who drove the great chariot of the sun across the sky from dawn to sunset. As the sun's rays pierce the air with darts of fire, so Apollo is an archer god carrying a quiver full of arrows. The old Homeric hymn calls him —

“Heaven's far darter, the fair king of days
Whom even the gods themselves fear when he goes
Through Jove's high house ; and when his goodly bows
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise
And cluster near t' admire his faculties.”¹

If we count up all the gifts which the sunlight brings us, we shall have a list of the offices of Apollo. He brought the spring and the summer, and ripened the grain for harvest. He warded off disease and healed the sick. One of his earliest adventures was to slay the serpent Python lurking in the caves of Mt. Parnassus. Like the legend of St. George and the Dragon, the story is an allegory of the triumph of light over darkness, health over disease, the power of good over the power of evil.

Apollo was also the patron of music, having received from Hermes the gift of the lyre. He was

¹ In Chapman's translation.

wont to play at the banquets of the gods, and the poet Shelley describes his music in these words : —

“ And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook
The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.”¹

Poetry and the dance were also under Apollo's protection, and he was the leader of the nine muses.

His highest office was prophecy, and in all his temples the priestesses gave mystic revelations of the future. The most famous of these was at Delphi, built over an opening in the ground, whence a strange vapor rose. The priestess, a young woman called a *pythia*, from the python slain by Apollo, sat over this opening on a three-legged seat, or tripod, and answered the questions brought to her. Her sayings were in verses called *oracles*, supposed to be communicated to her by the god.

Now, as might be expected, the character of Apollo was as pure and transparent as the sunlight itself. He required clean hands and pure hearts of those who worshiped him. As the sunlight shines into the dark places of the earth, driving the shadows away, so Apollo hated all that was dark and evil in human life. He was not only the rewarder of good but the punisher of evil. In Shelley's "Hymn of Apollo" these words are put in the god's mouth : —

“ The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;

¹ From Shelley's translation of the Homeric *Hymn to Mercury*.



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

HEAD OF THE APOLLO BELVEDERE
Vatican Gallery, Rome

All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night."

The head of Apollo in our illustration is from a famous full-length statue of the god known as the Apollo Belvedere. The name Belvedere, which is useful only to distinguish the statue from others of the same subject, comes from the fact that the marble once adorned a pavilion of the Vatican called the Belvedere Palace.

The god stands with left arm extended holding, it is supposed, either a bow or a shield. A quiver of arrows is slung across his back, and a chlamys, or cloak, hangs over his left shoulder. His is the proud attitude of one who is defending some sacred trust. So he holds his head high and gazes steadily before him as if watching an arrow speed to its mark, or perhaps scanning the vanguard of an approaching army. The expression is not a little haughty, and one detects an almost disdainful curve of the lips as if the god regarded the enemy with scorn. The face is cut in an aristocratic mould, with fine sensitive lines which mark the lover of music and poetry. In fact, the refinement of his beauty has something of a feminine quality.

The carefully curled hair is gathered in a bow knot on the top of his head. It may indeed be supposed that the handsome young god was by no means unconscious of his charms, and took no little pains to display them to good advantage.

The Apollo, however, is a god worthy of our admiration for the noble purity of his countenance. Surely, all base thoughts and mean motives would be put to shame by this pure presence.

The poet Byron, whose "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" describes many interesting sights in Greece and Italy, has written these lines about the Apollo Belvedere : —

" The Lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light —
The sun, in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot — the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity."

VII

DEMETER (CERES)

THE Greeks worshipped among their deities a goddess called Demeter, which means "mother earth." It was her office to attend to the sowing and reaping and all kinds of farm work. She first taught mankind the use of the plough ; she helped the men in their threshing and the women in their baking. All country folk sought her blessing in their labors. She was, in fact, a personification of nature, and perhaps it is a remnant of the old Greek belief in our speech that we still refer to "mother earth" and "mother nature."

Demeter's only child was a daughter, Persephone, and upon her she lavished all a mother's fond devotion. The story runs that one day Persephone was gathering posies in the meadow when a strange accident overtook her. A beautiful flower suddenly attracted her attention, the like of which she had never before seen. When she put forth her hand to pluck it, the entire plant came up by the roots, leaving a hole in the ground. The hole widened into a great crack, the earth shook with a mighty thundering, and out dashed a chariot drawn by coal-black steeds, bearing Pluto, the king of the lower regions. He caught up the astonished Persephone, and away they

sped again into the gloomy kingdom beyond the Styx, where Persephone was installed as queen.

Demeter, missing her daughter, inquired everywhere what had become of the maiden, but none could tell her. Then she lighted a torch and began a weary search for the lost child. Nine days she wandered without finding any clew. But on the tenth day she met the old witch Hecate, who had heard Persephone scream when she was carried away. Together the two sought Apollo, who sees all the doings of gods and men, and he told them the whole story. "Then a more terrible grief took possession of Demeter, and . . . she forsook the assembly of the gods and abode among men for a long time, veiling her beauty under a worn countenance so that none who looked upon her knew her." She declared that the earth should not again bring forth fruit till she had seen her daughter.

It comforted her not a little in this time of mourning to take a mother's care of a certain sickly little child she chanced upon. Disguised as a nurse, she fed the child upon ambrosia, held him in her bosom, and at night covered him in a bed of coals. Under this treatment he thrived amazingly; but the parents discovered the nurse's strange ways and became alarmed. Their anxiety was turned to dismay when they learned that this was a goddess, who would have made their son immortal but for their interference.

In the mean time the crops fell into a bad state, and it was a year of grievous famine. Demeter still



D. Anderson, Ph.to.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DEMETER (CERES)
Vatican Gallery, Rome

kept her vow to let no green thing appear upon the earth. Then Zeus came to the rescue of perishing humanity. He sent a messenger to Pluto begging him to let Persephone return to her mother. The request was granted, the chariot was made ready, but the wily king first pressed his bride to eat with him some pomegranate seeds, designing that she should return to him again. Mother and daughter were now joyfully reunited, but not without further separation; for a portion of each year Persephone returned to her kingdom below the earth, reappearing in the spring to visit her mother. And this is why to this day the harvest is followed by winter until the spring revisits the earth.¹

In all this story we see that the most striking characteristic of Demeter is her motherliness. In some respects she is like Hera, because both are matrons and are patterns of the domestic virtues. But while Hera is the model wife, Demeter is the model mother.

It is the motherliness of our statue which makes us feel sure that it must be intended to represent Demeter.² The goddess stands holding in her outstretched right hand a sheaf of wheat, and lifting high in the left hand the torch with which she journeyed

¹ The story of Demeter and Persephone is related in the *Homerie Hymn to Demeter*, of which an abridged English version is given in the chapter on the Myth of Demeter and Persephone in Pater's *Greek Studies*. The same chapter refers to various other ancient forms of the story, one of the most important being that of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated into English blank verse by Edward King.

² See in the *Historical Directory* another subject assigned to the statue.

round the world. It is as if she stood on the threshold of the opening season awaiting her daughter's return. She gazes straight before her with a look of expectancy as if she already saw her child from afar. Her face is lighted by a smile of welcome. One can fancy how tenderly those motherly arms will fold the child to her heart, and how gladly the daughter will pillow her head on that broad bosom.

The figure is in striking contrast to the statue of Athena which we have studied. The virgin goddess is stately and unapproachable in her panoply of wisdom, but the great mother seems to invite our confidence. She is one to whom a frightened child might run, sure of being soothed. To her the sorrowing would turn, fearing no repulse. She would welcome, she would understand, she would comfort. There is strength and repose in every line of her majestic figure.

The statue illustrates admirably the grandeur and simplicity of the best Greek art. The long straight lines of the drapery, unbroken by any unnecessary folds, are the secret of the impression of tranquil dignity in the work.

VIII

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES

THE imagination of the Greeks peopled the woods and waters with all sorts of mythical beings, among which one of the most delightful was the faun. This was a creature half human, half animal, which frolicked in the woods in spring time. In outward appearance it looked much like a human being, except that it had pointed furry ears. In nature, however, it was closely akin to the animals, and lived a free happy life, with none of the thoughts and cares which beset the soul of man.

Our statue represents a sculptor's conception of this sportive being. It is famous not only because it is a celebrated work of art, but because it takes an important place in a celebrated novel. This is the "marble faun" which gives the title to Hawthorne's book. It will be remembered that in the beginning of the story, a party of friends are visiting the museum of the Capitol in Rome, where the statue stands. Suddenly they notice the resemblance which one of their number, a young Italian named Donatello, bears to the statue. They bid him take the same attitude, and the likeness is complete. The writer describes the statue in these words: "The Faun is the marble image of a young man leaning his right

arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin,¹ with the claws upon his shoulder—falls halfway down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty.² The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies."

After this description the writer goes on to ana-

¹ More likely a leopard's skin.

² Compare, for instance, the slender figure of the *Apoxyomenos*.



Alinari, Photo.

John Andrew & Sons, Sec.

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES
Capitol Museum, Rome

lyze the nature of the Faun. "The being here represented," he says, "is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled."

The original statue, of which the marble of the Capitol is a copy, was the work of the sculptor Praxiteles. As Hawthorne says: "Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word, a sculptor and a poet too — could have . . . succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble." We are presently to see again in the head of Hermes that Praxiteles was indeed a remarkable sculptor. The Faun, however, is the more difficult subject of the two, for it was puzzling to think what expression would be proper to a being partly human, but without a soul.

It is said that Praxiteles himself considered the Faun one of his two best works. It had been impossible for his friends to get an expression of opinion from him in regard to his statues, until one day

a trick was devised to betray him. He was told that his studio was on fire, when he exclaimed that his labor was all lost if the Faun and the Eros were destroyed.

The Faun originally stood in the street of the Tripods at Athens, but what has now become of it we do not know. The statue in our illustration is one of the most celebrated copies. Many travellers make a special pilgrimage to see it, and seeing it recall the words of Hawthorne, describing the spell it casts upon the spectator. "All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man — the essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists, within that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles."

IX

SOPHOCLES

ONE of the greatest of Greek writers was the tragic poet Sophocles. He was born near Athens in the year 495 B. C., and was educated after the manner of the Greek youth of his time. Every advantage was given him for the study of music and poetry, and also for that gymnastic training which, as we have seen, was so important in Greek education.

Sophocles was a handsome youth, and acquitted himself well in the palæstra. When he was sixteen years of age the great battle of Salamis was fought and won by the Greeks. In the celebration of this victory at Athens, Sophocles led with dance and lyre the chorus of young men who sang the pæan or hymn of victory. That such an honor should be given him shows how graceful and gifted he must have been.

The beginning of his literary career came when he was in his twenty-fifth year. At that time a solemn festival was held in Athens in memory of the ancient King Theseus, whose bones had been brought thither from the island of Scyros. Now all religious festivals in Greece were celebrated with contests, some athletic, others artistic and literary. On this occasion there was a contest of dramatic poets.

Æschylus was at that time the greatest of living tragedians, and as he was among the contestants, it might have been supposed that no other candidate could have succeeded. Sophocles now came forward with his first tragedy, and so remarkable was it found to be that the judges pronounced him victor.

From this time forth Sophocles continually grew in dramatic and literary power. Twenty times he obtained the first prize in other contests, and many times also the second prize. The amount of his work was prodigious. Most of his dramas are lost, but we still have a half dozen or more to show us the noble quality of his work: The finest are perhaps those called *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus Coloneus*, and *Antigone*, all dealing with the tragic fate of an ancient royal family.

Athens was justly proud of her great poet and bestowed various honors upon him. He was even made a general, and served in the war against Samos; but nature had made him a poet, and it is as a poet that we must always think of him. Full of years and honors, he died in Athens at the age of ninety. Of him the Greek poet Phrynicus wrote, —

“Thrice happy Sophocles ! in good old age
Blessed as a man, and as a craftsman blessed,
He died : his many tragedies were fair,
And fair his end, nor knew he any sorrow.”

Our portrait shows admirably what manner of man he was, handsome and dignified, in the prime of life.

The scanty folds of his toga reveal the fine lines of



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Addis & Son, No.

SOPHOCLES
Lateran Museum, Rome

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his graceful figure. The pose shows the bodily vigor which his early athletic training gave him. He holds his head erect in a manner suggestive of his military life. The face is that of an idealist and a poet, a man who sees splendid visions. Yet it is not altogether dreamy in the ordinary sense ; it has the alert, energetic aspect of one who would turn from vision to action. It is not hard to believe the tale of his one hundred and twenty-three dramas : such a man would fill his life with activity. The face has, too, the expression of genial kindliness which made the great poet so beloved of his fellow men. His must have been that calm, equable temperament not easily ruffled, which goes with the self-respecting nature. A receptacle at his side is filled with the scrolls of his tragedies. He stands in the attitude of a poet reciting his lines to an assembled audience.

The statue shows how sane was the Greek ideal of intellectual greatness. In those days genius did not mean eccentricity, but the rule of life was a sound mind in a sound body. It is a mistaken notion of our own times that bodily health must be sacrificed to the training of the brain. It is even supposed by some that oddities of dress and manner are signs of greatness.

The Greeks had no such delusions. Here is Sophocles, the greatest dramatic poet of antiquity, a magnificent specimen of symmetrically developed manhood. He is a man who has made the most of life's opportunities as he understood them. He enjoys perfect bodily vigor ; he is as well a man of the

world, at ease among men. There is evidently nothing of the recluse in his character. He wears his beard carefully trimmed as one who looks well to his personal appearance. Yet intellectual greatness is stamped on face and bearing : the noble countenance marks him as a poet.

There was a period in Greek history when it was a custom to adorn public buildings with statues of famous men, living or dead. Libraries were appropriately decorated with statues of poets, and we fancy that our statue of Sophocles was made for such a purpose. The original is supposed to have been set up by a certain Athenian statesman named Lycurgus in the fourth century B. C.

X

ARES SEATED

OLD soldiers tell us that sometimes in the thick of a battle men fight as though possessed by a spirit of fury. The excitement of the conflict seems to arouse an impulse of bloodthirstiness in them, and for the moment they seem to exult in the carnage. In the ancient methods of warfare, when a battle was literally a hand-to-hand conflict, this spirit of brutality was of course even more marked. In the wars among the early Greeks men fell upon one another with the violence of wild animals.

The Greeks with their ready gift for personification conceived of this spirit of warfare as a supernatural being acting on human lives. He was called Ares, the god whose special delight was to incite the fierce passions of men.

It was natural that the Greeks should refer his influence chiefly to their enemies. On their own part they preferred to think that their armies were inspired by the prudent spirit of self-defense embodied in Athena. This explains why in the Iliad Ares was on the side of the Trojans, while Athena aided the Greeks. Thus Ares and Athena were brought into direct rivalry, the spirit of violence against the spirit of strategy.

An instance is related when Athena makes an appeal to her enemy, the translation running in these words, the Roman name Mars being used for Ares.

"Mars, Mars, thou slayer of men, thou steeped in blood,
Destroyer of walled cities! should we not
Leave both the Greeks and Trojans to contend,
And Jove to crown with glory whom he will,
While we retire, lest we provoke his wrath?"¹

As a matter of fact, however, both deities continued to aid their favorites. Mars was forced to yield before the skill and prudence of Athena. Guided by the goddess the Greek hero Diomed wounds and drives him from the battle.²

In spite of his violent nature Mars was a handsome god, "stately, swift, unwearied, puissant." Though war was his chief delight he was quite susceptible to the tender passion. Venus was the object of his devotion, and the goddess of love returned the war god's admiration. It was she who soothed his wounded vanity when Athena mocked him in the presence of the gods and struck him to earth with a stone.³

The statue reproduced in our illustration shows the god in his mildest aspect. He is seated in a meditative attitude, clasping his hands over his upraised knee. His splendidly developed body is relaxed in a posture of repose, the shield is laid aside for a moment, and he rests from his labors. In the best period of Greek sculpture it was entirely contrary

¹ Iliad, Book v., lines 33-37.

² Iliad, Book v., lines 1068-1075.

³ Iliad, Book xxi., lines 500 *et seq.*



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ARES SEATED
Ludovisi Villa, Rome

to the laws of taste to represent Ares in any war-like action. The gods must always be portrayed in a dignified repose befitting their superiority to mankind. Not then in his attitude or expression do we find any sign of the character of the god. There is no suggestion of unrest in his quiet posture.

The shape of his head perhaps gives some hint of his combative nature. The cast of countenance, too, shows an impulsive temper, weak in intellectual qualities, and quick to anger. Yet he is undeniably attractive, with his well-chiseled features and clustering curls. The small ear is as delicately cut as a woman's. The fine athletic figure is such as any warrior might covet; muscular and supple, it is full of power even in repose. The attitude of easy grace displays its best points to advantage.

Sitting on the ground in front of the god is the figure of a mischievous baby boy. This is the little god Eros, who in Greek mythology was supposed to be the inspirer of love. The artist meant to suggest that the subject of Ares' meditations might be some affair of the heart. Certainly his mild smile would carry out that interpretation. Some critics have thought, however, that the statue did not originally include the child.

As we study the modelling of the figure, the free sweep of the long lines delights the eye. We shall come to understand from repeated examples that the best Greek sculptors thoroughly mastered the secret of fine lines. Our illustration is somewhat unusual because the figure is seated. Even in this position,

however, the sculptor gives us a sense of the perfect grace and lightness of the pose. There is nothing heavy or immovable in the attitude. We can easily imagine how the god, rising lightly to his feet, would stand erect and beautiful, ready for action.

XI

HEAD OF THE OLYMPIAN HERMES

To do his errands and carry his messages through the universe the supreme god Zeus had a herald, Hermes, the god of the wind. As the wind blows out of the great sky, so Hermes descended from Olympus to earth to do the sky god's bidding. Equipped as a herald he wore a winged cap and winged sandals, which carried him about with great speed. He had also a short sword bent like a scythe, given him by Zeus with the cap and sandals. He possessed the strange power of making himself invisible, and of assuming different forms. As he had besides a ready wit and an eloquent tongue, he could make himself very useful. It was one of his common tasks to carry sleep to mortals, and his most solemn office was to conduct the souls of the dying to the other world.

This is the way the *Odyssey* describes Hermes setting forth on one of the errands of Zeus : —

"The herald Argicide obeyed,
And hastily beneath his feet he bound
The fair ambrosial golden sandals, worn
To bear him over ocean like the wind,
And o'er the boundless land. His wand he took,
Wherewith he softly seals the eyes of men,
And opens them at will from sleep."¹

¹ Book v., lines 55-61 in Bryant's translation.

One of the most famous adventures of Hermes was the slaying of the many-eyed monster Argus, from whom he rescued the unhappy Io. This is why the old Greek poet, whom we have quoted, calls the god the Argicide. Another of his well known missions was the care of the motherless infant Bacchus, whom he conveyed to the nymphs of Nysa to be reared. An adventurer himself, Hermes was ever ready to aid heroes in their exploits. It was with his sword that Perseus cut off the Gorgon's head: we may read the story in Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" and Kingsley's "Greek Heroes."

Nor was Hermes above a bit of mischief now and then. An old Homeric hymn tells of a sly prank he played upon Apollo, when he was a mere baby, stealing the herds of Admetus which Apollo was keeping. He was an ingenious fellow too, and this is how he invented the lyre. Taking from the beach a tortoise, he cleaned out the shell, pierced it with holes, and stretched from hole to hole, at regular intervals, cords of sheep gut.

"When he had wrought the lovely instrument
He tried the chords, and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds."¹

With this instrument Apollo was so delighted that Hermes straightway presented it to him, to make some amends, as it were, for the injury done him. In return Apollo bestowed the *caduceus*, or

¹ From the Homeric *Hymn to Mercury* in Shelley's translation, Stanza ix.



English Photographic Co., Athens, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Me.

HEAD OF THE OLYMPIAN HERMES
Museum, Olympia

wand, upon Hermes, and the two gods vowed eternal friendship.

The Greeks were very fond of their god Hermes. He was not too grand to be companionable, like the awe-inspiring Zeus or the haughty Apollo. They thought of him as a blithe, gentle being whose light-hearted ways and easy good nature made him a general favorite. It was an early custom to set up in his honor stone posts at the crossroads. Sometimes they were topped by the heads of other gods, but these were called for him, *hermæ*. In the course of time better statues were made in full length figure. The head reproduced in our illustration is from such an one which used to stand in a temple of Olympia, from the ruins of which it was unearthed a few years ago.

The entire right arm and parts of both legs are missing, but the other portions of the statue show the god's position. He is leaning against a tree trunk, holding on his left arm the infant Bacchus, who was, as we have seen, consigned to his care by Zeus. Hermes is not, however, looking at the child, but gazes dreamily before him, his head bent in the pensive pose which we see. The features are cut with typical Greek regularity, but the countenance has besides its own individual charm. The droop of the upper eyelid suggests a dreamy nature, and in the curve of the smiling lips is a hint of playfulness. The lower forehead is full, showing over the eyes the bar of flesh which marks the strongly masculine nature. The closely cropped curls preserve the per-

fect contour of the head. The small, beautiful ear is as daintily modeled as the ringlets of hair.

The face wins us at once with its gentle amiability. It is tender and playful, and withal exquisitely refined and courteous. What a deferential listener is suggested in that pose of the head! The pure outline of the face calls to mind those knights of chivalry who gathered about King Arthur's Round Table, and one wonders if Sir Galahad himself might not have looked like this.

This statue is the work of the great sculptor Praxiteles, and is the only original marble in existence direct from his hands. All the rest of his work is known from descriptions and copies. We can understand, then, how sculptors and critics the world over have examined it to study the sculptor's methods. It is of Parian marble, much stained with iron rust from its long entombment under the soil.

XII

THE DISCOBOLUS (THE DISK-THROWER)

WE have seen how important a part in the Greek national life was occupied by the Olympic Games. They were regarded as a sacred institution of the gods, and to contend in them was a religious consecration. None could enter them who had been guilty of dishonorable conduct or sacrilege, and young men from the noblest families were not above taking part. The prizes were wreaths of wild parsley, olive, and pine, having no intrinsic worth, but of priceless value to the recipients. To win them was the highest ambition of many a Greek youth.

The victor was led forth before the people, crowned with the wreath and bearing a palm branch in his hand. Heralds proclaimed his name and that of his father. Banquets were spread in his honor, and songs were composed in his praise.¹ From thenceforth he was a person of distinction. Finally his statue was set up in the *altis* or sacred grove of Olympia. There were at one time as many as three thousand such statues in the place.

It will be readily seen that in statues of athletes the sculptor had greater freedom than in statues of the

¹ See, for instance, Pindar's *Olympic Odes*.

gods. The latter must be represented in dignified attitudes of repose, but the former would naturally be portrayed in some characteristic posture of action. It is so with the statue in our illustration called the Discobolus or Disk-thrower.

The game of disk-throwing was very old, so old that there were Greek legends of famous games played by the gods and heroes. Apollo sometimes tried his hand at it, and also Perseus. The discus, or disk, was a heavy round plate of metal, bronze or iron, about eight inches in diameter, grasped in one hand, swung around to give it a rotary motion, and then sent flying through the air. A modern authority explains that it was thrown not as the quoit is to-day, with arm and shoulder only, but by bringing into play and utilizing every limb and muscle of the body. "Immediately preceding the actual hurling of the discus, therefore, there had to be a general storing up and compression of energy which, when suddenly set free, produced the violence of the projection. The principle is simply that of the spring which, when compressed, shoots out from the centre. The greater the contortion of the body, the more each muscle and sinew is strung towards one centre, the greater will be the impetus when this compression is suddenly set free."¹

Our statue shows the disk-thrower at the moment immediately preceding the throw. As described by the ancient writer Lucian, "he is bent down into the position for the throw, turning towards the hand

¹ Waldstein, in *Essays on the Art of Pheidias*, page 49.



John Andrew & Son, So.

THE DISCOBOLUS (THE DISK-THROWER)
Lancelotti Palace, Rome

that holds the disk, and all but bending on one knee, he seems as if he would straighten himself up at the throw."

The modern critic whom we have already quoted shows that when we view the statue from the front, "all the lines of the modelling indicate the tension of the sinews towards the contracted centre of the body, and the legs, neck, and shoulders tend towards the same point." When we walk around the statue, all the lines in the back and sides "seem to lead towards that central point like the spiral contraction of a spring." It is by thus suggesting the concentration of energy on the part of the Discobolus that the figure appears so full of life and action.

By the choice of this posture the artist was enabled to model his figure on magnificent sculpturesque lines. One long fine curve sweeps along the right arm, is continued down the left arm, and is carried to completion in the left leg and foot. The counter curve starts under the right shoulder, and sweeps down the right side and leg.

The original statue of the Discobolus was executed in bronze, and our reproduction is from one of several ancient copies in marble. In some of these the original head of the statue has been replaced by another, but the copy we see here has a fine, vigorous head. The English critic, Walter Pater,¹ describes the face "as smooth but spare, and tightly drawn over muscle and bone." He shows too how sympathetic the face

¹ In the chapter on Athletic Prizemen, in *Greek Studies*.

is with the whole intention of the statue, "as the source of will."¹

The sculptor of the Discobolus was Myron, who lived in the period between the Persian War and the middle of the fifth century. His work shows his fondness for movement, though many of his subjects did not permit him to indulge his taste. He made a specialty of figures of athletes, both commemorative portrait statues and typical figures. We do not know whether this statue represents an actual Olympic victor, or is a typical figure, like the Apoxyomenos. In any case it gives an excellent idea of the great influence exercised upon Greek life by the athletic games.

¹ This opinion is the more interesting because the face of the Discobolus is commonly criticised for "absence of emotional expression." See Furtwängler's *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, p. 173.

XIII

THE APHRODITE OF MELOS (VENUS OF MILO)

By Greek tradition the fairest of the goddesses was Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty. To her every lover paid his vows and every maiden prayed for charms. An old legend relates that she was born from the foam of the sea, hence the name Aphrodite, which means "foam-born." Among the Romans she was called Venus. At her birth the island of Cyprus received her.

"Where the force
Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer'd her course
Along the waves of the resounding sea,
While yet unborn in that soft foam she lay
That brought her forth."

Here she emerged "a goddess in the charms of awful beauty." The Hours welcomed her eagerly, taking her in their arms and putting a crown of gold upon her head. As she went on her way, flowers grew in her path, —

"Where her delicate feet
Had pressed the sands, green herbage flowering sprang."¹

As we have already seen, there were among the Greek divinities two other goddesses besides Aphro-

¹ An account of the birth of Aphrodite is given in Hesiod's *Theogony* and in the Homeric *Hymn to Venus*, and the quotations here are drawn from both sources.

dite specially famed for their beauty, — Athena and Hera. Tradition tells how the beauty of the three was tested. An apple was thrown into their midst inscribed "For the fairest," and a contention at once arose as to the rightful owner. Paris, the prince of Troy, being chosen arbiter, decided in favor of Aphrodite, who promised him for a wife the fairest woman in Greece, that is, Helen.¹ This was the real cause of the Trojan War, in which the Greeks sought to recover their stolen princess. Aphrodite being at the bottom of the trouble remained through the war on the Trojan side.

Oddly enough the beautiful goddess was mated to the ugliest of the gods, the lame blacksmith Hephæstus (or Vulcan). At his forge were made those fateful arrows of the little god Eros (or Cupid), the mother standing by to tip their points with honey.

The power of love in human life made the ideal of Aphrodite very dear to the hearts of the Greeks. All that is most tender and sacred in this human relation was personified in her. As love ennobles the life and makes it unselfish, so, they reasoned, must Aphrodite be a grand and noble being. Again, as love glorifies the life, and brings joy into its commonest details, she must also be beautiful and laughter-loving. In short, one cannot think of any quality of love which was not reflected in the person of the glorious goddess. Temples were built in her honor, and she was worshiped in festivals and sacrificial rites. Statues of her were set up in many

¹ See Tennyson's poem, *Oenone*.



THE APHRODITE OF MELOS (THE VENUS OF MILO)
The Louvre, Paris

places, and one of the most famous which has come down to us is reproduced in our illustration.

We have now learned by repeated instances that the Greeks had such definite ideas of their deities that their statues were as readily recognized as if they represented actual persons. The sculptors followed types accepted by tradition as the best embodiment of the characters they stood for. So especially with Zeus, Athena, and Hera, and so again with Aphrodite. She must be supremely fair, with a beauty less austere than that of the maiden Athena, less regal than that of Hera, and more fascinating than either.

We see then at once that the beautiful figure of our illustration must be Aphrodite, or Venus. In looking at her we think, not of wisdom, or force, or power, but just of beauty. She stands resting the weight of her body on one foot, and advancing the other with knee bent. The posture causes the figure to sway slightly to one side, describing a fine curved line. The lower limbs are draped, but the upper part of the body is uncovered, and in some mysterious way the sculptor has imparted to the marble a seeming softness as of real flesh. The head is as exquisitely set as a flower on its stalk. The parted hair is drawn back in rippling waves over the low forehead.

The eyes are not very wide open, having something of a dreamy languor. "Melting eyes" are indeed characteristic of Venus, and an analytical critic has explained that this effect is produced in sculpture by

a "slight elevation of the inner corner of the lower eyelid." The nose is perfectly cut, the mouth and chin are moulded in adorable curves. Yet to say that every feature is of faultless perfection is but cold praise. No analysis can convey the sense of her peerless beauty.

The statue originally stood on the Greek island of Melos, where it was discovered in 1820 in this broken state. Many wise heads have been puzzled to know the position of the missing arms. Some have thought that the goddess carried a shield, and others have fancied her holding the traditional apple. There have also been many discussions as to the date of the work. Now if the statue had been made in the fifth century B. C., the goddess would have been fully draped; if in the fourth century, entirely without drapery. Our sculptor then belonged to neither of these periods, and combined the characteristics of both. It is a fault on his part to have placed the drapery in an impossible position, whence in actual life it would immediately fall of its own weight. Yet we do not think of such criticisms when we see it. The beautiful body rising above the drapery reminds us of the myth of Aphrodite emerging from the sea foam. Her beauty is a union of strength and sweetness, a perfect embodiment of a nature at harmony with itself and its surroundings.

XIV

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

THERE was once a man named Orpheus, who lived in the land of Thrace. It was said that his father was Apollo, and his mother the muse Calliope; so it is not strange that he was both poet and musician. So enchanting was the music of his lyre that wild animals came forth from their haunts to hear him. Even trees and rocks seemed to feel the magic influence of the strain.

He had a beautiful wife named Eurydice, whom he loved dearly, and they were happy together till a sad accident separated them. She was bitten one day by a poisonous serpent, and died from the effects of the wound. There was no more happiness on earth for Orpheus, and he determined to seek Eurydice in the underworld of the dead.

Now the gates of the lower regions were guarded by a three-headed dog named Cerberus, but even this fierce beast was subdued by the entrancing music of Orpheus, who

“ Through the unsubstantial realm
Populous with phantom ghosts of buried men,
Undaunted passed to where Persephone
Sits by the monarch of that cheerless folk
Of shadows throned — and struck his lyre, and sang.”

Pouring forth the mournful tale of his lost love, he appealed to the gods to give him back Eurydice. So eloquent was his plea that all who listened were "moved to weeping." Then for the first time the iron cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears, and

"Of the nether realm
Nor King nor Queen had heart to say him nay."

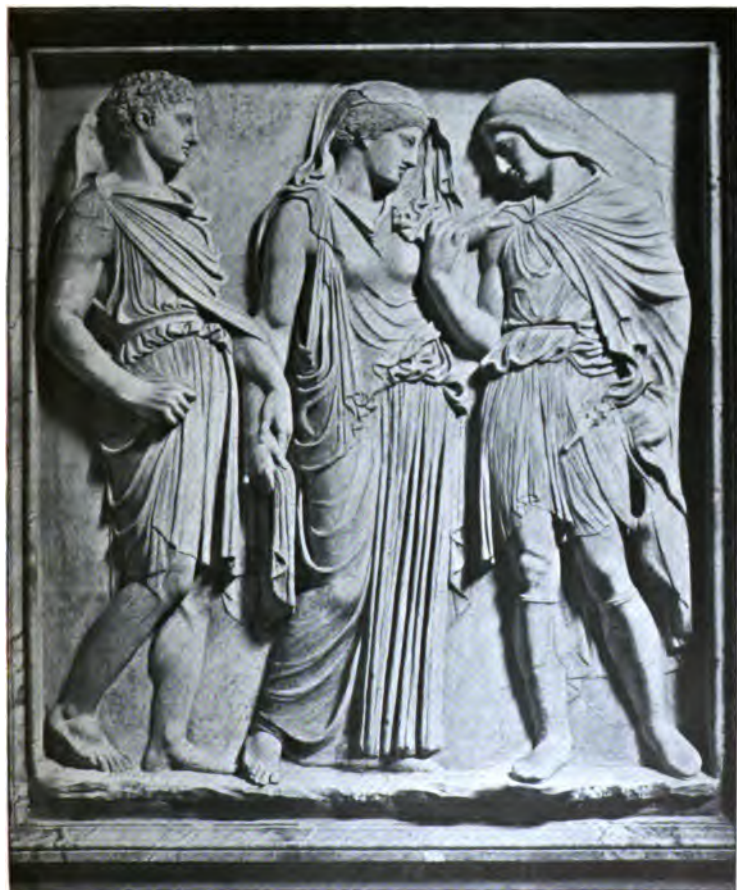
Eurydice was brought forth and restored to her husband, but a single condition was laid upon Orpheus in leading her out. Until they had regained the earth he was not to look backward, or the boon would be forfeited. The Latin poet Ovid tells how the two fared forth together from the underworld, and how Orpheus failed in the conditions of the agreement.

"Through the silent realm
Upward against the steep and fronting hill
Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led:
And now the upper air was all but won,
When fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength
And yearning to behold the form he loved,
An instant back he looked, — and back the shade
That instant fled. . . .

. . . One last
And sad 'Farewell,' scarce audible, she sighed,
And vanished to the ghosts that late she left."¹

Our bas-relief represents a scene of parting between Orpheus and Eurydice, and we may take it, as we please, to refer to their first or to their last farewell. It seems, however, to apply more appropriately to the first departure of Eurydice to the unknown

¹ From the *Metamorphoses*, Book x, in Henry King's translation, from which also the other quotations are drawn.



D. Anderson, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE
Albani Villa, Rome

land. She lays her hand fondly upon her husband's shoulder, and he touches it gently as if to detain her.

The figure on the other side is the messenger god Hermes, whose mission is to conduct departing spirits to the other world.¹ He has come for Eurydice, and he takes her by the hand to draw her away. For a moment husband and wife gaze into each other's eyes with love and sorrow, while the messenger waits with exquisite courtesy.

Though the Greeks had many tales of sorrow in their poetry and mythology, they did not often illustrate them in their art. The subjects of their sculpture are nearly always happy ones. Even here, you see, grief is made so beautiful and dignified that we forget to feel sad about the parting. We think most of the love and devotion between Orpheus and Eurydice.

The simple story of the bas-relief touches us more readily perhaps than the grand statues of the gods. People like in art something which corresponds to the common human lives of all.

The garment worn by Eurydice seems quite like that of the goddess Demeter. The drapery is very full in front, falling in long straight folds. At the side it is scantier and shows the motion of the figure in walking. The short tunic worn by the other figures is a picturesque costume, and the mantle swinging over one shoulder is very graceful. When one contrasts with these classical draperies the stiff dress

¹ See page 61.

of modern times, one wonders that the sculptor of to-day does not throw down his chisel in despair.

The style of the draperies often enables a critic to decide in what period a work of art was produced. In the best art the folds are always simple : it is a sure sign of declining art when the folds are complicated and broken. Here we see the few simple, severe lines which mark the purest classical taste.

XV

NIKE (THE WINGED VICTORY)

UPON the death of Alexander the Great there was much disputing among his generals as to what should become of the various provinces of his empire, including Greece. It was finally decided that the Greek cities should be left free. A general named Ptolemy soon broke this agreement and entered Greece, whereupon another named Antigonus promptly proceeded to punish him. Antigonus had a son Demetrius, who was a skilful engineer, and was called Poliorcetes, "besieger of cities," for his success in raising sieges. He was sent to Athens with a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, and won the gratitude of the city for delivering it from the hands of Ptolemy. Demetrius next turned his attention to the island of Cyprus, of which Ptolemy was in possession. The rival forces met off Salamis, 306 B. C., in a fierce sea fight, and Demetrius was victorious.

Now the Greeks were fond of commemorating notable events by the erection of statues, and it was an old custom among them to set up a statue of victory in honor of any success of arms on land or sea. We have seen how natural it was for them to attribute the affairs of life to the agency of the

deities. So in war, greatly as they praised their armies and their generals, it was to Nike, the goddess of victory, that they gave the chief credit of success. This goddess was conceived as a winged being attendant upon both Zeus and Athena, who, as we have seen, controlled the destinies of war.

To Nike then, this winged goddess of victory, was due the wonderful success of Demetrius over Ptolemy's fleet before Salamis, and it was fitting that her statue should commemorate the event. The spot chosen for it was the island of Samothrace, which stands so high above water level that it is very conspicuous in the northern Greek archipelago.

The goddess was represented standing on the prow of a vessel as if leading the fleet to success. It may be that the old Greek idea of a goddess at the prow was the origin of the "figure head" for so many years carried by every ship that sailed the seas. The vessels in those old days were called *triremes*, being propelled by rowers who sat at their oars in three *tiers*, or banks, which gave the name to the craft. The goddess stood in the middle of what was called the *ikrion proras*, which would correspond to the forecastle deck. In her right hand she held a trumpet to her lips, and in her left she carried a crosstree, the framework of a trophy.

The figure is in an erect poise with the chest held high. You will notice that a walker making his way against the wind bends the body forward to resist its force, while one who is borne along on some vehicle in the face of the wind steadies himself



Neurdein Frères, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

NIKE (THE WINGED VICTORY)
The Louvre, Paris

upright. So with Nike; the attitude expresses the sense of exhilaration from the rush of wind in the face of one borne along on a moving vessel. The breeze beats the thin drapery back upon her, outlining the beautiful curves of bust and limb, and fluttering behind her in the air. The broad pinions which would retard the ship's motion if spread open are folded to cut the air like the prow.

When the statue was set up and the colossal figure in white marble was seen against the blue sky of a southern land, what an inspiration it must have been as a symbol of success! What discouraged heart could look at such a figure and not be thrilled with new ambition! The statue of Nike was not the only tribute to the victory of Demetrius. Some special coins were struck in honor of the event, including gold staters and silver tetradrachms, specimens of which still exist. The design on the obverse of these coins represented the statue of Nike.

Years passed, and at length the independence of the Greeks was crushed under the heel of the Roman conqueror. Many places were laid waste throughout the peninsula and the Greek islands. Temples were destroyed and pillaged, and statues were thrown from their pedestals and buried beneath the soil and débris. Our statue of Nike shared the sad fate which befell so many other great works of art. For centuries it lay in fragments in the ruins surrounding a temple in Samothrace. Then came the explorer with pickaxe and shovel, some of the precious bits were recovered, and learned men set to work to

put them together again. The coins of Demetrius were their guide, and the tiny figure of Nike engraved thereon was the model after which the great statue was reconstructed.

The head and arms are still missing, and a fanciful conceit might suggest that these losses were the marks of a hard-fought battle. Success has been dearly bought, but the goddess emerges, erect and undaunted, her tattered wings beating the air victoriously. As we look at the statue we think less of what it lacks than of what it is. Perhaps if head and arms were there we should not have eyes for the glorious lines in the figure itself. One particularly fine line is the continuous curve running across the bust and the arched top of the wings.

The figure gives us a sense of motion which fairly quickens the blood in our veins. We, too, seem to feel the strong salt breeze in our faces, speeding through the air with courage high, and hope steadily set toward victory.

XVI

PERICLES

IN the history of ancient Greece the half century included between the years 480 and 430 B. C. is called the Age of Pericles. During forty years of this period Pericles was the political leader of Athens. Under his guidance the city reached the height of her power as the capital of an empire composed of tributary states. Nor was political power the chief glory of Athens at this time. She was the centre of arts and science for the whole world. This was the age of great Greek literature, when Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote their immortal dramas. It was also the age of great oratory, when the Athenians constantly heard "the purest lessons of patriotism put forth in the loftiest forms of eloquence." Finally, it was the age of great art, when architecture and sculpture attained perfection and when Phidias, the foremost Greek sculptor, produced his masterpieces.

Pericles was the dominating spirit in all this brilliant company. It was his able statesmanship which made and executed the ambitious plans for the aggrandizement of the city. It was, moreover, his generalship which carried out successfully so many military expeditions. His eloquence gave him great

influence over the people. He had the art of controlling men and moving their passions as a musician plays on the strings of his instrument. Upon his return from the Samian war he delivered a remarkable funeral oration on those who had fallen in battle. Still again, his oration in honor of the heroes of the Peloponnesian war was a noble eulogy of Athens and the Athenians.

The part of Pericles' career which interests us most in our study of Greek art is his zeal in beautifying Athens with works of architecture and sculpture. He covered the Acropolis, as the great hill in Athens was called, with beautiful buildings richly adorned with sculpture. He appointed Phidias superintendent of all the public edifices, and employed the most skilled workmen. Besides many temples, a theatre for music, called an *odeum*, was built, and Pericles introduced into the Panathenaic festival a contest in music held in this place. In addition to the public buildings erected, Pericles caused a long wall to be built to surround the city with fortifications.

It may be supposed that all these improvements cost a great deal of money, and there were not lacking men who criticised Pericles for extravagance in the use of public funds. In an assembly of the people, the great statesman called upon them to say if they thought he had spent too much. "Yes," came the answer. "Then," said he, "be it charged to my account, not yours, only let the edifices be inscribed with my name, not that of the people of

Athens." At this they cried out that he might spend all he pleased of the public funds, and the criticism was silenced. The story shows the quick wit of the orator, as well as his knowledge of human nature. He knew he was safe in appealing to the pride of the people in their city.

At the close of his long career Pericles was seized with the plague, and lay sick unto death. As his friends gathered about his death-bed they recounted his great deeds and many victories. Suddenly he interrupted them by exclaiming that they were praising only those qualities in which he was no greater than other men. In his own estimate, the most honorable trait of his character was that "no Athenian through his means had ever put on mourning."

Pericles was in fact a true patriot and a benefactor of his people. In the administration of public affairs he showed an upright and honorable character. Though all his life handling the public funds and increasing the wealth of the state, it is said that he added not one drachma to his own estate. He managed his private fortune with great prudence and dispensed many charities to the needy. His manners were calm and moderate, and he never gave way to envy or anger. His biographer, Plutarch, has written of him that "where severity was required, no man was ever more moderate, or if mildness was necessary, no man better kept up his dignity than Pericles."

Pericles was a man of fine and striking presence,

with a countenance cast in the mould we have come to know as the typical Greek. His head was somewhat abnormally long, and the nickname "onion head" was given him on this account. Plutarch says that this peculiarity accounts for the fact that he was always represented in portraits as wearing a helmet.

We have reason to believe that the bust reproduced in our frontispiece was made soon after his successful war against Samos. It represents him then in the fullness of his manhood and at the height of his success and popularity. The handsome face is full of refinement and shows the calm, equable temperament which made him a leader. His qualities of statesmanship strike us most forcibly in the portrait. We should hardly suspect that this was a great military commander. Yet that here is a master of men, we can easily believe. One can imagine him standing before a great multitude, moving them with the power of his eloquence.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

- A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fīte, ſve, time, nōte, ūse.
 A Dash and a Dot (ˆ) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
 A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in Edd, ſnd, Yll, ſdd, ſp.
 A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pást, ábſte, Amérícá.
 A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fáther, kima.
 A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in ball.
 A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hēr.
 A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bōrn.
 A dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in the French language.
 n indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
 ç sounds like s.
 é sounds like e.
 ç sounds like s.
 ě is hard as in ěet.
 ě is soft as in ěem.

Achaian (á-kē'yán).
 Achilles (á-kíl'ēz).
 Acropolis (á-krŏp'ŏ-līs).
 Admetus (á-d-mē'tūs).
 Ægis (ē'jīs).
 Æchylus (ē-kī-lūs).
 Agoracritus (á-gŏ-rák'rí-tūs).
 Agrippa (á-gríp'á).
 Albani (ál-bā'nē).
 Alcameses (ál-kām's-nēz).
 ál'tis.
 Antigone (án-tīg'ŏ-nē).
 Antigonus (án-tīg'ŏ-nūs).
 Antium (án'shī-ſm).
 Aphrodite (áf-rŏ-dī'tē).
 Apollo (á-pŏl'ŏ).
 Apoxyomenos (á-pŏx-i-ŏm'ŏ-nŏs).
 Ares (ē'rēz).
 Argicide (ár-jī-síd).
 Argonauts (ár-gŏ-nātz).
 ár-gŭs.

Aristophanes (ár-ſŏ-tŏf'á-nēz).
 Athena (ē-thē'ná).
 Athens (ēth'ēnz).
 Bacchus (bák'ūs).
 Belvedere (bēl-vē-dēr').
 Bernini (bēr-nē'nē).
 Brunn (brŏŏn).

caduceus (ká-dŭ's-ſs).
 Cál'amís.
 Cáll'ŏpē.
 Centaur (ēn'tar).
 Cerberus (sēr'bē-rūs).
 Ceres (sē'rēz).
 Chiron (kī'rŏn).
 Collignon (kŏl-lén-yŏn').
 Crēs'ſlās.
 Cyprus (sī'prūs).
 Delphi (dēl'fī).

Dēmō'tēr.
Dēmō'trīūs.
Dī'ōmēd.
Diōōb'ōlūs.
dīs'kōa.
Dōnātāl'lō.

Elgin (ēl'gin).
Eros (ē'rōs).
Euphranor (ū-frā'nōr).
Euripides (ū-rīp'i-dēs).
Eurydice (ū-rīd'i-sē).

Furtwängler (fōort'vāng-lēr).

Gāl'ahād.
Giustiniana (jōōs-tē-nē-ā'nā).
glaukopis (glā-kō'pīs).
Gorgon (gōr'gōn).

Hēc'ātē.
Hēllēnīs'tic.
Hephæstus (hē-fēs'tūs).
Hēr'ā.
Heræum (hē-rē'ūm).
Hēr'cūlēs.
hermæ (hēr'mē).
Hēr'mēs.
Hēr'sīōd.

Ik'rīōn prō'rās.
Iliad (īl'i-ād).
Io (ī'ō).
Ithaca (īth'ā-kā).

Jā'sōn.
Jū'nō.
Jū'pītēr.

Lancelotti (lān-chā-lōt'ō).
Lāt'ērān.
Leochares (lē-ōk'ā-rēs).
Louvre (lō'vr).
Lucian (lū'shī-ān).
Ludovisi (lōō-dō-vē'zē).
Lutatius Catulus (lū-tā'shī-ūs kāt'ū-lūs).
Lycōr'gūs.
Lysip'pūs.

Mārg.
Mēd'icā.
Mē'lōa.
Mēr'cūr'y.
Mētāmōr'phōēsē.
Mēt'ōpēs.
Mī'lō.
Minēr'vā.
M'y'rōn.
Nēm'ēsē.
Nī'kē.
Ny'sā.

ōdē'ūm.
Odyssey (ōd'i-sē).
Œdipus Coloneus (ēd'i-pūs kō-lō-nē-ūs).
Œdipus Tyrannus (ēd'i-pūs tī-rām-ūs).
Œnone (ē-nō'nē).
Olympia (ō-līm'pī-ā).
Olympiad (ō-līm'pī-ād).
Olympic (ō-līm'pīk).
Olympus (ō-līm'pūs).
Orpheus (ō'r'fūs).
Otricoli (ō-trē'kō-lē).
Ovid (ōv'id).

palæstra (pā-lēs'trā).
Pāl'lās.
Panathenæa (pān-āth-ē-nē-ā).
Pānāthēnē'ic.
Pār'nās'sūs.
Pār'thēnōn.
Pā'tēr.
Pāt'rō'olūs.
Peloponnesian (pēl-ō-pōn-nē'shān).
Pēnēl'ōpē.
Pēntēl'ic.
pēp'lōa.
Pēr'iclē.
Persephone (pēr-sēf'ō-nē).
Perseus (pēr'sūs).
Phidias (fid'i-ās).
Phœbus (fē'būs).
Phrynicus (frīn'i-kūs).
Pīn'dār.
plēc'trūm.

Plū'y.

Plutarch (plū'tārk).

Plū'tō.

Pōlū'y'tūs.

Pōlūōgō'tēg.

Prāxīt'ēlēg.

Ptolemy (tōl'ē-mī).

Pyth'ia.

Py'thōn.

Reber, von (fōn rē'bēr).

Sāl'ānīs.

Sā'miān.

Sā'mōs.

Samothrace (sām'ō-thrās).

Scō'pās.

Seyros (sē'rōs).

Sōph'ēlēg.

strigil (strī'jīl).

Stjz.

Symonds (sīm'ūndz).

Telemachus (tē-lēm'ā-kūs).

Terracina (tēr-rā-chē'nā).

Thēōg'ōny.

Theseus (thē'sūs).

Thrace (thrās).

Trastevere (trās-tā-vē'rā).

trireme (trī'rēm).

Trō'ján.

Ulysses (ū-ljēs'sēs).

Vatican (vāt'ī-kān).

Vē'nūs.

Vūl'cān.

Waldstein (wāld'stīn).

Zeus (zūs).

The Riverside Press

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FOR SCHOOL USE

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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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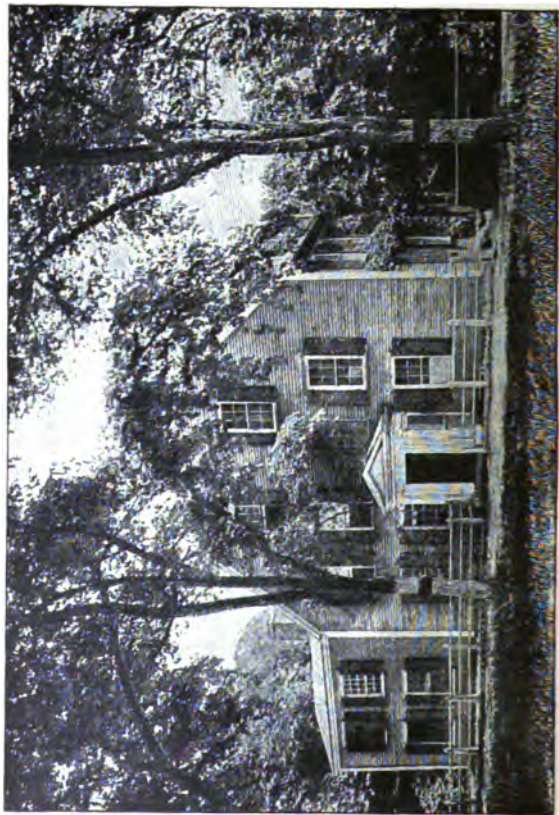
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The Gambrel Roofed House, Cambridge.

FA 18.9

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Titian

BY ESTELLE M. HURLL

*A Collection of
Pictures
With Introduction and
Interpretation*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE

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TITIAN
Prado Gallery, Madrid

The Riverside Art Series

TITIAN

**A COLLECTION OF FIFTEEN PICTURES
AND A PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER**

**WITH INTRODUCTION AND
INTERPRETATION**

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL



**BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1901**



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May 19 1920*

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PREFACE

To give proper variety to this little collection, the selections are equally divided between portraits and "subject" pictures of religious or legendary character.

The Flora, the Bella and the Philip II. show the painter's most characteristic work in portraiture, while the Pesaro Madonna, the Assumption, and the Christ of the Tribute Money stand for his highest achievement in sacred art.

ESTELLE M. HURLL.

**NEW BEDFORD, MASS. .
March, 1901.**

CONTENTS AND LIST OF PICTURES

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF TITIAN. PAINTED BY HIMSELF . <i>Frontispiece.</i>	
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
INTRODUCTION	
I. ON TITIAN'S CHARACTER AS AN ARTIST	vii
II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE	xi
III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION	xii
IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN TITIAN'S LIFE	xiv
V. SOME OF TITIAN'S CONTEMPORARIES	xvii
I. THE PHYSICIAN PARMA	1
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl	
II. THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN (DETAIL)	7
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
III. THE EMPRESS ISABELLA	13
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
IV. MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS	19
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl	
V. PHILIP II.	25
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
VI. ST. CHRISTOPHER	31
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
VII. LAVINIA	37
Picture from Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl	
VIII. CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY	43
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
IX. THE BELLA	49
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
X. MEDEA AND VENUS	55
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XI. THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE	61
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	
XII. THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN	67
Picture from Carbon Print by Braun, Clément & Co.	

CONTENTS

XIII. FLORA	73
Picture from Carbon Print by Brann, Clément & Co.	
XIV. THE PESARO MADONNA	79
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
XV. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST	85
Picture from Photograph by D. Anderson	
XVI. THE PORTRAIT OF TITIAN	91
PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS	
	95

INTRODUCTION

I. ON TITIAN'S CHARACTER AS AN ARTIST.

"THERE is no greater name in Italian art — therefore no greater in art — than that of Titian." These words of the distinguished art critic, Claude Phillips, express the verdict of more than three centuries. It is agreed that no other painter ever united in himself so many qualities of artistic merit. Other painters may have equalled him in particular respects, but "rounded completeness," quoting another critic's phrase, is "what stamps Titian as a master."¹

To begin with the qualities which are apparent even in black and white reproduction, we are impressed at once with the vitality which informs all his figures. They are breathing human beings, of real flesh and blood, pulsing with life. They represent all classes and conditions, from such royal sitters as Charles V. and Philip II. to the peasants and boatmen who served as models for St. Christopher, St. John, and the Pharisee of the Tribute Money. They portray, too, every age: the tender infancy of the Christ child, the girlhood of the Virgin, the dawning manhood of the Man with the Glove, the maidenhood of Medea, the young motherhood of Mary, the virile middle life of Venetian Senators, the noble old age of St. Jerome and St. Peter, each is set vividly before us.

¹ See notes on Titian in Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins.

The list contains no mystics and ascetics : life, and life abundant, is the keynote of Titian's art. The abnormal finds no place in it. Health and happiness are to him interchangeable terms.

Yet it must not be supposed that Titian's delineation of life stopped short with the physical : he was besides a remarkable interpreter of the inner life. Though not as profound a psychologist as Leonardo or Lotto, he had at all times a just appreciation of character, and, on occasion, rose to a supreme touch in its interpretation. In such studies as the *Flora*, where he is interested chiefly in working out certain technical problems, he takes small pains to make anything more of his subject than a beautiful animal. The *Man with the Glove* stands at the other end of the scale. Here we have a personality so individual, and so possessing, as it were, that the portrait takes rank among the world's masterpieces of psychic interpretation.

In his best works Titian's sense of the dramatic holds the golden mean between conventionality and sensationalism. In the group of sacred personages surrounding the *Madonna and Child* there is sufficient action to constitute a reason for their presence, — to relieve the figures of that artificial and purely spectacular character which they have in the earlier art, — yet the action is restrained and dignified as befits the occasion. The pose of both figures in the *Christ of the Tribute Money* is in the highest degree dramatic without being in any way theatrical. The tempered dignity of Titian's dramatic power is also admirably seen in the *Assumption of the Virgin*. The apostles' action is full of passion, yet without violence ; the buoyant motion of the *Virgin* is unmarred by any exaggeration.

The same painting illustrates Titian's magnificent mastery of composition. Perhaps the *Pesaro Madonna* alone of all his other works is worthy to be classed with it in this respect. It is impossible to conceive of anything

better in composition than these two works. Not a line in either could be altered without detriment to the organic unity of the plan.

The crowning excellence of Titian is his color. The chief of the school in which color was the characteristic quality, he represents all the best elements in its color work. If others excelled him in single efforts or in some one respect, none equalled him for sustained grandeur. A recent criticism sums up his color qualities succinctly in these words: "He had at once enough of golden strength, enough of depth, enough of *éclat*; his color, profound and powerful *per se*, impresses us more than that of the others, because he brought more of other qualities to enforce it."¹

Titian's works easily fall into a few groups, according to the subject treated. In mythological themes he was in his natural element. Here he could express the sheer joy of living which was common to the Venetian and the Greek. Here physical beauty was its own excuse for being, without recourse to any ulterior significance. Here he could exercise unhindered his marvellous skill in modelling the human form along those perfect lines of grace which give Greek sculpture its distinctive character. It is in his earlier period that his affinity with the Greek spirit is closest, and we see it in perfect fruition in the *Medea* and *Venus*.

Titian's treatment of sacred subjects is in the diverse moods of his many-sided artistic nature. The great ceremonial altar pieces, such as the *Assumption of the Virgin*, and the *Pesaro Madonna*, are a perfect reflection of the religious spirit of his environment. Religion was with the Venetians a delightful pastime, an occasion for festivals and pageants, a means of increasing the civic glory. These great decorative pictures are full of the pomp and

¹ Notes on Titian in Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins.

magnificence dear to Venice, full of the joy and pride of life.

Yet in another mood Titian paints the life of the Holy Family as a pastoral idyl. A sunny landscape, a happy young mother, a laughing baby boy, bring the sacred subject very near to common human sympathies.

Some of Titian's professedly sacred pictures are in the vein of pure *genre*, painted in a period when this department of art had not yet attained independent existence. We see such works in the St. Christopher and the St. John. These direct studies of the people throw an interesting light upon the painter of ideal beauty : they show an otherwise unsuspected vigor.

The Christ of the Tribute Money stands alone in Titian's sacred art. The technical qualities are thoroughly characteristic of his hand, but a new note is struck in spiritual feeling. Virile, without coarseness ; gentle, without weakness, the chief figure is perhaps the most intellectual ideal of Christ which has been conceived in art.

Titian's landscapes, though holding an accessory place only in his art, are counted by the critical art historian with those of Giorgione, as the practical beginning of this branch of art. He knew how to express " the quintessence of nature's most significant beauties without a too slavish adherence to any special set of natural facts."¹ His imagination interpreted many of nature's moods, from the pastoral calm environing Medea and Venus to the stormy grandeur of the forest in which St. Peter Martyr met his fate.

It is undoubtedly as a portrait-painter that Titian's many great qualities meet in their utmost perfection. His feeling for textures, the delicacy with which he painted the hair and the hands ; his skill in modelling ; his instinct for pose ; the infinite variety of his resources, made an incom-

¹ Claude Phillips.

parable equipment in the secondary matters of portrait painting. To these he added, as we have seen, the two highest essentials of the art, the power of giving life to his sitter, and the gift of insight into character.

Nature made him a court painter; he loved to impart to his sitter that air of noble distinction whose secret he so well understood. Yet he was too large a man to let this or any other natural preference hamper him. Something of himself, it is true, he frequently put into his figures, yet he was at times capable of thoroughly objective work. He stands perhaps somewhere between the extreme subjectivity of Van Dyck and the splendid realism of Velasquez. The noble company of his sitters, emperors, kings, doges, popes, cardinals and bishops, noblemen, poets and beautiful women, still make their presence felt in the world. Theirs was a deathless fame on whom the painter conferred the gift of his art.

Titian's temperament was keenly sensitive to the influences of his environment, and in his extraordinary length of days, Venice passed through various changes, political, social, artistic and religious, which left their mark upon his work. One cannot make a random selection from his pictures and pronounce upon the qualities of his art. The work of his youth, his maturity, his old age, has each a character of its own. It is this rounding out of his art life through successive stages of growth and even of decay that gives the entire body of his works the character of a living organism.

II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The original source of biographical material relating to Titian is in Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," the best edition of which is the Foster translation, annotated with critical and explanatory comments by E. H. and E. W.

Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. The most complete modern biography is that by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in two large volumes (published in 1877), but as this is now out of print, it can be consulted only in the large libraries. Some of the conclusions of these writers have been challenged by later critics, Morelli and others, and should not be accepted without weighing the new arguments. The volume on "Titian: A Study of his Life and Work," by Claude Phillips, Keeper of the Wallace Collection, London, is in line with the modern methods of criticism, and is written in a delightful vein of appreciation. The two parts into which the book is divided, The Earlier Work and The Later Work, correspond to the two monographs for "The Portfolio," in which the work was first published.

In the general histories of Italian art, valuable chapters on Titian are contained in Kugler's "Handbook of the Italian Schools" (to be read in the latest edition by A. H. Layard) and Mrs. Jameson's "Early Italian Painters" (to be read in the latest revision by Estelle M. Hurl). A monograph on Titian is issued in the German Series of Art Monographs, edited by H. Knackfuss.

Interesting suggestions upon the study of Titian's art will be found in the following references: In Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice;" in Berenson's "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance;" in Symonds's volume on Fine Arts in the series "Renaissance in Italy." Burckhardt's "Cicerone" has some valuable pages on Titian, but the book is out of print and hard to get.

III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION.

Portrait frontispiece. Probably the portrait mentioned by Vasari as painted in 1562. In the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Size: 2 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 1½ in.

1. *The Physician Parma*. It appears that there is no direct testimony to prove the authorship of this picture, the attribution to Titian having been made by an early director of the gallery, following certain evidence from Rudolf. Herr Wiackhoff claims the picture for Domenico Campagnola, and the recent biographer of Giorgione (Herbert Cook) includes it among the works of that painter. The attribution to Titian is, however, not disputed by the two severest of modern critics, Morelli and Berenson. In the Vienna Gallery. Size: 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 7 in.

2. *The Presentation of the Virgin (Detail)*. Painted for the brotherhood of S. Maria della Carità, and now in the Venice Academy. Date assigned by Berenson 1540. Size of entire picture: 11 ft. 5 in. by 25 ft. 6½ in.

3. *The Empress Isabella*. Probably one of the two pictures referred to in a letter of 1544 from Titian to Charles V. In the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Size: 3 ft. 10 in. by 3 ft. 2½ in.

4. *Madonna and Child with Saints*. An early work in the Vienna Gallery, similar to a picture in the Louvre, to which it is considered superior by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Called an "atelier repetition" by Claude Phillips. Size: 3 ft. 5 in. by 4 ft. 8 in.

5. *Philip II*. Painted 1550, and now in the Prado Gallery, Madrid. Size: 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 7¾ in.

6. *St. Christopher*. Painted in fresco on the wall of the Doge's Palace, Venice, in honor of the arrival of the French army at San Cristoforo (near Milan), 1523. Ordered by the doge Andrea Gritti, who was a partisan of the French.

7. *Lavinia*. Painted about 1550, and now in the Berlin Gallery. Size: 3 ft. 8½ in. by 2 ft. 7½ in.

8. *Christ of the Tribute Money*. According to Vasari, painted for Duke Alfonso of Ferrara in 1514 for door of

a press. Assigned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to the year 1518, the date accepted by Morelli. In the Dresden Gallery. Size: 2 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 10 in.

9. *The Bella*. Painted about 1535. In the Pitti Gallery, Florence. Size: 3 ft. 3½ in. by 2 ft. 6 in.

10. *Medea and Venus*. Date unknown, but fixed approximately by Morelli between 1510 and 1512. In the Borghese Gallery, Rome. Size: 3 ft. 5 in. by 8 ft. 8 in.

11. *The Man with the Glove*. Assigned to Titian's middle period. In the Louvre, Paris. Size: 3 ft. 3½ in. by 2 ft. 11 in.

12. *The Assumption of the Virgin (Detail)*. Ordered 1516 for high altar of S. Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, Venice. Shown to public, March 20, 1518. Now in the Venice Academy. Size: 22 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 10½ in.

13. *Flora*. Painted after 1523. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Size: 3 ft. 8½ in. by 3 ft. 1½ in.

14. *The Pesaro Madonna*. Finished in 1526 after being seven years in process. Still in original place in the Church of the Frari, Venice.

15. *St. John the Baptist*. Painted in 1556. In the Venice Academy. Size: 6 ft. 5 in. by 4 ft. 5 in.

IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN TITIAN'S LIFE.¹

1477. Titian born at Cadore in the Friuli, north of Venice.

Circa 1488. Removal to Venice.

Bet. 1507-1508. Work on frescoes of Fondaca de' Tedeschi with Giorgione.

1511. In Padua and Vicenza. Frescoes in the Scuola del Santo, Padua.

¹ Compiled from the Index to *Titian: His Life and Times*, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

- Circa 1512. Marriage.
1516. Assumption of the Virgin begun for the Church of the Frari, Venice.
Titian's first connection with Alfonso I. and the Court of Ferrara.
1518. Assumption finished.
1519. Visit in Ferrara, and the Bacchanal, now in the Madrid Gallery.
1522. Altarpiece for Brescia, and short visit there.
1523. Visits at Mantua and Ferrara.
1524. Visit in Ferrara.
- Circa 1525. Birth of Titian's son Pomponio.
1526. Pesaro Madonna.
1528. Visit in Ferrara.
1530. Visit in Bologna.
St. Peter Martyr delivered April 27, for Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice.
Death of Titian's wife.
1531. Visit in Ferrara.
Removal from town to suburban residence in Biri.
1532. Summons to court of Charles V. at Bologna. Portraits of the Emperor.
1536. With the Emperor at Astic.
1537. Portraits of Duke and Duchess of Urbino and the Battle of Cadore. Paintings in Hall of Council of Venice (destroyed by fire 1577).
1540. Visit to Mantua to attend the funeral of patron Duke Federico Gonzaga.
1541. Appointment with Emperor at Milan.
1543. Guest of Cardinal Farnese at Ferrara and Brussels.
Portraits of Cardinal Farnese and Pope Paul III.
1544. Two portraits of the dead Empress Isabella sent to Charles V.

1545. Visit to Rome, and portraits of Paul III. and his grandsons.
1546. Departure from Rome, visit to Florence and return to Venice.
1547. Completion of altarpiece of Serravalle.
1548. Journey to Augsburg to meet Charles V., and equestrian portrait of the Emperor.
To Milan to meet Prince Philip and Duke of Alva. Portrait of Alva.
1549. Purchase of the house at Biri, formerly rented.
1550. Visit to court at Augsburg, and portraits of Philip II.
1554. Pictures completed and sent to Charles V. and Philip II. in Spain : The Virgin Lamenting, the Trinity, the Danaë.
Venus and Adonis sent to London to Philip upon marriage with Mary Tudor.
1555. Marriage of Titian's daughter Lavinia.
Perseus and Andromeda sent to King Philip.
1556. St. John the Baptist, painted for S. Maria Maggiore.
1559. Entombment sent to Philip.
1562. Christ in the Garden, and the Europa. Last Supper begun.
1563. Visit to Brescia.
1565. Visit to Cadore, and plans for frescoes in the Pieve church.
1567. Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and a Venus sent to Madrid.
1572. Visit from Cardinals Granvelle and Pacheco.
1574. Visit from Henry III. of France.
Allegory of Lepanto finished for Philip II.
1575. Pietà begun.
1576. Death of Titian from plague at Venice.

V. SOME OF TITIAN'S CONTEMPORARIES.

RULERS.

Emperors : —

Maximilian I. of Germany, 1493–1519.

Charles V. of Germany (I. of Spain) crowned Holy Roman Emperor, 1520. Died 1558.

Kings : —

Philip II. son and successor of Charles V., accession, 1556 ; death, 1598.

Henry VIII. of England, reigned 1509–1547.

Edward VI. " " 1547–1553.

Mary Tudor " " 1553–1558.

Elizabeth " " 1558–1603.

Francis I. of France, " 1515–1547.

Henry II. " " 1547–1559.

Catherine de' Medici real ruler of France in reigns of Francis II. and Charles IX., 1559–1574.

Popes : —

Sixtus IV., 1471.

Paul III., 1534.

Innocent VIII., 1485.

Julius III., 1550.

Alexander VI., 1492.

Marcellus II., 1555.

Pius III., 1503.

Paul IV., 1555.

Julius II., 1503.

Pius IV., 1559.

Leo X., 1513.

Pius V., 1566.

Adrian VI., 1522.

Gregory XIII., 1572.

Clement VII., 1523.

Doges of Venice : —

Giov. Mocenigo, 1478.

Francesco Donato, 1545.

Marco Barbarigo, 1485.

Marco Trevisan, 1553.

Agostino Barbarigo, 1486.

Francesco Venier, 1554.

Leonardo Loredan, 1501.

Lorenzo Priuli, 1556.

Antonio Grimani, 1521.

Girolamo Priuli, 1559.

Andrea Gritti, 1523.

Pietro Loredan, 1567.

Pietro Lando, 1528.

Alvise Mocenigo I., 1570.

Painters : —

Giovanni Bellini, 1428–1516.
Perugino, 1446–1523.
Leonardo da Vinci, 1452–1519.
Michelangelo, 1475–1564.
Bazzi (Il Sodoma), 1477–1549.
Giorgione, 1477–1510.
Palma Vecchio, 1480–1528.
Raphael, 1483–1520.
Sebastian del Piombo, 1485–1547.
Andrea del Sarto, 1486–1531.
Correggio, 1494–1534.
Giorgio Vasari, 1512–1574.
Tintoretto, 1518–1594.
Paolo Veronese, 1528–1588.

Men of Letters : —

Ariosto, 1474–1538, poet.
Aretino, 1492–1557, poet.
Tasso, 1544–1595, poet.
Pietro Bembo, 1470–1547, cardinal and master of Latin style.
Jacopo Sadoletto, 1477–1547, cardinal and writer of Latin verses.
Baldassare Castiglione, 1478–1529, diplomatist and scholar.
Aldo Manuzio, 1450–1515, printer ; established press at Venice, 1490.
Guicciardini, 1483–1540, historian.

I

THE PHYSICIAN PARMA

WE are about to study a few pictures reproduced from the works of a great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, — Titian. The span of this man's life covered nearly a hundred years, from 1477 to 1576, a period when Venice was a rich and powerful city. The Venetians were a pleasure-loving people, fond of pomp and display. They delighted in sumptuous entertainments, and were particularly given to pageants. We read of the picturesque processions that paraded the square of St. Mark's, or floated in gondolas along the grand canal. The city was full of fine buildings, palaces, churches, and public halls. Their richly ornamented fronts of colored marbles, bordering the blue water of the canals, made a brilliant panorama of color. The buildings were no less beautiful within than without, being filled with the splendid paintings of the Venetian masters.

The pictures in the churches and monasteries illustrated sacred story and the lives of the saints; those in the public halls depicted historical and allegorical themes, while the private palaces were adorned with mythological scenes and portraits.

Titian engaged in works of all these kinds, and seemed equally skilful in each. The great number

and variety of his pictures bring vividly before us the manners and customs of his times. His art is like a great mirror in which Venice of the sixteenth century is clearly reflected in all her magnificence. As we study our little prints, we must bear in mind that the original paintings glow with rich and harmonious color. As far as possible let us try to supply this lost color from our imagination.

Nearly all the notable personages of the time sat to Titian for their portraits, — emperors, queens, and princes, popes, and cardinals, the doges, or dukes, of Venice, noblemen, poets, and fair women. Wearing the costumes of a bygone age, these men and women look out of their canvases as if they were still living, breathing human beings. The painter endowed them with the magic gift of immortality. Though the names of many of the sitters are now forgotten, and we know little or nothing of their lives, they are still real persons to us, with their life history written on their faces.

Such is the man called Parma, who is believed to have been a physician of Titian's time, but whose only biography is this portrait. If we were told that it was the portrait of some eminent physician now practising in New York or London, we should perhaps be equally ready to believe it. We might meet such a figure in our streets to-morrow. There is nothing in the costume to mark it as peculiar to any century or country. The black gown is such as is still worn by clergymen and university men. The man would not have to be pointed out to us as a



Fr. Handstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Me.

THE PHYSICIAN PARMA
Vienna Gallery

celebrity ; we should know him at once as a person of distinction.

The science of medicine was making great progress during the sixteenth century. It was then that the subject of anatomy was first developed by the celebrated Fleming, Vesalius, court physician to Charles V.¹ In this period, also, the science of chemistry first came to be separated from alchemy, and progressive physicians applied the new learning to their practice.

We may be sure that our Doctor Parma belonged to the most enlightened class of his profession. His strong intellectual face shows him to be one who would have little patience with quackery or superstition. He has a high, noble forehead, keen, penetrating eyes, and a firm mouth. His beautiful white hair gives him a venerable aspect, though he is not of great age. It blows about his face as fine and light as gossamer. He is an ideal "family physician," of a generation ago. We can imagine how children would learn to look upon him with love and respect, perhaps also with a little wholesome fear.

The hand which holds the folds of the long, black gown has a character of its own as definite as that of the face. It is a strong, firm hand, which looks capable of guiding skilfully a surgeon's knife.

¹ As the various so-called portraits of Vesalius are said to have little in common upon which to base a resemblance, one is almost tempted to set up a theory that this portrait may be that of the great anatomist.

Two fine seal rings ornament it. Such rings, sometimes of curious design and workmanship, were often bestowed as gifts by wealthy noblemen upon those who had done them some service.

The doctor Parma looks as good as he is wise. This benign face would grace an assembly of notable clergymen. Indeed, the picture suggests a well-known portrait of the great John Wesley, whose features were cast in the same strong mould, and who also had an abundance of bushy white hair.

By another play of the fancy we could imagine this a portrait of some eminent judge. There is that in the face which indicates the calm, impartial, deliberate mind that belongs to the character. He might now be about to charge the jury, or perhaps even to pronounce sentence.

Still another opinion is that here we have a Venetian senator in his official robes. The man is in any case an ideal professional man, a person of brains and character, who could fill equally well a position of responsibility in medicine, law, administrative affairs, or divinity. With a strict sense of justice, a stern contempt for anything mean and base, and a fatherly tenderness for the weak and oppressed, he is one in whom we could safely put confidence.

II

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

(Detail)

IN the town of Nazareth many centuries ago lived a pious old couple, named Joachim and Anna. It is said that they "divided all their substance in three parts: " one part "for the temple," another for "the poor and pilgrims," and the third for themselves. The delight of their old age was their only child Mary, who afterwards became the mother of Jesus. She had been born, as they believed, in answer to their prayers, and they cherished her with peculiar devotion.

That Mary was a good and lovable child beyond common measure we can have no doubt: she was set apart for a strange and holy service. The beautiful story of her early life is told in an old Latin book called the "Legenda Aurea," or the "Golden Legend." This was a collection of old legends written out for the first time by Jacopo de Voragine, an Italian archbishop of the thirteenth century. The early English translation by Caxton, in which we still read the book, preserves the quaint flavor of the original. There is one portion of it describing the dedication, or presentation, of the Virgin in the

temple. Before Mary was born, the mother, Anna, had promised the angel of the Lord that she would present the coming child as an offering to the Lord. Long before her day, a certain Hannah had made a like vow under similar circumstances. Her son Samuel, a "child obtained by petition," was "returned," or "lent," to the Lord as long as he lived.¹ A child thus dedicated was early carried to the temple to be educated within its precincts for special service to God.

The presentation of Mary was on this wise: "And then when she had accomplished the time of three years . . . they brought her to the temple with offerings. And there was about the temple, after the fifteen psalms of degrees, fifteen steps or grees to ascend up to the temple, because the temple was high set. And nobody might go to the altar of sacrifices that was without, but by the degrees. And then our Lady was set on the lowest step; and mounted up without any help as she had been of perfect age, and when they had performed their offering, they left their daughter in the temple with the other virgins, and they returned into their place. And the Virgin Mary profited every day in all holiness, and was visited daily by angels, and had every day divine visions."² We see at once the picture there is in the story, the little girl ascending alone

¹ 1 Samuel, chapter i., verses 11, 24-28.

² *The Golden Legend*, in Caxton's translation, edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics, vol. v., pp. 101, 102). The story is retold in Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 197.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN (DETAIL.)

Venice Academy

the long flight of steps, with the fond parents gazing after her in wonder. Many artists have put the subject on canvas, and among them our Venetian painter Titian. His is an immense picture, from which the central figure only is reproduced in our illustration.

We must imagine ourselves standing with a great throng of people in the public square in front of the temple. Men, women and children jostle one another near the steps. The old man Joachim and his wife Anna are easily singled out among the number. The windows of the adjoining palaces are full of faces looking into the square. A group of senators stand somewhat apart, looking on. An old peasant woman with a basket of eggs sits in the shadow of the steps. All eyes are turned towards the little child who is walking alone up the great stone staircase. On the topmost step the high priest advances to meet her, resplendent in his rich priestly garments.

The figure of the little Virgin is very quaint in a long gown made of some shimmering blue stuff. The golden hair is brushed back primly and woven into a heavy braid, whence it at last escapes in beautiful profusion. It would be hard to guess the child's age, for her demeanor is that of a little woman as she gathers her long skirt daintily in her right hand. She carries herself erect in the new dignity of the great moment, and advances with perfect self-confidence. The face, however, is quite childlike and innocent, and is lifted to the priest's

with a happy smile. The left arm is raised in a gesture of wonder and delight.

The whole figure is surrounded by a halo of golden light. This is the oval-shaped glory which the Italians call the *mandorla*, from the word meaning "almond." It is of course the symbol of the virgin's peculiar sanctity. The painter has not tried to make the little girl particularly pretty, but he gives her the indescribable charm which we call winsomeness. She is perhaps one of the most lovable children art has ever produced.

As we study the artist's method of work in the picture we see how very simply the figure is drawn. Titian was fond of rich and voluminous draperies, as we shall learn from several examples which are to follow. Here, however, he draws a dress with tight sleeves and scanty skirt absolutely without decoration of any sort. It is this simplicity which gives the childlike appearance to the figure.

There is a pathos in the little figure which we cannot altogether appreciate in our illustration. We have to remember that the whole picture measures twenty-five feet in width by eleven in height, and then imagine how tiny the child looks ascending alone the great staircase in the centre of this vast panorama. The isolation of the figure suggests the singular destiny of Mary, set apart from others in the loneliness of a unique service.

III

THE EMPRESS ISABELLA

THE most illustrious of Titian's many patrons was the Emperor Charles V., whose wife was the Empress Isabella of our portrait. This powerful monarch had inherited from one grandfather, Ferdinand, the kingdom of Spain, and from another, Maximilian, the empire of Germany. His marriage was arranged chiefly for political reasons, but proved to be a happy one.

Isabella was the daughter of Emmanuel the Great, late King of Portugal, and the sister of John III., the reigning king. She was a princess of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. The Portuguese government bestowed a superb dowry of nine hundred thousand crowns upon her, and the marriage was celebrated in Seville in 1526. The ceremony was splendid, and there were great festivities following.

Soon after, the emperor travelled with his bride through Andalusia and Granada that he might see his new kingdom. Called at last to other parts of his dominion, he left Isabella as regent in Spain, and went to Italy, where in 1532 he first called Titian into service to paint his portrait. In the years that followed the painter found the emperor a constant and generous patron, and was frequently summoned

to meet the court at various places. In the meantime, however, the lovely empress never had had a sitting to the first painter of the day. She stayed quietly at home and had her portrait painted by such inferior artists as were at hand.

When she died in 1539 Charles was left disconsolate, without any satisfactory portrait of her beloved face. He accordingly sent to Titian a portrait of her painted at the age of twenty-four, and required him to use it as the basis of a picture. The painter obeyed, and soon sent his royal patron two canvases, begging him to return them with criticisms if he wished any changes made. As they were never sent back we infer that Charles found them as much like the original as could have been expected. The fame of Isabella's beauty and goodness had of course come to the painter's knowledge, and this was perhaps a better inspiration than the old portrait which was his guide. Certainly the picture he produced shows a winning personality.

The empress is seated near a window, holding a little book open in one hand, probably a prayer-book or Book of Hours. The lady is not reading, but gazes somewhat pensively before her, as if thinking over the familiar words. The face is gentle and refined, and has an innocent purity of expression like that of a child.

The features are small, and modelled with an almost doll-like regularity. Yet the mouth is set firmly enough to indicate a strong will behind it. Isabella was indeed a woman of remarkable self-control. A



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John Andrew & Son, Me.

THE EMPRESS ISABELLA
Prado Gallery, Madrid

story is told that once when ill and in great pain she turned her face in the shadow that none might see her suffer, and uttered no sound of complaining. Her nurses remonstrated, but she replied firmly, "Die I may, but wail I will not."

The costume of a Spanish queen of the sixteenth century naturally interests us. Apparently Spanish Court etiquette of the period dictated a dress made with high neck and long sleeves. The bodice is of red velvet, the loose sleeves lined with satin. The under bodice, which we should call a *guimpe*, is of white muslin with gold fillets. A jewel adorns the red hair, and a long necklace of pearls is caught on the bosom with a pendant of rubies and emeralds. The careful dressing of the hair, the strict propriety of the gown, and the attitude of the queen herself suggest the regard of conventionality which governed the great lady.

What the portrait lacks is the quality of lifelikeness which makes other pictures by Titian so wonderful.¹ Naturally the painter could not so easily impart vitality to the picture when not working directly from the living model. To make up, as it were, for this defect, he painted the various textures of the dress with marvellous skill. Satin, velvet, and muslin, each is distinguished by its own peculiar lustre.

The bit of landscape seen through the window is another beautiful part of the picture. The distance gives depth to the composition and avoids the

¹ For instance, Lavinia, Flora, and the Man with the Glove.

crowded effect it might otherwise have. We shall see a similar setting again in the portrait of Lavinia.

The Emperor had been very fond of his wife, and an old historian says that "he treated her on all occasions with much distinction and regard." If this seems nothing surprising to note, we must remember that at the same period Henry VIII. of England was treating his queens quite differently.

In the last years of his life Charles V., weary of the cares of government, relinquished his kingdom to his son. He retired to the convent of Yuste to end his days, taking with him this portrait of his wife. When he lay on his death-bed he asked to see the picture, and when at last he died his body was laid to rest beside Isabella. Their son, Philip II., whose portrait we are presently to study, succeeded to a portion of his father's dominion.

IV

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

THERE was never a child so longed for as the Child Jesus, and none whose infancy has been held in such loving remembrance. Centuries before his birth the prophets of Israel preached to the people of his coming. Year after year men waited eagerly for One who would teach them the way of righteousness. On the night when he was born the angels of heaven appeared in the sky with the glad tidings. His birthday ushered in a new era.

We all know the story of his infancy in the Bethlehem manger, of his boyhood in the little town of Nazareth, of the years of his ministry throughout Judea, and of his crucifixion on Calvary. The narrative of his life was written by the four evangelists, and has been told in nearly every part of the world.

Many of the great painters have drawn the subjects of their best pictures from the story in the Gospels. A favorite subject has been the mother Mary holding the Babe in her arms, as in our illustration. To understand why the other figures are included in the scene, a few words of explanation are necessary.

In the early days of Christianity the followers of

the new faith had to endure great persecutions, and many laid down their lives for their Master. The religious liberty we enjoy to-day is due to the courage and loyalty of these early saints and martyrs. Much, too, is due to the work of those teachers who are called the Fathers of the church. These saints and heroes of the olden time have been honored in art and song and story.* It is fitting to associate their memory with that of him to whom they gave their lives. This is the reason why in pictures of the Mother and Child Jesus we often see them standing by.

Such pictures do not represent any actual historical event. The various persons represented may not even be contemporaries. It is in a devotional and not a literal sense that they worship the Christ child together.

In our picture the Mother tends her Babe at one side while three saints form an attendant company. The nearest is St. Stephen, the young man "full of faith and power," who did "great wonders and miracles among the people" of Jerusalem in the apostolic days. When false witnesses accused him of blasphemy his face was like "the face of an angel." Nevertheless, when his accusers heard his defence they were angry at his frank denunciations, and casting him out of the city, stoned him to death.¹

The old man standing next is St. Jerome, one of the Latin fathers of the fourth century. He was both a preacher and a writer, and his greatest service

¹ See the Acts of the Apostles, chapters vi. and vii.



John Andrew & Son, Bos.

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS
Vienna Gallery

Fr. Haudestrangl. photo.

to the world was his translation of the Bible into Latin (the Vulgate). This is the book from which he is now reading, and St. George seems to look over his shoulder. St. George is the hero saint who rescued the princess Cleodolinda from the dragon. He suffered many tortures at the orders of the Emperor Diocletian, and was finally beheaded for his faith.¹

We learn to identify these and other saints in the old pictures by certain features which the masters long ago agreed upon as appropriate to the characters. St. Stephen we recognize here because he is young, and carries a palm as the symbol of his martyrdom. St. Jerome is always an old man and is known here by his book, and St. George is distinguished by his armor.

The three make an interesting group as they represent three ages of man, — youth, maturity, and old age. They stand, too, for distinctly different temperaments. St. Stephen has the ardent imaginative nature of a dreamer, St. George the active prosaic temper of the warrior, and St. Jerome the grave contemplative mind of the scholar. Each serves the Christ with his own gift.

In the picture the three seem to be reading together some passage referring to the birth of Christ,

¹ The lives of St. Jerome and St. George are related in detail in *The Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics), vol. v., pages 199-208, for St. Jerome, vol. iii., pages 125-134, for St. George. Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* contains condensed accounts of the same two saints. See page 280 for St. Jerome and page 391 for St. George.

perhaps that glorious verse from the prophet Isaiah, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Coming to the words "Wonderful, Counsellor," St. Stephen lifts his face adoringly.

The Child is innocently unconscious of his grave guests. He lies across his mother's lap kicking his feet gleefully and looking up to her with a playful, appealing gesture. She bends over him smiling, and the two seem to talk together in the mystic language of babyhood. The artist, we see, painted the mother as beautiful and the child as winsome as he could well imagine them. He did not try to discover how a woman of Judea was likely to have looked centuries before. He preferred to think of Mary as one of the beautiful Venetian women of his own day. He may have seen some real mother and babe who suggested the picture to him, but in that case he painted them largely according to his own fancy. The Madonna's dress is not according to any Venetian fashions, but in the simple style chosen as most appropriate by old masters. Red and blue were the colors always used in her draperies, and it was also an ancient custom to represent her as wearing a veil over her head as befitting her modesty.

The mother has the fresh comely look of perfect health, yet with much delicacy and refinement in her gentle face. Both she and the babe seem to rejoice in abounding health and vitality. The picture is full of the joy of life.

V

PHILIP II

PHILIP II. was the son of the Emperor Charles V. and the Empress Isabella, whose portrait we have seen. He had therefore, like most princes, a union of several nationalities in his lineage. Upon his birth in 1527, all Spain rejoiced that there was now an heir to the throne. Charles himself counted eagerly upon the help his son would give him in the administration of his vast dominions.

From the first Philip was a grave and thoughtful child, pursuing his studies first with his mother and then with a tutor. When he was twelve years old his mother died; and two years later his father, who had scarcely seen the boy, returned to Spain, and devoted himself for a while to teaching him the principles of government. Philip was an apt pupil, and showed great fondness for statesmanship.

At the age of sixteen a great responsibility fell upon the young prince. Charles was called to Germany and left Philip as regent of Spain. A marriage had already been arranged between the youth and his cousin Mary of Portugal, and this took place soon after the Emperor's departure. Philip's regency was eminently successful, and he won the lasting affection and loyalty of the Spanish people.

The Emperor now planned that the prince should make a journey through the empire to become acquainted with his future subjects. The Spanish parted with him reluctantly, and he set forth accompanied by a great train of courtiers. Six months he was on his way, everywhere greeted by festivals, banquets and tourneys. Philip, being of a reticent and sombre nature, had little taste for these festivities, but having political ambition, submitted as gracefully as possible. At length he made a state entry into Brussels. This was in 1548; and in the two years that followed, the emperor and prince were together, planning their future policy of government. The lessons which Charles most deeply impressed upon Philip were those of self-repression, patience and distrust. The leading element in his policy was to be absolute ruler.

It was at the close of these two years, that is, in 1550, that the emperor, attending a diet in Augsburg, summoned thither Titian to paint the portrait of Philip. The prince was now in his twenty-fourth year, and stood, as it were, on the threshold of his great career. There could scarcely be a more unattractive subject for a portrait. Philip had a poor figure, with narrow chest and large ungainly feet, and his features were exceedingly ill-formed. His eyes were large and bulging, he had a projecting jaw and full fleshy lips which his scanty beard could not conceal. Titian, however, had the great artist's gift of making the most of a subject. We forget all Philip's defects when we look at this magnificent portrait.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

PHILIP II.
Prado Gallery, Madrid

The skill with which the splendid costume is painted would alone make the picture a great work of art. Philip wears a breastplate and hip pieces of armor, richly inlaid with gold, slashed embroidered hose, as the short trousers are called, white silk tights and white slippers. The collar of the Golden Fleece is the crowning ornament.

The attitude of the prince is full of dignity. He stands in front of a table on which his helmet and gauntlets are laid. The right hand rests on the helmet, and the left holds the hilt of the rapier which hangs at his side.

The most remarkable quality in the portrait is the impression of royalty it conveys. Though Philip, has little to boast of in good looks, he has inherited from generations of royal ancestors that indefinable air of distinction which belongs to his station. It is this which the painter has expressed in his attitude and bearing.

Young as the face is, with little of life's experience to give it individuality, the painter makes it a revelation of the leading elements in Philip's character. The seriousness of the boy has developed into the habitual gravity of the man. Already we see how well the father's lessons have been learned, how self-contained and cautious the prince has become. The affairs of state seem to weigh heavily upon him.

The proportions of the figure to the size and shape of the canvas add something to the apparent height of Philip. Titian has done everything a painter could do to give an ill-favored prince an

appearance befitting his royal prestige : it is a kingly portrait.

Three years after it was painted, the picture was sent to England to be shown to Queen Mary. Philip, now a widower, had become a suitor of the English queen. The report came that Mary was "greatly enamoured" of the portrait, and the marriage was soon after effected. Philip, however, did not win great favor with the English, and after Mary's death he chose a French princess for his next wife, and spent his life in Spain.

Upon the abdication of his father, he became the most powerful monarch in Europe, and had the best armies of his time. He was constantly at war with other nations, usually two or more at a time, and by undertaking too many schemes often failed. It was during his reign that the Netherlands were lost to Spain, and the famous Spanish Armada was destroyed by the English.

VI

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

THERE was once in the land of Canaan a giant named Offero, which means "the bearer." His colossal size and tremendous strength made him an object of terror to all beholders, and he determined to serve none but the most powerful being in the world.

He accordingly joined the retinue of a great king, and for a while all went well. One day while listening to a minstrel's song, the king trembled and crossed himself every time the singer mentioned the Devil. "Then," thought Offero, "there is one more powerful than the King ; and he it is whom I should serve." So he went in search of the Devil, and soon entered the ranks of his army.

One day as they came to a wayside cross he noticed his master tremble and turn aside. "Then," thought Offero, "there is one more powerful than the Devil, and he it is whom I should serve." He now learned that this greater being whom the Devil feared was Jesus, who died on the cross, and he earnestly sought to know the new Master.

An old hermit undertook to instruct him in the faith. "You must fast," said he. "That I will not," said Offero, "lest I lose my strength." "You

must pray," said the hermit. "That I cannot," said Offero. "Then," said the hermit, "go to the river side and save those who perish in the stream." "That I will," said Offero joyfully.

The giant built him a hut on the bank and rooted up a palm tree from the forest to use as a staff. Day and night he guided strangers across the ford and carried the weak on his shoulders. He never wearied of his labor.

One night as he rested in his hut he heard a child's voice calling to him from the shore, "Offero, come forth, and carry me over." He arose and went out, but seeing nothing returned and lay down. Again the voice called, "Offero, come forth and carry me over." Again he went out and saw no one. A third time the voice came, "Offero, come forth, and carry me over."

The giant now took a lantern, and by its light found a little child sitting on the bank, repeating the cry, "Offero, carry me over." Offero lifted the child to his great shoulders, and taking his staff strode into the river. The wind blew, the waves roared, and the water rose higher and higher, yet the giant pushed bravely on. The burden which had at first seemed so light grew heavier and heavier. Offero's strong knees bent under him, and it seemed as if he would sink beneath the load. Yet on he pressed with tottering steps, never complaining, until at last the farther bank was reached. Here he set his precious burden gently down, and looking with wonder at the child, asked, "Who art thou, child? The



D. Anderson, photo.

John Andrew & Son, So.

ST. CHRISTOPHER
Doge's Palace, Venice

burden of the world had not been heavier." "Wonder not," said the Child, "for thou hast borne on thy shoulders him who made the world." Then a bright light shone about the little face, and in another moment the mysterious stranger had vanished. Thus was it made known to Offero that he had been taken into the service of the most powerful being in the world. From this time forth he was known as Christ-offero, or Christopher, the Christ-bearer.¹

With this story in mind we readily see the meaning of our picture. The giant has reached mid-stream, with his tiny passenger perched astride his shoulders. Already the burden has become mysteriously heavy, and Offero bends forward to support the strain, staying himself with his great staff. He lifts his face to the child's with an expression of mingled anguish and wonder.

The situation is full of strange pathos. The babe seems so small and helpless beside the splendid muscular strength of the brawny giant. Yet he is here the leader. With uplifted hand he seems to be cheering his bearer on the toilsome way.

The figures in the picture seem to be taken from common every-day life. Some Venetian boatman may have been the painter's model for St. Christopher, whose attitude is similar to that of a gondolier plying his oar. The child, too, is a child of the people, a sturdy little fellow, quite at ease in his perilous position. We shall understand better the range

¹ See the story as related in Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, page 433, and in H. E. Scudder's *Book of Legends*.

of Titian's art by contrasting these more commonplace figures with the refined and elegant types we see in some of our other illustrations.

The picture of St. Christopher is a fresco painting on the walls of the palace of the doges or dukes in Venice. It was originally designed to celebrate the arrival of the French army in 1523, at an Italian town called San Cristoforo. It is so placed that it might be the first object seen every morning when the doge left his bed-chamber. This was on account of an old tradition that the sight of St. Christopher always gives courage to the beholder. "Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher, on that day shall not faint or fail," runs an old Latin inscription.

As fresco painting was a method of art comparatively unfamiliar to Titian, it is interesting to know that an eminent critic pronounces our picture "broad and solid in execution, rich and brilliant in color."¹ We see from our reproduction that the paint has flaked from the wall in a few places.

¹ Claude Phillips.

VII

LAVINIA

SOMETHING of the home life of Titian must be known in order to understand the loving care which he bestowed upon this portrait of his daughter Lavinia. The painter's works were in such demand that he could afford to live in a costly manner. He had a true Venetian's love of luxury, and liked to surround himself with elegant things. His society was sought by rich noblemen, and he himself lived like a prince.

When somewhat over fifty years of age Titian removed to a spot just outside Venice in the district of Biri, where he laid out a beautiful garden. The view from Casa Grande, as the house was called, was very extensive, looking across the lagoon to the island of Murano and the hills of Ceneda. Here Titian entertained his guests with lavish hospitality. A distinguished scholar of that time, one Priscianese, who had come to Venice in 1540 to publish a grammar, describes how he was entertained there: "Before the tables were set out," he writes, . . . "we spent the time in looking at the lively figures in the excellent pictures, of which the house was full, and in discussing the real beauty and charm of the garden. . . . In the meanwhile came the hour for supper, which was no less beautiful and well

arranged than copious and well provided. Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that are suited to the season, the guests and the feast. . . . The sea, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas, adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with the varied harmony of music of voices and instruments, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper."

The darling of this beautiful home at Casa Grande was the painter's daughter Lavinia, and the portrait shows how she looked in 1459. Her mother had died before the removal of the family to Biri, and the aunt, who had since tried to fill the vacant place, died about the time this portrait was painted. A new responsibility had therefore fallen upon the young girl, and she was now her father's chief consolation. It is thought that the picture was painted for Titian's friend Argentina Pallavicino of Reggio. As a guest at her father's house this gentleman must often have seen and admired the charming girl, and the portrait was a pleasant souvenir of his visits.

Lavinia is seen carrying a silver salver of fruit, turning, as she goes, to look over her shoulder. The open country stretches before her, and it is as if she were stepping from a portico of the house to the garden terrace to bring the fruit to some guest. She is handsomely dressed, as her father would like to see his daughter. The gown is of yellow flowered brocade, the bodice edged with jewelled cording. Over



Fr. Hanfstängl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, So.

LAVINIA
Berlin Gallery

the neck is thrown a delicate scarf of some gauzy stuff, the ends floating down in front. An ornamental gold tiara is set on the wavy auburn hair, an ear-ring hangs from the pretty ear, and a string of pearls encircles the neck. Imagine the figure against a deep red curtain, and you have in mind the whole color scheme of this richly decorative picture.

Lavinia, however, would be attractive in any dress, with her fresh young beauty and simple unconscious grace. Her features are not modelled in classic lines : the charm of the face is its fresh color, the pretty curves of the plump cheek, and, above all, the sweet open expression. The hands are delicate and shapely, as of one well born and gently reared. Lavinia is perhaps not a very intellectual person, but she has a sweet sunny nature and is full of life and spirits. It would seem impossible to be sad or lonely in her cheery company. She holds her precious burden high, with an air of triumph, and turns with a smile to see it duly admired. The delicious fruit certainly makes a tempting display. The girl's innocent round face and arch pose remind one of a playful kitten.

The painter has chosen a graceful and unusual attitude. The curves of the outstretched arms serve as counterbalancing lines to the main lines of the figure. The artist himself was so pleased with the pose that he repeated it in another picture, where Lavinia assumes the gruesome rôle of Salome, and carries in her salver, in place of the fruit, the head of St. John the Baptist !

A few years after our portrait was painted, Lavinia

was betrothed to Cornelio Sarcinelli, of Serravalle, and a new portrait was painted in honor of the event. When the marriage settlement was signed Lavinia brought her husband a dowry of fourteen hundred ducats, a royal sum in those days. The wedding was on the 19th of June, 1555.

Some years after her marriage Lavinia again sat to her father for her portrait. Her beauty, as we have noted, was not of a lasting kind, and in the passing years her fresh color faded, and she became far too stout for grace. Yet the frank nature always made her attractive, and it is pleasant to see in the kindly face the fulfilment of the happy promise of her girlhood.

VIII

CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY

DURING the three years of Christ's ministry, his words and actions were closely watched by his enemies, who hoped to find some fault of which they could accuse him. Not a flaw could be seen in that blameless life, and it was only by some trick that they could get him into their power.

One plan that they devised was very cunning. Palestine was at that time a province of the Roman empire, and the popular party among the Jews chafed at having to pay tribute to the emperor Cæsar. On the other hand the presence of the Roman governor in Jerusalem made it dangerous to express any open rebellion. Jesus was the friend of the people, and many of his followers believed that he would eventually lead them to throw off the Roman yoke. As a matter of fact, however, he had taken no part in political discussions.

His enemies now determined to make him commit himself to one party or the other. If he declared himself for Rome, his popularity was lost; if against Rome he was liable to arrest. The evangelists relate how shrewdly their question was framed to force a compromising reply, and how completely he

silenced them with his twofold answer. This is the story:—

“Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk. And they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?

“But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar’s. Then saith he unto them, Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s. When they had heard these words, they marvelled and left him, and went their way.”¹

That was indeed a wonderful scene, and it is made quite real to us in our picture: Christ and the Pharisee stand face to face, engaged in conversation. A wily old fellow has been chosen spokesman for his party. His bronzed skin and hairy muscular arm show him to be of a common class of laborers. The face is seamed with toil, and he has the hooked, aquiline nose of his race. As he peers into the face of his supposed dupe, his expression is full of low cunning and hypocrisy. He holds between thumb

¹ Matthew, chapter xxii., verses 34–40.



From carbon print by Braus, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY
Dresden Gallery

and forefinger the Roman coin which Christ has called for, and looks up as if wondering what that has to do with the question.

Christ turns upon him a searching glance which seems to read his motives as an open page. There is no indignation in the expression, only sorrowful rebuke. His answer is ready, and he points quietly to the coin with the words which so astonish his listeners.

The character of Christ is so many-sided that any painter who tries to represent him has the difficult task of uniting in a single face all noble qualities of manhood. Let us notice what elements of character Titian has made most prominent, and we shall see how much more nearly he satisfies our ideal than other painters.

Refinement and intellectual power impress us first in this countenance: the noble forehead is that of a thinker. The eyes show penetration and insight: we feel how impossible it would be to deceive this man. It is a gentle face, too, but without weakness. Here is one who would sympathize with the sorrowing and have compassion on the erring, but who would not forget to be just. Strength of character and firmness of purpose are indicated in his expression. The highest quality in the face is its moral earnestness. Its calm purity contrasts with the coarse, evil face of the questioner as light shining in the darkness. There is, perhaps, only one other head of Christ in art with which it can properly be compared, and this is by Leonardo da

Vinci, in the Last Supper at Milan. The two painters have expressed, as no others have been able to, a spiritual majesty worthy of the subject.

The early painters used to surround the head of Christ with a circle of gold, which was called a nimbus, a halo, or a glory. The custom had been given up by Titian's time, but we see in our picture the remnant of the old symbol in the three tiny points of light which shine over the top and sides of the Saviour's hair. They are a mystic emblem of the Trinity.

The artistic qualities of the picture are above praise. There are few, if any, of Titian's works executed with so much care and delicacy of finish, but without sacrificing anything in the breadth. We recognize the painter's characteristic touch in the disposition of the draperies, in the delicacy of the hair, the modelling of the hands, and the pose of Christ's head. The figures have that quality of vitality which we observe in Titian's great portraits. The color of Christ's robe is red, and his mantle a deep blue.

IX

THE BELLA

AMONG Titian's wealthy patrons was a certain Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria della Rovere, who, as the general-in-chief of the Venetian forces, came to Venice to live when our artist was at the height of his fame. From this time till the Duke's death the painter was brought into relations with this noble family. This was the period when the Bella was painted, and the picture has, as we shall see, an intimate connection with these patrons.

The Duke's wife was Eleanora Gonzaga, sister of the Duke of Mantua, celebrated for her beauty and refinement. A contemporary (Baldassare Castiglione) writing of the lady, says: "If ever there were united wisdom, grace, beauty, genius, courtesy, gentleness, and refined manners, it was in her person, where these combined qualities form a chain adorning her every movement."

The Duke himself was deeply in love with his wife. A week after his marriage he wrote that "he had never met a more comely, merry, or sweet girl, who to a most amiable disposition added a surprisingly precocious judgment, which gained for her general admiration." Eleanora, on her part, showed

an undeviating affection for her husband, and they lived together happily.

From the date of her marriage, we can reckon that the Duchess must have been well into her thirties when she came to Venice to live. From a portrait Titian painted of her, when she was about forty, we see that much of the fresh beauty of her girlhood had faded. She had, however, good features, with large, fine eyes and arching brows. Her figure was graceful and her neck beautiful: the head was particularly well set.

All these qualities kindled the artistic imagination of Titian. In the matron of forty his inner eye caught a vision of the belle of twenty. Thereupon, he wrought an artist's miracle: he painted pictures of Eleanora as she had looked twenty years before. One of these, and perhaps the most famous, is the *Bella* of our illustration.¹ The identity of the original is hidden under this simple title, which is an Italian word, meaning the Beauty. An ancient legend tells of a wonderful fountain, by drinking of which a man, though old, might renew his youth and be, like the gods, immortal. There were some who went in quest of these waters, among them, as we remember, the Spanish knight, Ponce de Leon, who, thinking to find them north of Cuba, discovered our Florida. The Duchess of Urbino found such a fountain of youth in the art of Titian. Comparing her actual portrait with the *Bella*, painted within a

¹ Others are the *Venus* of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and the *Girl in the Fur Cloak* in the Belvedere, Vienna.



From car* on print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE BELLA
Pitti Gallery, Florence

few years, it seems as if the lady of the former had quaffed the magic draught which had restored her to her youthful beauty.

The Bella is what is called a half length portrait, the figure standing, tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned. The lady turns her face to meet ours, and whether we move to the right or the left, the eyes of the enchantress seem to follow us. We fall under their spell at the first glance; there is a delightful witchery about them.

The small head is exquisitely modelled, and the hair is coiled about it in close braids to preserve the round contours corresponding to the faultless curves of cheek and chin. The hair is of golden auburn, waving prettily about the face, and escaping here and there in little tendrils. Over the forehead it forms the same perfect arch which is repeated in the brows. The slender throat is long and round, like the stalk of a flower; the neck and shoulders are white and firm, and shaped in beautiful curves.

The rich costume interests us as indicating the fashions in the best Venetian society of the early 16th century. Comparing it with that of the Empress Isabella in our other picture,¹ we notice that at the same period the Venetian styles differed considerably from the Spanish, to the advantage of the former. Instead of the stiff Spanish corset which destroyed the natural grace of the figure, the Bella wears a comfortably fitting bodice, from which the skirt falls in full straight folds. The dress is of brownish

¹ See page 15.

purple velvet, combined with peacock blue brocade. The sleeves are ornamented with small knots pulled through slashes. A long chain falls across the neck, and jewelled ear-rings hang in the ears.¹

It is pleasant to analyze the details of the figure and costume, but after all the charm of the picture is in the total impression it conveys. Applied to this lovely vision of womanhood the words of Castiglione seem no flattery. In her are united "grace, beauty, courtesy, gentleness, and refined manners." The essence of aristocracy is expressed in her bearing: the pose of the head is that of a princess. There is no trace of haughtiness in her manner, and no approach to familiarity: she has the perfect equipoise of good breeding.

The picture gives us that sense of a real presence which it was the crowning glory of Titian's art to achieve. The canvas is much injured, but the Bella is still immortally young and beautiful.

¹ In the later Venetian art, as in the pictures by Veronese, we see more elaborate costumes.

X

MEDEA AND VENUS

(Formerly called Sacred and Profane Love)

A CHARMING story is told in Ovid's "Metamorphoses" of Jason's adventures in search of the golden fleece, and of his love for Medea.¹ Jason was a Greek prince, young, handsome, brave, and withal of noble heart. He had journeyed over seas in his good ship Argo, and had at last come to Colchis to win the coveted treasure.

The King Æëtes had no mind to give up the fleece without a struggle, and he set the young hero a hard task. He was ordered to tame two bulls which had feet of brass and breath of flame. When he had yoked these, he was to plough a field and sow it with serpent's teeth which would yield a crop of armed men to attack him. While Jason turned over in his mind how he should perform these feats, he chanced to meet the king's beautiful daughter Medea. At once the two fell in love with each other, and Jason's fortunes took a new turn. Medea possessed certain secrets of enchantment which might

¹ See Book VII. in Henry King's translation, from which the quotations here are drawn. The same story is delightfully modernized in Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*.

be of practical service to her lover in his adventure. She had a magic salve which protected the body from fire and steel. She also knew the charm—and it was merely the throwing of a stone—which would turn the “earth-born crop of foes” from attacking an enemy to attack one another. Finally she had drugs which would put to sleep the dragon guarding the fleece.

To impart these secrets to Jason might seem an easy matter, but Medea did not find it so. She was a loyal daughter, and Jason had come to take her father’s prized possession. She would be a traitor to aid a stranger against her own people. The poet tells how in her trouble the princess sought a quiet spot where she might take counsel with herself.

“In vain,” she cried,
“Medea ! dost thou strive ! Some deity
Resists thee ! Ah, this passion sure, or one
Resembling this, must be what men call love !
Why should my sire’s conditions seem too hard ?
And yet too hard they are ! Why should I shake
And tremble for the fate of one whom scarce
These eyes have looked on twice ? Whence comes this fear
I cannot quell ? Unhappy ! from thy breast
Dash out these new-lit fires !— Ah ! wiser far
If so I could !— But some new power constrains,
And reason this way points, and that way, love.”

The struggle goes on for some time, and the maiden’s heart is torn with conflicting impulses. Summoning up “all images of right and faith and shame and natural duty,” she fancies that her love is conquered. A moment later Jason crosses her path and the day is lost. Together they pledge their vows at



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John Andrew & Son, 186

MEDEA AND VENUS
Borghese Gallery, Rome

the shrine of Hecate, and in due time they sail away in the Argo with the golden fleece.

Our picture illustrates the scene of Medea's temptation at the fountain. The tempter is love, in the form of Venus, the Greek goddess represented in the old mythology as the inspirer of the tender passion. She is accompanied by the little love-god Cupid, the mischievous fellow whose bow and arrow work so much havoc in human hearts. The perplexed princess sits beside the fountain, holding her head in the attitude of one listening. Venus leans towards her from the other side and softly pleads the lover's cause. Cupid paddles in the water as if quite unconcerned in the affair, but none can tell what mischief he is plotting.

We notice a distinct resemblance between the faces of the two maidens, and perhaps this is the painter's way of telling us that Venus is only Medea's other self: the voice of the tempter speaks from her own heart. The expression is quite different on the two faces, tender and persuasive in Venus, dreamy and preoccupied in Medea. If we turn again to Ovid for the interpretation of the picture, we may fancy that Venus is describing the proud days when, as Jason's bride, Medea would journey with him through the cities of Greece. "My head will touch the very stars with rapture," thought the princess.

The dress of Medea is rich and elegant, but quite simply made; the heavy folds of the skirt describe long, beautiful lines. In one gloved hand she holds a bunch of herbs, and the other rests upon a casket.

The figure of Venus is conceived according to classic tradition, undraped, as the goddess emerged from the sea-foam at her birth. In the Greek religion the human body was honored as a fit incarnation for the deities. Sculptors delighted in the long flowing lines and beautiful curves which could be developed in different poses. Titian's picture translates the spirit of Greek sculpture, so to speak, into the art of painting. The figure of Venus may well be compared with the marble Venus of Milo, in the pure beauty of the face, the exquisite modelling of the figure, and the sweeping lines of grace described in the attitude.¹ The painter contrasts the delicate tint of the flesh with the rich crimson of the mantle which falls from the shoulder.

The landscape is a charming part of the picture, stretching on either side in sunny vistas, pleasantly diversified with woods and waters, hills and pasture lands, church and castle.² Sunset lights the sky, and lends its color to the glowing harmonies of the composition.

¹ See the volume on *Greek Sculpture* in the Riverside Art Series, chap. xiii.

² In our reproduction a small portion of the landscape is cut off at each end.

XI

THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE

THE Man with the Glove is so called for lack of a more definite name. Nothing is told by Titian's biographers about the original of the portrait, and the mystery gives a certain romantic interest to the picture. Not being limited by any actual facts we can invent a story of our own about the person, or as many stories as we like, each according to his fancy.

The sitter certainly makes a good figure for the hero of a romance. He is young and handsome, well dressed, with an unmistakable air of breeding, and singularly expressive eyes. Such eyes usually belong to a shy, sensitive nature, and have a haunting quality like those of some woodland creature.

The title of The Man with the Glove is appropriate in emphasizing an important feature of the costume. In the days of this portrait, gloves were worn only by persons of wealth and distinction, and were a distinguishing mark of elegance. Though somewhat clumsily made, according to our modern notions, they were large enough to preserve the characteristic shape of the hand, and give easy play to the fingers. They formed, too, a poetic element in the social life of the age of chivalry. It was by throwing down

his glove (or gauntlet) that one knight challenged another; while a glove was also sometimes a love-token between a knight and his lady.

The glove has its artistic purpose in the picture, casting the left hand into shadow, to contrast with the ungloved right hand. The texture of the leather is skilfully rendered, and harmonizes pleasantly with the serious color scheme of the composition.

Besides the gloves, the daintily ruffled shirt, the seal ring, and the long neck chain, show the sitter to be a young man of fashion. Not that he is in the least a fop, but he belongs to that station in life where fine raiment is a matter of course, and he wears it as one to the manner born. His hands are delicately modelled, but they are not the plump hands of an idler. They are rather flexible and sensitive, with long fingers like the hands of an artist.

The glossy hair falls over the ears, and is brushed forward and cut in a straight line across the forehead. The style suits well the open frankness of the countenance. We must note Titian's rendering of both hair and hands as points of excellence in the portrait. There is a great deal of individuality in the texture of a person's hair and the shape of his hands, but many artists have apparently overlooked this fact. Van Dyck, for instance, used a model who furnished the hands for his portraits, irrespective of the sitter. Titian, in his best work, counted nothing too trivial for faithful artistic treatment.

If we were to try to explain why *The Man with the Glove* is a great work of art we should find the



From carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

John Andrew & Son, So.

THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE
The Louvre, Paris

first reason, perhaps, in the fact that the man seems actually alive. The portrait has what the critics call vitality, in a remarkable degree. Again, the painter has revealed in the face the inner life of the man himself; the portrait is a revelation of his personality.

It has been said that every man wears an habitual mask in the presence of his fellows. It is only when he is taken unaware that the mask drops, and the man's real self looks out of his face. The portrait painter's art must catch the sitter's expression in such a moment of unconsciousness. The great artist must be a seer as well as a painter, to penetrate the secrets of human character.

The young man of our picture is one of those reticent natures capable of intense feeling. In this moment of unconsciousness his very soul seems to look forth from his eyes. It is the soul of a poet, though he may not possess the gift of song. He has the poet's imagination as a dreamer of noble dreams.

The time seems to have come when he is just awakening to the possibilities of life. He faces the future seriously, but with no shrinking. One recalls the words of Gareth, in Tennyson's *Idyll*:

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king—
Else wherefore born?"¹

The lofty ideals of the knights of King Arthur's

¹ From *Gareth and Lynette*.

Round Table are such as we feel sure this gentle spirit would make his own : —

“ To reverence the king as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her.” ¹

It may be of these “ noble deeds ” of chivalry that our young man is dreaming, or it may be of that “ one maiden ” for whose sake they are to be done. Certainly these candid eyes see visions which we should be glad to see, and show us the depths of a knightly soul.

¹ From *Guinevere*.

XII

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

(Detail)

THE Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus, has for over nineteen centuries represented to Christendom all the ideal qualities of womanhood. In her character, as revealed in St. Luke's gospel, we read of her noble, trustful humility in accepting the message of the Annunciation; of her decision and prudence shown in her visit to Elizabeth; of her intellectual power as manifested in the song of the Magnificat; of the contemplative nature with which she watched the growth of Jesus; of her maternal devotion throughout her son's ministry, — and of her sublime fortitude and faith at his crucifixion.¹ Such was the woman so highly favored of God, she whom the angel called "blessed among women."

Art has pictured for us many imaginary scenes from the life of Mary. The most familiar and best loved subject is that of her motherhood, where she is seen with her babe in her arms. There are other subjects, less common, showing her as a glorified figure in mid-air as in a vision. One such is that

¹ This analysis of Mary's character is suggested in the Introduction to Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 28.

called the Immaculate Conception, which the Spanish painter Murillo so frequently repeated.¹ Another is the Assumption, representing her at her death as borne by angels to heaven.

The "Golden Legend" relates how "the right fair among the daughters of Jerusalem . . . full of charity and dilection" was "joyously received" into glory. "The angels were glad, the archangels enjoyed, the thrones sang, the dominations made melody, the principalities harmonized, the potestates harped, cherubim and seraphim sang laudings and praisings." Also, "the angels were with the apostles singing, and replenished all the land with marvelous sweetness."²

The Assumption of the Virgin is the subject of a noble painting by Titian, one of the most celebrated pictures in the world. A group of apostles stand on the earth gazing after the receding figure of the Virgin as she soars into the air on a wreath of cloud-borne angels. From the upper air the Heavenly Father floats downward with his angels to receive her. As the canvas is very large, over twenty-two feet in height, a small reproduction of the entire picture is unsatisfactory, and our illustration gives us the heart of the composition for careful study.

The Virgin rises buoyantly through the air, and the figure is so full of life and motion that it seems

¹ See the volume on *Murillo* in the Riverside Art Series, Chapter I.

² See *The Golden Legend*, in Caxton's translation, edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics), vol. iv., pages 238, 239, 245.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN (DETAIL)

Venice Academy

as if it would presently soar beyond our sight. The heavy folds of the skirt swirl about the body in the swiftness of the ascent. The rushing air fills the mantle like the sail of a ship. Yet the source of motion is not within the figure itself, for we see the feet resting firmly on the cloud. It is as if she were borne aloft in a celestial chariot composed of an angelic host.

The face is lifted with a look of rapture; the arms are extended in a gesture of exultation. The pose of the head displays the beautiful throat, strong and full like that of a singer. The features are cast in a large, majestic mould. The hands, turned palm outward, are large and flexible, but with delicate, tapering fingers.

We have already seen in other pictures what was Titian's conception of the Virgin in her girlhood and motherhood. We find little of the ethereal and spiritual in his ideal, and nothing that would in any way suggest that true piety is morbid or sentimental. Other painters have erred in this direction, but not Titian. To him the Virgin was no angel in disguise, but a strong, happy, healthy woman, rejoicing in life. But though a woman, she was in the poet's phrase "a woman above all women glorified." She possessed in perfection all the good gifts of human nature. Titian's ideal coincided with the old Greek formula, "A sound mind in a sound body." The Virgin of the Assumption is in fact not unlike a Greek goddess in her magnificently developed physique and glorious beauty.

Our illustration includes a few of the baby angels from the wreath supporting the Madonna. They are packed so closely together in the picture that their little limbs interlace like interwoven stems in a garland of flowers. Yet the figures are cunningly arranged to bring into prominence a series of radiating lines which flow towards a centre in the Madonna's face. We see in the corner of our print a little arm pointing to the Virgin, and above it is a cherub's wing drawn in the same oblique line.

Frolicsome as is this whole company of angels, they are of an almost unearthly beauty. A poetic critic has told of standing before the picture contemplating these lovely spirits one after another, until, as she expresses it, "A thrill came over me like that which I felt when Mendelssohn played the organ and I became music while I listened." She sums up the effect of the picture as "mind and music and love, kneaded, as it were, into form and color."¹

When we analyze the drawing of the Madonna's figure we see that it is drawn in an outline of long, beautiful curves. The principle of repetition is skilfully worked into the composition. The outer sleeve falls away from the right arm in an oval which exactly duplicates that made by the lower portion of the mantle sweeping out at one side. By tracing the main lines of the drapery one will find them running in parallels.

¹ Mrs. Jameson in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, page 74.

XIII

FLORA

BESIDES the portraits intended as actual likenesses of the sitters, Titian was fond of painting what may be called ideal portraits, or fancy pictures. While real persons furnished the original models for these, the painter let his imagination have free play in modifying and perfecting form and feature. We have seen an illustration of this process in the picture called the Bella, an idealized portrait of Eleanora Gonzaga. The Flora is another example.

We do not know the name of the original, but we may be sure that it represents an actual person. There is a tradition that she was the daughter of one of Titian's fellow-painters, Palma, with whom he was in love. As a matter of fact, Palma had no daughter, and the young woman was doubtless only a favorite Venetian model whom both painters employed. Apparently it was she who posed for both figures in the picture of Medea and Venus which we have studied.¹

Flora's hair is of that auburn tint which the Venetians loved, and which, it is believed, was artificially produced. It is looped into soft, waving puffs over the ears, and gathered back by a silken cord, below

¹ See page 57.

which it falls like a delicate veil thinly spread over the shoulders. The skin is exquisitely white and soft, and the thin garment has been allowed to slip from one shoulder so that we may see the full, beautiful neck.

We notice with what art the painter has arranged the draperies. From the right shoulder the garment falls in delicate, radiating folds across the figure. Over the garment is thrown a stiff, rose-colored brocade mantle, contrasting pleasantly with the former both in color and texture. A glimpse of this mantle is seen at the right side and above the left shoulder and arm, over which the hand gathers it up to prevent it from slipping. This action of the left hand introduces a new set of lines into the picture, breaking the folds of the drapery into eddying circles which offset the more sweeping lines of the composition.¹

The drawing here is well worth studying, and we may give it more attention since we must lose the lovely color of the painting in the reproduction. The main lines flow in diagonals in two opposite directions. There is the long line of the right arm and shoulder drawn in a fine, strong curve across the canvas. Parallel with it is the edge of the brocade mantle as it is held in the left hand. The counter lines are the curve of the neck and left shoulder, with which the upper edge of the undergarment runs parallel. The wide spaces between these enclosing lines are broken by sprays of radiating lines,

¹ This feature of the picture is pointed out by John Van Dyke in his notes on Closson's engraving of the subject.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

FLORA
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

one formed by the folds of the undergarment, and the other smaller one by the locks of hair on the left shoulder.

The graceful pose of the head, inclined to one side, suggests the soft languor of a southern temperament. It was often adopted by Titian, and we see another instance in the attitude of the Venus. We fancy that the painters liked particularly the long curve thus obtained along the neck and shoulder. The angle made on the other side between head and shoulder is filled in with the falling hair.

The title of Flora is given to the picture after the fashion of Titian's time for drawing subjects from mythology. The revival of classic learning had opened to Italian art a delightful new field of illustration. We see how Titian took advantage of it in such pictures as Medea and Venus. In England the love of the classics was seen in the poetry which took much the same place there that painting held in Italy. Flora was the ancient goddess of flowers and is made much of in Elizabethan verse.¹ Some pretty lines by Richard Carlton describe

"When Flora fair the pleasant tidings bringeth
Of summer sweet with herbs and flowers adorned."

In our picture the goddess holds a handful of flowers, roses, jessamine and violets, as a sign of her identity. We confess that her type of beauty hardly corresponds to our ideal of Flora. She is a gentle, amiable creature, but not ethereal and poetic enough

¹ It should be remembered that a portion of Elizabeth's reign (1538-1603) fell within Titian's lifetime.

for the goddess of flowers. Were we to choose a character for her from mythology it would be Juno, the matronly "ox-eyed" goddess, who presided over marriage and whose emblem was the productive pomegranate.

As we compare Flora with the other fair women of our collection, we see that her beauty is of a less elegant and aristocratic type than that of the Bella, and less delicate and refined than that of the Empress Isabella. Her face is perhaps too broad to satisfy a connoisseur of beauty, and she is quite plainly of plebeian caste. Like Lavinia her charm is in the healthy vitality which was the special characteristic of the Venetian beauties of the time. The figure glows with warm pulsing life.

XIV

THE PESARO MADONNA

HIGH on a great marble pedestal, between the stately pillars of a temple, sits the mother Mary with her child Jesus, receiving worshippers. Beyond the pillars is seen the blue sky veiled with fleecy clouds. A tiny cloud has floated within the enclosure, bearing two winged cherubs, who hold a cross between them, hovering over the group below.

The company of worshippers kneel on the tessellated pavement: we see from their dress that they are wealthy Venetians of the sixteenth century. It is the family group of a certain Jacopo Pesaro, who was at that time bishop of Paphos. He is known by the familiar nickname of "Baffo," and played an important part in Venetian history.

When the Venetians went forth in the New Crusade to attack the Turks, Pesaro or "Baffo" was the commander of the galleys sent by the Borgia pope Alexander VI. The expedition being successful, the bishop wished to show his gratitude for the divine favor. Accordingly, in the course of time, he ordered this picture as a thank-offering commemorative of his victory. He comes with his kinsman Benedetto and other members of his family to consecrate the standards taken from the enemy.

The bishop himself has the most prominent place among the worshippers at the foot of the throne steps, while Benedetto, with a group behind him, kneels opposite. The victorious commander is accompanied by St. George, who carries the banner inscribed with the papal arms and the Pesaro escutcheon. He leads forward two Turkish captives to whom he turns to speak. St. George was a warrior saint, and being besides the patron of Venice his appearance in this capacity is very appropriate here.

There are other saints to lend their august presence to the ceremony. As the picture was to be given to a church dedicated to the Franciscan friars or "Frari," two of the most celebrated members of this order are represented. They are St. Francis, the founder, and St. Anthony, of Padua, the great preacher, and they stand in the habits of their order beside the throne. Midway on the steps St. Peter is seated reading a book from which he turns to look down upon Jacopo. The key, which is the symbol of his authority in the church, stands on the step below. The saints, we see, form a connecting link between the exalted height of the Madonna and Child and the worshippers. St. Peter introduces the bishop, and St. Francis seems to ask favor for the group with Benedetto.

The scene is full of pomp and grandeur. The superb architecture of the temple, the rich draperies of the sacred group, the splendid dresses of the worshippers, the red and gold banner, all contribute to the impression of magnificence which the picture



D. Anderson, photo.

John Andrew & Son, So.

THE PESARO MADONNA
Church of the Frari, Venice

conveys. The colossal scale of the composition gives us an exhilarating sense of spaciousness. The color harmony is described as glorious.

Though the bishop of Paphos comes to render thanks, his attitude is far from humble. There are no bowed heads in the kneeling company. These proud Pesari all hold themselves erect in conscious self-importance. It is as if they were taking part in some pageant. Only the face of the youth in the corner relaxes from dignified impassivity and looks wistfully out at us.

The Madonna leans graciously from her high throne and looks into the face of the bishop. She, too, has the proud aspect and demeanor which these haughty Venetians would demand of one whom they were to honor. Her splendid vitality is what impresses us most forcibly. The child is a merry little fellow who does not concern himself at all with the ceremony. He has caught up his mother's veil in the left hand, drawing it over his head as if in a game of hide and seek with St. Francis. The little foot is kicked out playfully as he looks down into the good saint's face.

Let us consider a moment the skill with which Titian has united the various parts of his picture. The canvas was of an awkward shape, being of so great height. To fill the space proportionately, the Virgin's throne is placed at a height which divides the picture. The little cloud-borne cherubs break the otherwise undue length of the temple pillars. The composition of the group is outlined in a rather

odd-shaped triangle. All its main lines flow diagonally toward a focus in the face of the Virgin, who is of course the dominant figure in the company.

Notice the continuous line extending from the top to the bottom of the group. The folds of the Madonna's drapery are ingeniously carried on in the rich velvet throne hanging; and St. Peter's yellow mantle falls well below, where the bishop's robe takes up the lines and carries them to the pavement. There is a veritable cascade of draperies flowing diagonally through the centre of the picture. The staff of the banner describes a line cutting this main diagonal at exactly the same angle, and thus avoiding any one-sided effect in the picture. In the right of the composition the outline of the Christchild's figure, the arm of St. Francis, and the stiff robe of Benedetto make a series of lines which enclose the triangle on that side.

The critic Ruskin has enunciated a set of laws of composition nearly all of which find illustration in this painting.¹ *Principality* is well exemplified in the prominence of the Virgin's position and the flow of the lines toward her. *Repetition*, *Contrast*, and *Continuity*, are seen in the drawing of the compositional lines, as has been indicated. Finally, the picture is perfect in *Unity*, which is the result of masterly composition, its many diverse parts being bound closely together to form a harmonious whole.

¹ See *Elements of Drawing*, Lecture III.

XV

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

ST. JOHN the Baptist was the cousin of Jesus, and was the elder of the two by about six months. Before his birth the angel Gabriel appeared to his father, Zacharias, and predicted for the coming child a great mission as a prophet. His special work was to prepare the way for the advent of the Messiah.

Zacharias was a priest and a good man, and both he and his wife Elizabeth were deeply impressed with the angel's message. Not long after, their cousin Mary came from Nazareth to bring them news of the wonderful babe Jesus promised her by the same angel. He was to be the Messiah whom John was to proclaim. The two women talked earnestly together of the future of their children, and no doubt planned to do all in their power to further the angel's prediction. The time came when all these strange prophecies were fulfilled. As John grew to manhood he showed himself quite different from other men. He took up his abode in the wilderness, where he lived almost as a hermit. His raiment was of camel's hair fastened about him with a leathern girdle; his food was locusts and wild honey. At length "the word of God came unto



D. Anderson, photo.

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ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
Venice Academy

him," and he began to go about the country preaching. His speech was as simple and rugged as his manner of life. He boldly denounced the Pharisees and Sadducees as "a generation of vipers," and warned sinners "to flee from the wrath to come." The burden of all his sermons was, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The fame of his preaching reached Jerusalem, and the Jews sent priests and Levites to ask him, "Who art thou?" His reply was in the mystic language of the old Hebrew prophet Isaiah, "I am the Voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord."

It was a part of John's work to baptize his converts in the river Jordan. He explained, however, that this baptism by water was only a symbol of the spiritual baptism which they were to receive at the hands of the coming Messiah. "One mightier than I cometh," he said, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."¹

At last Jesus himself sought to be baptized by John. The Baptist protested his unworthiness, but Jesus insisted, and the ceremony was performed. And "it came to pass that . . . the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved son; in thee I am well pleased."² This was the promised

¹ Luke, chapter iii., verse 6.

² Luke, chapter iii., verses 21, 22.



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ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
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sign by which John knew Jesus as the Messiah, and he straightway proclaimed him to his disciples.

His life work was now consummated, but he was not permitted to see the fruits of his labors. For his open denunciation of King Herod he was cast into prison, and was soon after beheaded.

In our picture St. John stands in a mountain glen preaching. As his glance is directed out of the picture it is as if his audience were in front, and we among their number. His pointing finger seems to single out some one to whom he directs attention, and we know well who it is. This must be that day when seeing Jesus approach the prophet exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me."¹ The lamb which lies on the ground beside him is the outward symbol of his words. The slender reed cross he carries is an emblem of his mission as the prophet of the crucified one.

From head to feet the Baptist impresses us with his muscular power. There is no hint of fastings and vigils in this strong athletic figure. Here, as elsewhere, Titian will have nothing of that piety which is associated with a delicate and puny physique. He is the art apostle of that "muscular Christianity" of which Charles Kingsley used to preach. The Baptist's skin is bronzed and weather-beaten from his active out-of-door life. Yet the face shows the stern

¹ John, chapter i., verses 29-30.

and sombre character of the prophet. There are traces of suffering in the expression, as of one who mourns profoundly the evil in the world. Something of the fanatic gleams in the eyes, and the effect is heightened by the wild masses of unkempt hair which frame the countenance.

Nature too seems to be in a somewhat wild and sombre mood in this spot. A dark bank rises abruptly at the side, and St. John stands in its shadow, just under a tuft of coarse grass and bushes jutting from its upper edge. The sky is overcast with clouds. A narrow stream falls over a rocky bed, and in the distance slender trees lift their feathery branches in the air. In Titian's time landscape painting had not developed into an independent art, but was an important part of figure compositions. Our painter always took great pains with his landscapes, making them harmonize, as does this, with the character of the figures.

The picture reminds us of the St. Christopher which we have examined, being, like it, a study direct from the life of some athletic model. Yet here we see to better advantage Titian's work in modelling the nude figure. We can understand that one reason why he could make a draped figure so lifelike was because he studied the anatomy of the human body in undraped models. The figure here stands out almost as if it were done in sculpture.

XVI

PORTRAIT OF TITIAN

PROBABLY no other painter in the world's history was ever granted so long a life in which to develop his art as was Titian. He was a mere boy when he began to paint, and he was still busy with his brush when stricken with plague at the age of ninety-nine.

The years between were full of activity, and every decade was marked by some specially notable work as by a golden milestone. The Assumption of the Virgin was painted at the age of forty, the Pesaro Madonna at fifty, the Presentation of the Virgin in his early sixties, the portrait of Philip II. at about seventy, and St. John the Baptist at eighty. How interesting it would be if we could have a portrait of the man himself painted at each decade!

Titian, however, seems to have been quite lacking in personal vanity. Though a handsome and distinguished-looking man, a fine subject for a portrait, he seldom painted his own likeness. We value the more the fine portrait of our frontispiece painted at the age of eighty-five. The years have dealt so gently with him that we may still call him a handsome man. Yet the face has the shrunken look of old age, there are deep hollows about the eyes, and the features are sharpened under the withered skin.

There is an expression which seems almost like awe in the eyes. The painter gazes absently into space as if piercing beyond the veil which separates this world from the next. The mood does not seem to be one of reminiscence, but rather of grave anticipation.

As we study the face we are interested to read in it what we know of the man's character and history. Titian was, as we have seen, a man who enjoyed very much the good things of life, and passed most of his days in luxurious surroundings. He was thoroughly a man of the world, at ease in the society of princes and noblemen, and a princely host in his own house. Our portrait shows that his courtly bearing did not fail him in his old age: we can fancy the ceremonious courtesy of his manner. The figure is extended well below the waist, perhaps that we may see how erect the old man is.

Titian, too, had not a little taste for literature and the society of the learned. His fine high brow and keen eyes are sufficient evidence that he was a man of intellect. That he was a fond father we have no doubt, and we like to trace the lines of kindness in the fine old face.

Age cannot quench the old man's ardor for his art. The brush is still his familiar companion, and will go with him to the end. He holds it here in his right hand, in the attitude of a painter pausing to get the effect of his work. It may be from this that he would have us think that his glance is directed toward his canvas. In that case, the serious expres-

sion would indicate that the subject is a solemn one, perhaps the *Ecce Homo*, or the *Pieta*, which he painted in his later years.

We see that his hand had not lost its cunning in summoning before us the real presence of a sitter, and that he could paint his own likeness as readily as that of another. The portrait shows us the best elements in a man of a many-sided nature. This is Titian the master, whom the world honors as one of the greatest of his kind.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

- A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, āve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
- A Dash and a Dot (ˆ) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
- A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ädd, önd, ŷll, ödd, üp.
- A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pāst, ābāte, Amēricā.
- A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fāther, kīma.
- A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bāll.
- A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hērr.
- A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bōrn.
- A dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in the French language.
- w indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
- th denotes the sound of th in the, this.
- ç sounds like s.
- ç sounds like k.
- g sounds like z.
- g̃ is hard as in gēt.
- g̃ is soft as in gēm.

Ætēs (æ'tēz).

Andalusia (än-dä-lōō'zī-ä or än-dä-lōō-thē'ä).

Anthony (än'tō-nī).

Argo (är'gō).

Armada (är-mä'dä or är-mä'dä).

Augsburg (owgs'bōorg).

Baffo (bä'fō).

Bäldäms'rē.

Bäl'lä.

Belvedere (bäl-vē-dē'rē or -dēr').

Benedetto (bē-nē-dēt'tō).

Bēth'lēhēm.

Biri (bērē).

Borgia (bōr'jä).

Brussels (brūs'ēlz).

Cæsar (sē'zär).

Calvary (käl'vā-rē).

Canaan (kē'nän or kē'nä-än).

Carlton (kär'l'tün).

Casa Grande (kä'sä grän'dä).

Castiglione (kä-täl-yō'nä).

Caxton (käks'tün).

Ceneda (chē-nē'dä).

Christopher (krīs'tō-fēr).

Cleodolinda (klä-ō-dō-lin'dä).

Clös'sön.

Colehis (köl'kē).

Cornelio (kōr-nē-lē-ō).

Cristoforo (krēs-tō'fō-rō).

Cū'pīd.

Diocletian (di-ō-klē'ahī-än).

Ecoe Homo (ēk'kō, or ēk'sē, hō'mō).

Eleanora (ä-lä-ō-nō'rä).

Elizabeth (ē-līz-ä-bēth).

Emmanuel (ēm-män't-äl).

Fär'dinänd.

Flém'ing.

Flör'snoe.

Francesco (frän-chës'kō).

Franciscan (frän-sis'kän).

Frari (frä'rē).

Gä'br'el.

Gä'rēth.

Giorgione (jōr-jō'nā).

Gōnzä'gä.

Gränä'dä.

guimpe (gänp).

Guinevere (gwīn'ē-vēr).

Hebrew (hē'brō).

Hecate (hēk'ā-tē).

Herod (hēr'ūd).

Herodians (hēr-ō'di-ānz).

Isabella (iz-ā-bēl'ā).

Isaiah (i-zā'yā).

Israel (iz-rā-ēl).

Jacopo (yā'kō-pō).

Jameson (jā'mē-sūn).

Jason (jā'sūn).

Jerome (jē-rōm' or jēr'ūm).

Jērū'salēm.

Joachim (jō'ā-kīm).

Jōr'dän.

Judē'ā.

Jū'nō.

Kingsley (kingz'h).

Lävin'lä.

Legenda Aurea (lēg-ēn'dä ow'rē-ä or
lē-jēn'dä p'rē-ä).

Leon, Ponce de (pōn'thā dā lē-ōn').

Leonardo (lē-ō-nār'dō).

Levites (lē'vitz).

Lōt'tō.

Lynette (li-nēt').

Mädōn'nä.

Māgnī'ficāt.

mandola (mān-dō'lä).

Mān'thā.

Maximilian (māk-si-mil'i-ān).

Mädē'ā.

Mēn'dēlasōhn.

Mēss'āh.

Mētāmōr'phōsēg.

Milan (mil'ān or mī-lān').

Mī'lō.

Murano (mōō-rā'nō).

Murillo (mōō-rēl'yō).

Nāz'arēth.

• Netherlands (nēth'ēr-lāndz).

Offero (ōf'fē-rō).

Ovid (ōv'īd).

Päd'dä.

Päl'estine.

Pallavicino, Argentina (ār-gēn-tē'nä
päl-lä-vē-chē'nō).

Päl'mä.

Pē'phōs.

Pär'mä.

Pesari (pē-sä'rō).

Pesaro, Jacopo (yā'kō-pō pē-sä'rō).

Pharisee (fār'i-sē).

Pieta (pē-ē'tē).

Portugal (pōr'tū-gāl).

Portuguese (pōr'tū-gēz).

Priscianese (prīs-chē-ā-nē'sä).

Reggio (rēd'jō).

Rovere, Francesco Maria della (frän-
chēs'kō mā-rē'ä däl'lä rō-vē'rä).

Rūs'kin.

Sadducees (säd't'ē-sēz).

Salome (sä-lō'mē).

Sarcinelli, Cornelio (kōr-nē'lē-ō sār-
chē-nē'l'lē).

Serravalle (sēr-rä-väl'lä).

Seville (sē-vīl').

Titian (tish'ān).

Uffizi (ōōf-fēt'sē).

Urbino (ōōr-bē'nō).

Van Dyck (vān dīk').

Vasari (vā-sā/rē).

Velasquez (vā-lās/kēth).

Venetian (vē-nē'ahán).

Venice (vēn'is).

Vě'nūs.

Veronese (vē-rō-nē'zā).

Vēsā'ltūs.

Vlén'ná.

Vinci, Leonardo da (lā-ō-nā'r'dō dā
vin'ohē).

Voragine, Jacopo de (yā/kō-pō dā vō-
rā-jē'nā).

Vül'gāte.

Weasley (wēs'li).

Yuste (yōōe'tā).

Zacharias (zāk-a-rī'ās).

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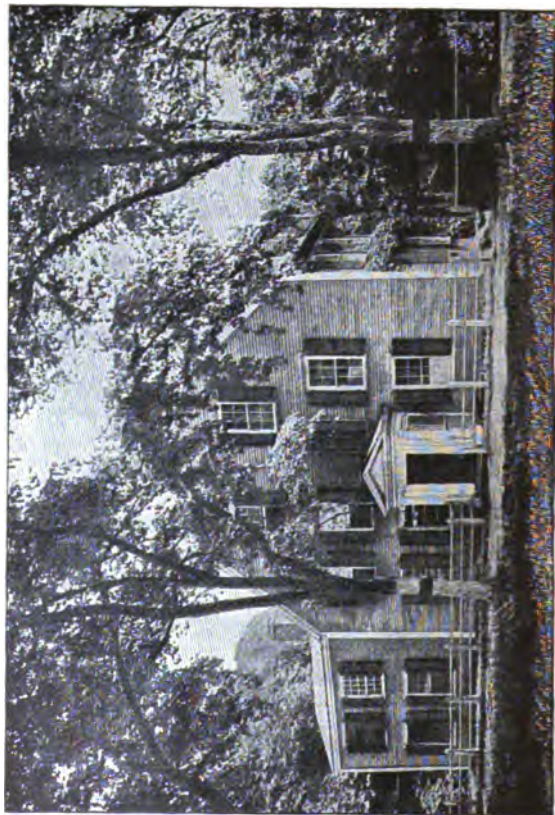
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